

IN PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE
AN ANTHOLOGY IN PROSE & VERSE



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IN PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE

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IN PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE

AN ANTHOLOGY IN PROSE AND VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
SYDNEY WATERLOW, M.A.,
SOMETIME SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

We dare not have wit at the University
for fear of being counted rakes. Your
solid philosophy is all read there, which
is clear another thing.

George Farquhar,
Love and a Bottle, 1669.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii
I. THE CANDID FRIEND	i
II. CAMBRIDGE <i>versus</i> OXFORD	12
III. LEGENDARY	21
IV. THE POETS AT CAMBRIDGE	27
V. SOME GREAT MEN	49
VI. THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER	59
VII. MR. SAMUEL PEPYS AND CAMBRIDGE	61
VIII. DESCRIPTIVE	66
IX. THE RIVER	77
X. THE ENVIRONS	83
XI. MEN AND MANNERS	91
XII. THE LIGHTER SIDE	115
XIII. THE STUDIOUS LIFE	132
XIV. STUEBRIDGE FAIR	138
XV. COLLEGE PLAYS	140
XVI. DRESS	144

vi IN PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE

	PAGE
XVII. GLIMPSES OF HISTORY	148
XVIII. DISTINGUISHED VISITORS	171
XIX. YOUTH AND FRIENDSHIP	184
XX. THE ROMANTIC VIEW	193
XXI. REMINISCENT	196
XXII. VALE	203
NOTES	209
APPENDIX	215
INDEX	217

INTRODUCTION

CAMBRIDGE is one of the best abused and best loved places in England. When I began to collect pieces for this anthology I quickly perceived that it would be impossible to conform literally to my pre-ordained title on pain of excluding many of the most famous and nearly all the most amusing things that have been written about us. This was a relief in a way ; for undiluted eulogy is monotonous at the best, and the ordinary run of enthusiastic writing about academic scenes becomes, when taken in large quantities, positively nauseating. I therefore abandoned all attempt to make this collection uniformly rose-coloured, and I hope that the inconsistency will be forgiven for the sake of the resulting advantages.

Misleading indeed, as well as dull, would be a book about Cambridge which should rule out everything that has been said to her dispraise—Milton's indignation against college plays, the complaints of the unknown genius who wrote the 'Parnassus' plays, the thrice-concocted spleen of Gray's satire, Warton's Oxonian malice, the ponderous gloom of Bentley's verses, Byron's petulant contempt, Wordsworth's retrospective disapproval, the growlings of Carlyle, and, to come to our own day, the gibes of Mr. H. G. Wells. These, then, and many others, wilfully offensive or morally denunciatory, find a place between these covers. The fact is that more men who have become eminent in letters have been bred at Cambridge than at any other University, yet if she has worked in them, it has been dumbly, hardly ever firing their imagination or prompting them directly to any passionate utterance in prose or verse. The town is not poetic, nor, on the whole, for all its venerable beauty of building and grove, is the University. A host of smaller scribblers may draw their inspiration from academic life, its quaint traditional appurtenances and thinly romantic atmosphere ; the great ones have remained unmoved, or, if moved, it is too often to cursing. It is all very well to be proud of the roll of Cambridge poets, and to say that all our great names, save two

or three, are blazoned on it; but what have they had to say of their nursing-mother? For the most part silence or abuse. Usually, as for instance with Marlowe or Ben Jonson, we know nothing beyond the bare fact that they were here. Modern research unearths the names of their tutors and chamber-fellows, and that is all. When we have put together a few exquisite stanzas by Cowley, Gray's Installation Ode, a couple of score lines from Wordsworth's Prelude, and a canto of Tennyson's In Memoriam, there remains, out of all the writing of her sons, scarcely any poetry which is at one and the same time undoubtedly first-rate, and descriptive, with any tenderness, of the student's life. A slight maniple! And always there rankles the insult of Dryden's magnificent but tawdry compliment to our aunt: 'He chooses Athens in his riper age.'

Evidently, then, it was out of the question to make an anthology with the praise of Cambridge as theme which should contain, as an anthology ought, nothing but the first-rate. And even when I had deliberately enlarged my scope and admitted, for the sake of their interest or merit, pieces which were not merely neutral in tone but actually hostile, it was still impossible to fix the standard very high, either in prose or verse. With so special a subject it seemed inevitable that some trash should find its way in, usually because it happened to be touched with the glamour of antiquity, illustrating the subject in some one of its picturesque vanished aspects. I have tried, however, to let in as little as possible of the merely rubbishy. I may perhaps mention two of the principles which guided me in selecting the humbler blossoms out of the vast tangle of University literature. In the first place, I have sometimes chosen pieces which have little or no intrinsic merit, but which acquire a certain adventitious interest from being the work of some eminent person: in this class come, for instance, the stanza from Lord Byron's *Adieu: Written under the Impression that the Author would soon Die*, and the pages from Mr. Gladstone's *Romanes Lecture*. If dull bits there had to be, it seemed more amusing to have dull bits with a great name attached. On the other hand, I have observed moderation even in snobbishness: thus I have not printed both of Milton's heavy jests on the death of Hobson, nor all three of Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets on King's Chapel. In the second place, there is one whole region of this jungle in wandering through which I have scarcely gathered a single spray, chiefly because more competent hands than mine have already been at work there. In print, in manuscript collections, and in the mouths of men, there exists an immense body of

epigrams, facetiae, anecdotes of University events and personages, from traditional jokes which can be traced back for centuries and which every freshman learns anew, to the latest *mot* which makes the round of the high-tables and common-rooms. All these, or almost all, though many of them have become classical, I have with some misgiving left on one side. Many critics I fear will blame me. Looking in vain for Porson's neatly barbed shafts or for the lampoons that sprang up round the personality of Dr. Mansel, they will feel that the quintessence of Cambridge is left out of this book. And I do not know that they will not be right: the flavour of academic wit is something so distinctive that perhaps no Cambridge mixture that omits it can have any *bouquet* to speak of. But the best of it has been distilled in recent years, notably by Mr. Charles Whibley in *In Cap and Gown: Three Centuries of Cambridge Wit*, and more lately, with great diligence and learning, by Mr. E. E. Kellett, in *A Book of Cambridge Verse*. The desire to avoid covering precisely the same ground as those admirable compilations was decisive with me, although overlapping could not be avoided altogether, and a good deal of the verse of Mr. Whibley's and Mr. Kellett's books of necessity re-appears in mine.

An apologetic tone is perhaps natural and proper in the compiler of an anthology.

‘Let standard authors, then, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hackt and torn.’

Even when one is careful to hack and tear as little as may be, the conscience will sometimes be a little troubled over this throwing together of often incongruous fragments. Also, as I have already admitted, in the hope of disarming in advance the reader of fastidious literary taste, some pieces of inferior merit have undoubtedly crept in here and there. But there is another class of reader whom there is probably no propitiating,—I mean the antiquarians and archaeologists. For I have gathered my extracts on no systematic plan; the book, though it contains scraps of history, is quite innocent of any ambition to be a ‘source-book,’ to collect authorities, or to give a connected view of any branch of its subject—historical, architectural, or what not. I have taken where I could find it any passage which struck me as vivid or interesting in any human way, allowing much play to my personal likes and dislikes; and I hope that any scholar and lover of Cambridge who may turn these pages will not be so deeply shocked by their arbitrary haphazard character as to be unable to forgive their omissions. I hope, too, that the taste of some readers will so far coincide with my own

as to be beguiled by a good part at any rate of the prose and verse that has appealed to me. For I will end by confessing—lest this Introduction should be altogether too much of an apology—that much of it does seem to me very good and not unworthy of the subject. I would instance the numerous poems and prose pieces by living authors which I have been so fortunate as to be allowed to include; and for those who prefer what has stood the test of time there is always the charm of Pepys' garrulity or Fuller's whimsical embroidering of history.

Still, when all is said and done, there must always be many whom an anthology will displease, if not by something it leaves out, then by something it puts in. Of the imperfections of mine I am acutely conscious. They would have been far greater but for the help and suggestions of friends. I owe to Mr. E. J. Dent, Mr. E. E. Kellett and Mr. Charles Sayle several pieces which would otherwise have escaped me. But my greatest debt is to Mr. A. T. Bartholomew of the Cambridge University Library, who has been at the pains of reading the proofs throughout, and who acted as my guide through the collection of Cambridge books and documents (a model, both for extent and arrangement, of what a local collection should be), which is housed in the University Library. Even a transient glance through such a collection must involve some toil, but the courtesy of the Library authorities made my task pleasant.

I am also much indebted to the authors, publishers, and literary representatives of authors, who have generously allowed me to make use of copyright pieces. A list of these pieces, together with the names of the authors and publishers in question, will be found in an Appendix.

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

CAMBRIDGE, *January* 1912.

IN PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE

I

THE CANDID FRIEND

Do not go to *Cambridge*, Sir, there are *Alehouses*, in which you *will* be drunk. There are *Tennis-Courts*, and *Bowling Greens* that *will* heat you to an excess, and then you *will* drink cold small Beer and die. There is a river, too, in which you *will* be drowned; and you *will* study yourself into a Consumption, or break your *Brain*.—*Animadversions on two Late Books*. 1673.

AND once in Cambridge I heard a scoller say,
(One of the same which go in copes gay,) That no man should fixe ende of felicitie
In worldly honour, hye rowme or dignitie :
For it is a thing incertayne and unstable,
Which man of him selfe to purvay is not able.

Alexander Barclay, 1475?-1552.

From *Eglogue I*.

AMORETTO. Good faith, the boy beginns to have an elegant smack of my stile: why then thus it was *Iack*: a scurvy meere Cambridge scholler, I know not how to define him. A Meere Scholler

PAGE. Nay, Maister, let me define a meere scholler: I heard a courtier once define a meere scholler, to be *animall scabiosum*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch: or a meere scholler is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a paire of lined slippers, sit rewming till dinner, and then goe to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit: or if you will have him defined by negatives. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eat a messe of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling: one that cannot salute a woman, and looke on her directly, one that cannot——

AMORETTO. Inough, *Iacke*, I can stay no longer, I am so great

in child-birth with this iest: Sirrha, this praedicable, this saucye groome, because when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in discreet humility, to giue him some place at the Table, and because I inuited the hungry slaue sometimes to my Chamber, to the canuasing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Venison, which my Lady Grandmother sent me, hee thought himselfe therefore eternally possest of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his olde familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of waight. I could not tell howe to ridde myselfe of the troublesome Burre, then by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arte, the poor Scorpione became speechlesse, and suddenly rauished. These Clearkes are simple fellowes, simple fellowes. [*He reads Ouid.*]

The Return from Parnassus (2), Act II. Sc. 6.

Acted by the students of St. John's College, Christmas, 1602/3.

KING'S COLLEGE, Nov. 9, 1735.

From Horace
Walpole to
Richard West

DEAR WEST,—You expect a long letter from me, and have said in verse all that I intended to have said in far inferior prose. I intended filling three or four sides with exclamations against a University life; but you have showed me how strongly they may be expressed in three or four lines. I can't build without straw; nor have I the ingenuity of the spider, to spin fine lines out of dirt: a master of a college would make but a miserable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge sophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati quem pulpita pascunt.

But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-run with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a punctum, *cujus nulla est pars*:

Their time a moment, and a point their space.

We have not the least poetry stirring here; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram.

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
 Ye Gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
 Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
 Perpetual draws his humid train of mud :
 Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
 Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
 But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
 Augments the native darkness of the sky ;
 Ah, ignorance! soft salutary power !
 Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
 Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
 Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
 Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
 Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes ;
 Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line ?
 And dews Lethean through the land dispense
 To steep in slumbers each benighted sense ?
 If any spark of wit's delusive ray
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
 And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire ?
 Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
 Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
 Goddess! awake, arise! alas, my fears!
 Can powers immortal feel the force of years ?
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
 She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world ;
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
 And all was ignorance, and all was night.

Hymn to
 Ignorance :
 A Fragment

1742.

Thomas Gray, 1716-1771.

PETERHOUSE, Dec. 1736.

SURELY it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known
 by the name of Babylon, that the Prophet spoke when he said,
 'The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses
 shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and
 satyrs shall dance there: their forts and towers shall be a den for
 ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest,
 and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a
 court of dragons; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find
 for herself a place of rest.' You see here is a pretty collection of

From Thomas
 Gray to
 Richard West

desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

ARLINGTON STREET, *June 25, 1749.*

From Horace
Walpole to
Sir Horace
Mann

SATURDAY, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets at Cambridge, for the installment of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the *Metamorphoses*. How miserably Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi*.

PEMBROKE HALL, *Aug. 12, 1760.*

From Thomas
Gray to
Dr. Clarke

CAMBRIDGE is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. Chapman (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end.

The Candi-
date: or the
Cambridge
Courtship

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugged up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A-wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold.

'Lord! sister,' says Physic to Law, 'I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
Not I for the Indies:—you know I'm no prude,—
But his name is a shame,—and his eyes are so lewd!
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear.'

'I don't know,' says Law, 'but methinks for his look,
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book ;
Then his character, Phyzzy,—his morals—his life—
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and whoring,
And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring !
His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks ;—
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six.'

Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing :
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
She stroked up her belly, and stroked down her band—
'What a pother is here about wenching and roaring !
Why David loved catches, and Solomon whoring :
Did not Israel filch from the Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold ?
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie :
He drinks—so did Noah ;—he swears—so do I :
To reject him for such peccadillos were odd ;
Besides, he repents ; for he talks about God.

TO JEMMY

'Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.'

Thomas Gray.

Occasioned by Lord Sandwich's canvass for the office of High Steward
of the University, 1764.

HE was in the first Place a Man of the most exact and punctilious Neatness ; his Shoes were always blacked in the nicest Manner, his Wigs powdered with the most finical Delicacy, and he would scold his Laundress for a whole Morning together, if he discovered a wry Plait in the Sleeve of his Shirt, or the least Speck of Dirt on any Part of his Linnen. He rose constantly to Chapel, and afterwards proceeded with great Importance to Breakfast, which moderately speaking took up two Hours of his Morning ; for when he had done sipping his Tea, he used to wash up the Cups with the most orderly Exactness, and replace them with the utmost Regularity in their Corner-cupboard. After this, he drew on his Boots, ordered his Horse, and rode out for the Air, having been told that a sedentary Life is destructive of the Constitution, and that too much Study impairs the Health. At his Return he had barely Time to wash his Hands, clean his Teeth, and put on a

The Idle
Fellow

fresh-powdered Wig, before the College-bell summoned him to Dinner in the public Hall. When this great Affair was ended, he spent an Hour with the rest of the Fellows in the Common-room to digest his Meal, and then went to the Coffee-house to read the News-papers; where he loitered away that heavy Interval, which passed between Dinner and the Hour appointed for Afternoon Tea: But as soon as the Clock struck Three, he tucked up his Gown, and flew with all imaginable Haste to some of the young Ladies above-mentioned, who all esteemed him a prodigious Genius, and were ready to laugh at his Wit before he had opened his Mouth. In these agreeable Visits he remained till the Time of Evening Chapel; and when this was over, Supper succeeded next to find him fresh Employment; from whence he repaired again to the Coffee-House, and then to some Engagement he had made at a Friend's Room to spend the remaining Part of the Evening. By this Account of his Day's Transactions, the Reader will see how very impossible it was for him to find Leisure for Study in the midst of so many important Avocations; yet he made a shift sometimes to play half a Tune on the German Flute in the Morning, and once in a Quarter of a Year took the Pains to transcribe a Sermon out of various Authors.

Francis Coventry, died 1759 (?).

From *The History of Pompey the Little*, 1751.

**A Day in a
Fellow's Life**

SIR,—You have often solicited correspondence. I have sent you the *Journal* of a *Senior Fellow*, or *Genuine Idler*, just transmitted from *Cambridge* by a facetious correspondent, and warranted to have been transcribed from the common-place book of the journalist.

Monday, Nine o'Clock.—Turned off my bed-maker for waking me at night. Weather rainy. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner.

Ditto, Ten.—After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. *N.B.*—Never to transcribe any more from *Calamy*; Mrs. *Pilcocks*, at my curacy, having one volume of that author lying in her parlour-window.

Ditto, Eleven.—Went down into my cellar. *Mem.*—My *Mountain* will be fit to drink in a month's time. *N.B.*—To remove the five-year-old port into the new bin on the left hand.

Ditto, Twelve.—Mended a pen. Looked at my weather-glass again. Quicksilver very low. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes.

Ditto, One.—Dined alone in my room on a soal. *N.B.*—The shrimp-sauce not so good as Mr. *H.* of *Peterhouse* and I used to

eat in *London* last winter, at the *Mitre* in *Fleet Street*. Sat down to a pint of *Madeira*. Mr. *H.* surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. *Mem.*—To dine with Mr. *H.* at *Peterhouse* next *Wednesday*. One of the dishes a leg of pork and peas, by my desire.

Ditto, Six.—Newspaper in the common-room.

Ditto, Seven.—Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine; did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noisy over my head.

Tuesday, Nine.—Rose squeamish. A fine morning. Weather-glass very high.

Ditto, Ten.—Ordered my horse, and rode to the five-mile stone on the *Newmarket road*. Appetite gets better. A pack of hounds in full cry crossed the road, and startled my horse.

Ditto, Twelve.—Dressed. Found a letter on my table to be in *London* the 19th inst. Bespoke a new wig.

Ditto, One.—At dinner in the hall. Too much water in the soup. Dr. *Dry* always orders the beef to be salted too much for me.

Ditto, Two.—In the common-room. Dr. *Dry* gave us an instance of a gentleman who kept the gout out of his stomach by drinking old *Madeira*. Conversation chiefly on the expeditions. Company broke up at four. Dr. *Dry* and myself played at back-gammon for a brace of snipes. Won.

Ditto, Five.—At the coffee-house. Met Mr. *H.* there. Could not get a sight of the *Monitor*.

Ditto, Seven.—Returned home, and stirred my fire. Went to the common-room, and supped on the snipes with Dr. *Dry*.

Ditto, Eight.—Began the evening in the common-room. Dr. *Dry* told several stories. Were very merry. Our new fellow that studies physic, very talkative towards twelve. Pretends he will bring the youngest Miss — to drink tea with me soon. Impertinent blockhead!

Wednesday, Nine.—Alarmed with a pain in my ankle. *Q.* The gout? Fear I can't dine at *Peter-house*; but I hope a ride will set all to rights. Weather-glass below FAIR.

Ditto, Ten.—Mounted my horse, though the weather suspicious. Pain in my ankle entirely gone. Caught in a shower coming back. Convinced that my weather-glass is the best in *Cambridge*.

Ditto, Twelve.—Dressed. Sauntered up to the *Fishmonger's*-hill. Met Mr. *H.* and went with him to *Peterhouse*. Cook made us wait thirty-six minutes beyond the time. The company, some of my *Emanuel* friends. For dinner, a pair of soals, a leg of

pork, and peas among other things. *Mem.*—Peaspudding not boiled enough. Cook reprimanded and sconced in my presence.

Ditto, after Dinner.—Pain in my ankle returns. Dull all the afternoon. Rallied for being no company. Mr. *H.*'s account of the accommodation on the road in his *Bath* journey.

Ditto, Six.—Got into spirits. Never was more chatty. We sat late at whist. Mr. *H.* and self agreed at parting to take a gentle ride, and dine at the old house on the *London* road to-morrow.

Thursday, Nine.—My sempstress. She has lost the measure of my wrist. Forced to be measured again. The baggage has got a trick of smiling.

Ditto, Ten to Eleven.—Made some rappee-snuff. Read the magazines. Received a present of pickles from Miss *Pilcocks*. *Mem.*—To send in return some collared eel, which I know both the old lady and miss are fond of.

Ditto, Eleven.—Glass very high. Mounted at the gate with Mr. *H.* Horse skittish and wants exercise. Arrive at the old house. All the provisions bespoke by some rakish fellow commoner in the next room, who had been on a scheme to *Newmarket*. Could get nothing but mutton-chops off the worst end. Port very new. Agree to try some other house to-morrow.

Here the Journal breaks off; for the next morning, as my friend informs me, our genial academic was waked with a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, enjoys all the dignity of that disease. But I believe we have lost nothing by the interruption: since a continuation of the remainder of the Journal, through the remainder of the week, would most probably have exhibited nothing more than a repeated relation of the same circumstances of *idling* and luxury.

Thomas Warton, 1728-1790.

From *The Idler*, No. 33, Saturday, December 2, 1758.

Thoughts
suggested
by a College
Examination

THE sons of *Science* these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where, on Cam's sedgy banks, supine, they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live—unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing *Bentley's*, *Brunck's* or *Porson's* note
More than the *verse on which the critic wrote*:

Vain as their honours, heavy as their Ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
 When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they court the lord of power,
 (Whether 'tis PITT or PETTY rules the hour;) By
 To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread;
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next, who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!
Such is their *practice*, such is their *reward*!
 This *much*, at least, we may presume to say—
 The premium can't exceed the *price* they *pay*.

1806.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, 1788-1824.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

October 26th, 1807.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days at hazard, I take up my pen to enquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. . . . This place is wretched enough—a villainous chaos of din and drunkenness, nothing but hazard and burgundy, hunting, mathematics, and Newmarket, riot and racing. Yet it is a paradise compared with the eternal dullness of Southwell. Oh! the misery of doing nothing but make *love*, *enemies*, and *verses*.

From Lord
 Byron to
 Miss Eliza-
 beth Bridget
 Pigot

I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a *tame bear*. When I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was 'he should *sit for a fellowship*.' . . . This answer delighted them not. We have several parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockies, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, and poets, sup with me,—a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a *spice* of everything, except a jockey; by the by, I was dismounted again the other day.

THEREFORE your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
 Your portals statued with old kings and queens,
 Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
 Wax-lighted chapels, and rich carven screens,
 Your doctors, and your proctors, and your deans,

Lives on
 Cambridge
 of 1830

Shall not avail you, when the day-beam sports
 New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion. No!
 Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that blow
 Melodious thunders through your vacant courts
 At noon and eve, because your manner sorts
 Not with this age wherefrom ye stand apart,
 Because the lips of little children preach
 Against you, you that do profess to teach
 And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892.

**Useless
Studies**

ONE benefit, not to be dissevered from the most obsolete University still frequented by young ingenuous living souls, is that of manifold collision and communication with the said young souls: which, to every one of these coevals, is undoubtedly the most important branch of breeding for him. In this point, as the learned Huber has insisted, the two English Universities,—their studies otherwise being granted to be nearly useless, and even ill done of their kind,—far excel all other Universities: so valuable are the rules of human behaviour which from of old have tacitly established themselves there; so manful, with all its sad drawbacks, is the style of English character, 'frank, simple, rugged and yet courteous,' which has tacitly but imperatively got itself sanctioned and prescribed there. Such, in full sight of Continental and other Universities, is Huber's opinion. Alas, the question of University Reform goes deep at present; deep as the world;—and the real University of these new epochs is yet a great way from us! Another judge in whom I have confidence declares further, that, of these two Universities, Cambridge is decidedly the more catholic (not Roman catholic, but Human catholic) in its tendencies and habitudes; and that in fact, of all the miserable Schools and High Schools in the England of these years, he, if reduced to choose from them, would choose Cambridge as a place of culture for the young idea. So that, in these bad circumstances, Sterling had perhaps rather made a hit than otherwise?

Thomas Carlyle, 1795-1881.

From *The Life of John Sterling*, 1851.

**Cambridge
and Ibsen**

I HAVE revisited Cambridge and Oxford time after time since I came down, and so far as the Empire goes, I want to get clear of those two places. . . .

Always I renew my old feelings, a physical oppression, a sense of lowness and dampness almost exactly like the feeling of an

underground room where paper moulders and leaves the wall, a feeling of ineradicable contagion in the Gothic buildings, in the narrow ditch-like rivers, in those roads and roads of stuffy little villas. Those little villas have destroyed all the good of the old monastic system and none of its evil. . . .

Some of the most charming people in the world live in them, but their collective effect is below the quality of any individual among them. Cambridge is a world of subdued tones, of excessively subtle humours, of prim conduct and free-thinking; it fears the Parent, but it has no fear of God; it offers amidst surroundings that vary between dinginess and antiquarian charm the inflammation of literature's purple draught; one hears there a peculiar thin scandal like no other scandal in the world—a covetous scandal—so that I am always reminded of Ibsen in Cambridge. In Cambridge and the plays of Ibsen alone does it seem appropriate for the heroine before the great crises of life to 'enter, take off her overshoes, and put her wet umbrella upon the writing desk.' . . .

H. G. Wells.

From *The New Machiavelli*, 1910.

'INTO Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable number of Vandals' (Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.) 'There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

Note by Lord Byron to

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 1809.

II

CAMBRIDGE *VERSUS* OXFORD

Sir, I have no opinion of *Oxford* Education, it breeds nothing
but Rakes and rank Tories.

Thomas Baker, *An Act at Oxford, a Comedy*, 1704.

Speech of
Sir Symonds
D'Ewes

IF I do not therefore prove that *Cambridge* was a renowned Citie at least 500 yeares before there was a house of *Oxford* standing and whilst brute beasts fed, or Corne was sowne on that place, where the same Citie is now seated: And that *Cambridge* was a Nursery of Learning before *Oxford* was knowne to have a Grammar Schoole in it, I will yeeld up the bucklers. If I should loose time to reckon up the vaine allegations produced for the Antiquity of *Oxford* by *Twyne*, and of *Cambridge* by *Caius*; I should but repeate *Deliria Senum*, for I account the most of that they have published in print to be no better. But I find my authoritie without exception, that in the ancient Catalogue of the Cities of *Brittaine*, *Cambridge* is the ninth in number, where *London* it selfe is but the eleventh, and who would have thought that ever *Oxford* should have contended for precedence with *Cambridge*, which *London* gave it above 1200 yeares since? This I finde in *Gildus Albanus* his British story, who died about the yeare 520, being the ancientest Domestike Monument we have. . . .

And notwithstanding the great devastations it suffered with other places, by reason of the *Danish* incursions, yet in the first Tome or Volume of the Booke of DOMESDEI (for now I come to cite record) it appeares to have bin a place of considerable moment, having in it *Decem Custodias*, and a Castle of great strength and extent, and so I have done with *Cambridge* as a renowned place.

And now I come to speake to it as it hath bin a Nursery of Learning, nor will I begin higher with it, then the time of the learned *Saxon* Monarch King *Alfred*, because I suppose that no man will question or gainsay but that there are sufficient testimonies of certain persons that did together in *Cambridge* study

the Arts and Sciences much about the time. And it grew to be a place soe famous for Learning about the time of *William* the first, the *Normane*, that he sent his younger son *Henry* thither to be there instructed, who himselfe being afterwards King of *England* by the name of *Henry* the first, was also sirnamed *Beauclerk*, in respect of his great and invulgar knowledge.

1642.

Sir Symonds D'Ewes, 1602-1650.

From a speech delivered in Parliament.

IN Domesday Book the borough of Cambridge is set before us as a single whole, though it has been divided into ten *custodiae* or wards. Thenceforward it appears as a good specimen of the old shire-boroughs. It was without a rival, without a second, as the chief town of its county. It had castle and jewry, market-place and tolbooth, all complete. It was a 'port' with 'hithes' and 'quays.' A fair held in one of its arable fields, Sturbridge Field, was to become in course of time the most famous of English fairs. Also it had some fifteen or sixteen parish churches, and, measured by this index of ancient wealth, might vie with Oxford. That it was as rich or as populous as Oxford I should not contend.

Domesday
Book

F. W. Maitland, 1850-1906.

From *Township and Borough*, 1898.

WHAT though our *Johnian* plead but scanty worth,
Cold and ungenial as his native North,
Who never taught the Virgin's breast to glow,
Nor rais'd a wish beyond what Vestals know ;
Nor *Jesuit*, cloister'd in his pensive cell,
Where vapours dank with contemplation dwell,
Dream out a being to the world unknown,
And sympathize with every changing Moon ;
Though Politicks engross the Sons of *Clare*,
Nor yields the State one moment to the Fair ;
Though *Bene't* mould in indolence and ease,
And whist prolong the balmy rest of *Kay's* :
And one continued solemn slumber reigns,
From untun'd *Sidney* to protesting *Queen's* :
Yet, O ye Fair !—
Let this one dressing, dancing race atone
For all the follies of the pedant gown.
The templar need not blush for such allies ;
Nor jealous *Christ Church* this applause denies.

Oxford v.
Cambridge

John Taylor, 1704-1766.

From the Musick Speech at the Public Commencement, July 6, 1730.

Two
Epigrams

[IN 1715 the University sent up a loyal address to King George 1. on his accession, and the King, as a reward, bought the library of Dr. John Moore (1646-1714, Bishop of Norwich and afterwards of Ely), and presented it to the University. About the same time a troop of horse was quartered at Oxford in consequence of a Jacobite disturbance on the anniversary of the Pretender's birth. Hence the following epigram by an Oxford wit, probably Dr. Trapp or Thomas Warton.]

The king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sends a regiment ; For why ?
That *learned* body wanted *loyalty*.
To th' other books he gave, as well discerning
How much that *loyal* body wanted *learning*.

The Reply by
Dr. Browne

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For tories own no *argument* but *force*.
With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent :
For whigs allow no *force* but *argument*.

Dr. William Browne, 1692-1774.

From Richard
West to
Thomas Gray

CONSIDER me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves doctors and masters of arts ; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown ; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to

Yours.

CHRIST CHURCH, Nov. 14, 1735.

University
Oaths

[In the course of his tract, 'Swear Not at All: containing an exposure of the needlessness and mischievousness as well as anti-Christianity of the ceremony of an Oath,' Jeremy Bentham deals with the oaths to observe the statutes, etc., imposed by the Universities upon students on matriculation. He argues that these oaths must be universally violated, and that every one who has taken them is living in a state of perjury. In this respect, however, there is a difference between Oxford and Cambridge, as at Cambridge the Senate has met this very difficulty by enacting that no transgressor shall be deemed guilty of perjury, provided he 'submits himself humbly' to the proper authorities.]

Comparing together the state of opinions and religious feelings in these two seats and sources of Church-of-England piety, a few

results,—in an historical point of view at least not altogether devoid of interest,—present themselves :—

That, for the purpose in question, at *Cambridge*, the course taken was such, that thereafter whatsoever other opinions it may remain open to, as above, still in that seat and source of piety, on the score of a violation of the sort of *oath of obedience* in question, no person, living in a state of perjury, has perhaps ever been, or was likely to be, found :—while, in *Oxford*, what seems highly probable, not to say certain, is,—that, bating rare and casual exceptions,—as in the case of confinement by sickness,—from that time to the present, no member of the University, by whom the oath, which is administered to all above the age of childhood, has ever been taken, has ever dwelt in that seat and source of piety for two days together, without living in the habitual commission of that sin.

That the form of *government* under which, at *Oxford*, perjury was thus rendered universal and perpetual,—to this time, and by the blessing of God to all future time,—was *monarchical* : viz. during the vigorous part of the joint reign of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud :—the form of government, under which, at *Cambridge*, it was abolished as above, was *republican* : viz. that of the *Long Parliament*.

That the *religion* under which perjury was thus *established*, was the religion, which, in England, having along with the monarchy been restored, remains still established, viz. *Episcopalian Church-of-Englandism* :—the religion under which, at Cambridge, perjury was *abrogated*, as above, was *presbyterianism* : viz. under the same Long Parliament.

Jeremy Bentham, 1748-1832.
From *Swear Not at All*, 1817.

THE Oxonians profess to be more of gentlemen than the Cantabs; they certainly have more wealthy and titled men among them, and therefore more luxury, and possibly more refinement of manners. On the other hand, I shall not be suspected of envy or accused of misrepresentation, when I assert a notorious fact, that they are, as compared with the members of the other University, unacquainted with general literature, unpractical and very antediluvian in all matters of politics and world knowledge. A Cambridge friend of mine who had migrated from Oxford, told me that he did so because there were only two sets of men there, one who fagged unremittingly for the Schools, and another devoted to frivolity and dissipation; that he could find nothing between the two—no

The Incurious
Nature of
Oxford Men

literary men who knew something besides their cram-books and *shop*—no half reading, half literary men of leisure, as at Cambridge. I have never met with persons who knew so little of what was going on out of doors as the Oxonians I had the fortune to encounter at my visit there. Even of the question which was then agitating their University—the Puseyite movement—they seemed to possess no certain knowledge. ‘We leave all that to the M.A.’s,’ said one to whom I put some query respecting the state of feeling among the Undergraduates on the subject. The question was asked in a room full of Christ Church men, twelve at least, and I do not think the same number could have been brought together at Trinity who would have showed such incompetence to amuse or be amused by, to teach something to or learn something from, a stranger. . . .

These remarks on Oxford are very imperfect and unsatisfactory, I am well aware. The incurious nature of most Oxford men, and the difficulty of getting any information out of them, must be my excuse.

Charles Astor Bristed.

From *Five Years in an English University*, 1852.

Cambridge
and the
Bishops

THE two great national seats of learning had even then acquired the characters which they still retain. In intellectual activity, and in readiness to admit improvements, the superiority was then, as it has ever since been, on the side of the less ancient and splendid institution. Cambridge had the honour of educating those celebrated Protestant Bishops whom Oxford had the honour of burning; and at Cambridge were formed the minds of all those statesmen to whom chiefly is to be attributed the secure establishment of the reformed religion in the North of Europe.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, 1800-1859.

From *Essay on Bacon*, 1837.

The two
Types

WE [*i.e.* Cambridge men] despise, or at anyrate care little for, abstract disquisition. Representing in this respect the commoner English type, we have the strongest objection to look beyond our noses. We take what lies next to us and don't trouble our heads about its remoter bearings. Our studies are all modelled in accordance with a strictly practical view of the matter, that is, as I have said before, with a view to affording a good test for examinations; and we are inclined to sneer at loftier but more aerial considerations. Our ideal takes in the good and the bad points of rough, vigorous, common sense; whereas the Oxford man is not content without a touch of more or less refined philosophy. We generally take a

narrower but what is commonly called a more practical view of matters.

Which of these two types is the best, is not for me to say ; but the distinction which I have endeavoured to describe runs through all our manifestations in the most marked degree. Mr. Gladstone, with his great abilities somewhat marred with over-acuteness and polish, is an excellent type of the Oxford mind. . . . Perhaps I might mention Lord Macaulay, with his clear and energetic, but limited intellect, as, in many respects, a fair specimen of the Cambridge tone of thought.

Sir Leslie Stephen, 1832-1904.

From *Sketches from Cambridge*, 1865.

WHILE we thoroughly accept the position that, if Cambridge is our mother, Oxford is our aunt ; and while we admit the vigour of the latter in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, we shall hardly be considered unfairly prejudiced if we declare our opinion that there were more certain signs of vitality and usefulness in our north-easterly University in the eighteenth century, or at least in the latter half of it.

Oxford
our Aunt

Matters at Cambridge are apt to be at a level (not always of necessity a dead level), shewing something of the natural characteristics of the country and the town in which her lot is cast. Their beauty is retiring, and the point from which they may be seen is sometimes far to seek. The elegancies and the virtues of Oxford are more prominent, more obvious, even to those who do not look for them.

We may draw a parallel similarly for the intellectual character as it is trained by the traditional method of each University. Oxford shews her sons how they may make the most of each point of excellence, and turn the smallest details to advantage. Cambridge may be colder and duller, but her purpose is to aim immediately at nothing higher than preparing the ground with care and laying the foundation conscientiously.

Christopher Wordsworth.

From *Scholae Academicæ*, 1877.

WE now pass to the sixteenth century ; the age of specifically national development, and one singularly prolific, as I conceive, of powerful minds and characters. But it was not great as an academic age, while the relative positions of the two Universities also underwent a total change. To her manifest and indeed hardly measurable superiority in the earlier centuries, Oxford had now bidden a long farewell.

Mr. Gladstone

It was indeed a century too polemical to be favourable to the development of a vigorous academic life. An interesting Table, with which Mr. Mullinger has supplied us in his recent sketch of the history of Cambridge, shows that, between 1500 and 1600, the Baccalaureate was only given to a number averaging annually less than 50. This decline impartially includes the religious extremes of Mary and of Edward VI. With the reign of Elizabeth an improvement began; but it is also true that, from the date of her accession, the theological atmosphere had somewhat cooled. It seems, however, that other and not unimportant influences helped to lower the academic pulse. Ascham says that among the prevailing evils there was none more grave than the large admission of the sons of rich men, indifferent to solid and far-reaching study: while Bacon recorded his opinion that the indolent fellows who were growing old on the different collegiate foundations, were an *incubus* on the University. Such academic activity as still remained was in Cambridge rather than in Oxford, as is shown by the names of Ascham, Cheke, Thomas Smith, and the illustrious Cecil, who was for a short time a Lecturer in Greek.

It was, however, into polemical channels that the principal energies of the Universities in the sixteenth century were drawn. In the University of Cambridge, as it is contended, the Reformation in England had its real commencement. And most certainly Oxford, though she reared Hooper,¹ the stiffest of all Puritans, has no claim to this distinction. On the other hand it may, I think, be said that the greatest English movement of that century, which engraved so deep a mark on history, had its first foundations laid far more in nationalism than in theology. But, together with the great national movement under Henry VIII., vivid, though to a great extent latent, religious influences were at work; and of these influences on the reforming side, not the greater part only, but almost the whole belong to Cambridge. Except the influences of Jewell, and of Nowell, Oxford did not, I believe, contribute a single name that can be quoted to the promotion of the movement. The three famous prelates, who have been monumentally commemorated in Oxford for reasons other than academic, were Cambridge men. A student of Cambridge denounced the indulgences of Leo X. in 1517, the same year with Luther. Bilney, another genuine reformer, and Tyndale, whom we gratefully remember for his labours in the formation of the English Bible,

¹ Tyndale, to whom I believe we are much indebted for his labours in the translation of the Holy Scriptures, was bred in Oxford, but on turning towards Lutheranism, found it too hot to hold him.—Wood's *Athenae*, vol. i. col. 94.

found refuge in Cambridge, at least for a period, when driven from Oxford. Every Archbishop of Canterbury, between Warham and Abbot, excepting Pole, was a Cambridge man. . . .

It might be said, without any gross perversion of historical truth, that in the sixteenth century the deepest and most vital religious influences within the two Universities respectively were addressed, at Oxford to the making of recusants, at Cambridge to the production of Zwinglians and Calvinists. Undoubtedly it was Cambridge that reared the various forms of Puritanism, which seems to have divided with Recusancy the warmer religious life of those days. She produced Whitaker, the champion of the more temperate Puritanism: she also produced Browne, the leader of the consistent and thorough-going Brownists. She claims likewise Travers and Cartwright, who stand between the two: and it is further characteristic of the relative attitude of the Universities that, against Cartwright, there rose up from Oxford Richard Hooker, the first really great name in English theology since the Reformation, who has received the glowing eulogy of Mr. Hallam, and who remains a classic of British literature, while his opponent, I fear, has been given to the cobweb and the moth. . . .

If now we proceed to take the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in one group, and endeavour to test the relative greatness of the two Universities during that period, by the greatness of the individual men whom they produced, Cambridge confronts her ancient rival with that formidable triad, which I know not how we are to match. The names of Bacon, Milton, and Newton, which I arrange in the order of chronology rather than that of greatness, are names before which we can only bow.

W. E. Gladstone, 1809-1898.

From *An Academic Sketch*, the Romanes Lecture for 1892.

OH what a jolly lark and spree,
At the Boat Race as you'll see,
Thousands of people will flock that day,
To see the race and shout hurrah!
Won't it be a jolly sight,
To see them rolling home at night,
Along with the girls they'll have a lark,
And keep it up till after dark,
Fanny and Jack intends to come,
To see the race and have some fun,
At the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

The Oxford
and
Cambridge
Boat Race

Now the Oxford boys are a noble crew,
But the Cambridge intend the trick to do,
They are the boys, they pull so true,
They beat the Yankees in seventy-two,
No fowling with them there was done,
They beat their foes like British sons,
Let's hope this race will come off fair,
And every one act on the square
At the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

Now Tom and Jack they like a spree,
So they took their girls the race to see,
Between the lot they hired a stand,
Because they wanted to do the grand.
But the stand wasn't safe as you shall hear,
The girls they screamed and shook with fear,
When all of a sudden it came to pass
The stand went down, they fell on the grass.
Oh, wasn't it a sight to see,
Showing more of their ankles than we usually see
At the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

From a broadside in the Cambridge University Library, 1875.

III

LEGENDARY

The oldest of all inter-university sports was a lying match. Oxford was founded by Mempricius in the days of Samuel the prophet, and Cambridge by the Spanish Cantaber in the days of Gurguntius Brabtruc. A match in truth-seeking is a much more thrilling contest; the rules of the game are so much more intricate. It goes on and I hope will never be decided.

F. W. Maitland, *Township and Borough*, 1898.

I HUMBLY conceive the credit of either University is sufficiently established, without the advantage in point of time. There's no need of torturing a text, catching at bare possibilities, and applying almost to romances for belief. They are, both of 'em, without contest, the most illustrious seats of learning in Europe; and since they are thus well founded in merit, what occasion is there to strain for antiquity, and to have recourse to questionable records, and run as it were into the dark for light and evidence?

Jeremy Collier, 1650-1726.

From *Ecclesiastical History*, 1708-1714.

By trew recorde of the Doctor Bede,
That some tyme wrotte so mikle with his hande,
And specially remembringe as I reede
In his chronicles made of England
Amounge other thynges as ye shall vnderstand,
Whom for myne aucthour I dare alleage,
Seith the translacion and buylding of Cambridge.

John Lydgate

With hym accordinge Alfride the Croniclere,
Seriouslye who lyst his bookes to see,
Made in the tyme when he was Thresurere
Of Beverley an old famouse cytie,
Affirme and seyne the vniuersitie
Of Cambridge & studye fyrst began
By their wrytinge as I reporte can.

He rehersing first for commendacion,
 By their writinge how that old cytie
 Was stronglie whalled with towers manye one,
 Builte and finished with great libertie
 Notable and famous of great auctoritie,
 As their authors accordinge sayne the same,
 Of Cantabro takyng first his name.

Like as I finde reporte I can none other.
 This Canteber tyme of his lyvyng
 To Pertholyne he was germayne brother
 Duke in tho daies in Ireland a great Kynge,
 Chieffe & principall cause of that building.
 The wall about and towers as they stooode
 Was set and builte vpon a large floode,

Named Cantebro a large brode ryver,
 And after Cante called Cantebro,
 This famous citie, this write the Cronieler,
 Was called Cambridge; rehersing eke also
 In their booke their aucthours bothe twoe
 Towching the date, as I rehearse can,
 Fro thilke tyme that the world began.

Fower thowsand complete by accomptes clere
 And three hundreth by computacion
 Joyned therto eight and fortie yeare,
 When Cantebro gave the fundacion
 Of thys cytie and this famous towne
 And of this noble vniuersitie
 Sett on this ryver which is called Cante.

And fro the great transmigracion
 Of kynges reconed in the byble of old
 Fro Iherusalem to babylon
 Twoe hundreth wynter and thirtie yeares told.
 Thus to writte myne aucthour meketh me bold,
 When Cantebro, as it well knoweth,
 At Atheynes scholed in his yought,

Alle his wyttes greatlye did applie
 To have acquayntaunce by great affection
 With folke experte in philosophie.

From Atheines he brought with hym downe
 Philosophers most sovereigne of renowne
 Vnto Cambridge, playnlye this is the case,
 Anaxamander and Anaxagoras.

With many other myne Aucthours do the fare,
 To Cambridge fast can hym spede
 With philosophers, & let for no cost spare
 In the Schooles to studdie & to reede ;
 Of whoes teachinge great profit that gan spreade
 And great increase rose of his doctrine ;
 Thus of Cambridge the name gan first shyne.

As chieffe schoole & vniuersitie
 Vnto this tyme fro the daye it began
 By cleare reporte in manye a far countre
 Vnto the reigne of Cassibellan,
 A woorthie prince and a full knyghtlie man,
 As sayne cronicles, who with his might[ie] hand
 Let Julius Cesar to arryve in this lande.

Five hundreth yere full thirtie yere & twentie
 Fro babilons transmigracion
 That Cassibellan reigned in britayne,
 Which by his notable royall discrecion
 To increase that studdie of great affection,
 I meane of Cambridge the vniuersitie,
 Franchized with manye a libertie.

By the meane of his royall favor
 From countreis about manye one
 Divers Schollers by diligent labour
 Made their resorte of great affection
 To that stooddie great plentie there cam downe,
 To gather fruites of wysdome and science
 And sondrie flowers of sugred eloquence.

And as it is put eke in memorie,
 Howe Julius Cesar entring this region
 On Cassybellan after his victorie
 Tooke with him clarkes of famouse renowne
 Fro Cambridg and ledd them to rome towne,
 Thus by processe remembred here to forme,
 Cambridg was founded longe or Chryst was borne,

Five hundreth yere thirtie and eke nyne.
 In this matter ye gett no more of me,
 Reherse I wyll no more [as] at this tyme.
 Theis remembraunces have great auctoritie
 To be preferred of longe antiquitie;
 For which by recorde all clarkes seyne the same,
 Of heresie Cambridge bare never blame.

About 1440.

John Lydgate, 1370?-1451?

**Cambridge,
 Mother of
 Philosophy**

BUT seeing that Cantaber, the brother of Duke Partholoys, a prudent and discreet man and of beauteous aspect, had been deeply imbrued with the grace of letters at Athens, King Gurgunt kept him by his side. And sojourning with him he so grew into familiarity with the King, that the King loved him with the love of a father. When therefore he was so greatly advanced in the favour of the King's friendship, the King resolved with the advice of his counsellors to bind his daughter Gwenolena to him in the bonds of wedlock. And with her he gave to Cantaber the eastern part of Britain. He, being uplifted with great joy, paid to the King his debt of thanks for so great a benefit. For coming into his domain he built cities and towns prudently in various places. And finally, considering his father's pleasure, and desiring the perpetual glory of his own name, he built on the River Cante a great city to which he gave his name, and summoned astronomers and philosophers thither from Athens, and commanded that salaries should be given to them. Afterwards that city was called Caergrant after Count Grantinus, his son, who built a bridge there; or else it was so called in the British tongue from the multitude of its philosophers; but in the Latin tongue the city was called Cante after Cantaber its founder. As time went on it was called Cantabrigia.

At last the aforesaid doctors, after sowing the words of life through the island, came to Cambridge, where, after they had held many and various disputes with the philosophers, in one day three thousand of them were baptized. Then the philosophers, believing perfectly in Christ, preached Christ's law of brotherly love side by side with the doctors, and manifested signs and portents equally with them. But, alas, Cambridge, that glorious city, the mother of philosophy, beautiful in its habitations, defended on all sides by towers, girt with walls made of squared stones, was burnt with fire by Maximianus Herculeus, a chieftain of Diocletian's. At his command all the aforesaid churches of the city, and all the

holy catholic Scriptures which could be found, were burnt in the midst of the market-place. And chosen priests, together with the faithful who were their servants and had yielded themselves up to them, were slaughtered in a dense band, and hastened to the pleasant realms of heaven. Among whom there suffered Albanus, prefect of the city of Verolamia, and the athlete of God, Amphibalus, rector of the schools of Cambridge.

Nicholas Cantalupe.

From *Historiola de Antiquitate et origine Universitatis Cantabrigienis*, about 1440.

POLYDORE VERGIL, after stating that Cambridge 'was bielled Origins of Sigibertus in the yeare of our Lorde dcxxx,' adds—'But if wee will beleeve the commentaries of an unknowne writer, the originall, as well of the towne as of the universitee, is farre more auncient, for it is reported that the owlde towne named Caergraunt in times paste was situat at the foote of an hill nott farre of called Withyll, and that in the time of Gurguntius, sonne of Bellinus, a certayne Cantabrian named Bartholomeus cam thither to teache and interprite, and havinge consequentlie in mariage the King's dowghter, called Chembrigia, bilded the towne Cantabrigia, alludinge to his wives name, and first of all others tought there himselfe.'

Polydore Vergil, 1470?-1555?

From *English History*, first printed 1534.

TOUCHINGE the antiquitie and denomination, historians testifie it Antiquities was builded before Christs incarnation, with a castle, towers, and walls of defence, by Duke Cantaber, the sonne of the Kinge of Spayne, who was entertained in England by Kinge Gurguntius; and the Towne being situated and united with a bridge upon the River then called Canta, was denominated Cantabridge; and in tract of tyme the name of the River being altered to Granta, the Towne likewise to Grantabridge; and after it was called Cam, and the Towne Cambridge, which yet remaineth and consisteth of fourteen parishes. This river is current throughe the hearte of the Shire, with navigation to the sea, and is the life of trafficke to this Towne and countie; and no bridge is over the same but at Cambridge, and it is maintayned by fowerscore hides of land lyeing sparsim in this Shire, which are holden of your Majestie by pontage, appropriate to this bridge only.

The Muses did branch from Athens to Cambridge, and were lovinglie lodged in the houses of Citizens untill Ostles and Halls

were erected for them without endowments, and nowe the materials of the castle, towers, and walls are converted into Colleges, beautifieing this famous universitie. It hath bin trulie saide Quid Musis cum Marte? but never saide Quid Musis cum Mercatore? Also it hath bin saide of the Abbies, Religio peperit divitias, et filia devoravit matrem, which we hope shall never be truly applyed to the University and this Towne.

Francis Brackyn, Recorder of Cambridge.

From a speech delivered in presence of King James I., March 7, 1614/5.

IV

THE POETS AT CAMBRIDGE

Would you commence a poet, sir, and be
 A graduate in the threadbare mystery?
 The Ox's ford will no man thither bring,
 Where the horse-hoof rais'd the Pierian spring;
 Nor will the bridge, through which low Cham doth run,
 Direct you to the banks of Helicon.

Thomas Randolph, *Ad Amicum Litigantem*, 1638.

Noe epitaphe adorne his baser hearse
 That in his lifetime cares not for a verse!

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, 1598/9.

FROM Paules I went, to Eaton sent,
 To learne streight waies, the latin phraies,
 Where fifty three stripes given to mee,
 At once I had:
 For fault but small, or none at all,
 It came to pass, thus beat I was,
 See Vdall see, the mercie of thee,
 to me poore lad.

Trinity Hall

From London hence, to Cambridge thence,
 With thanks to thee, O Trinitee,
 That to thy hall, so passing all,
 I got at last:
 There joy I felt, there trim I dwelt,
 There heaven from hell I shifted well,
 With learned men, a number then,
 the time I past.

Long sickness had, then was I glad
 To leave my booke, to prove and looke,
 In Court what gaine, by taking paine,
 mought well be found:

Lord Paget than, that noble man,
 Whose soule I truste is with the just
 That same was hee enriched mee,
 With many a pound.

When gaines was gon, and yeres grew on,
 And death did crie, from London flie,
 In Cambridge then, I found agen,
 a resting plot :
 In Colledge best of all the rest,
 With thanks to thee, O Trinitee,
 Through thee and thine, for me and mine,
 some stay I got.

Thomas Tusser, 1525-1580.

Poor Scholars

INGENIOSO. Nay, sighe not, men ! laughe at the foolish worlde ;
 They have the shame, though wee the miserie.
 Strange regions well may scoff at our rude clyme,
 And other schools laugh at Parnassus' hill,
 That better doe rewarde each scrivener's pen,
 Each tapster's cringe, each rubbinge ostler,
 Than those that live like anchors in a mue
 And spend there youthe in contemplation,
 Because they would refine the ruder worlde,
 And rouse the souls in clayie cottages.

Christmas, 1601/2. From *The Return from Parnassus* (1), Act v. Sc. 3.

INGENIOSO. What, I travell to Parnassus? why, I have burnt my bookes, splitted my pen, rent my papers, and curste the cooseninge harts that brought mee up to noe better fortune. I, after manie years studie, havinge almoste brought my braine into a consumption, looking still when I shoulde meete with some good Maecenas that liberallie would rewarde my deserts, I fed soe long upon hope, till I had almoste starved. Why, our emptie-handed sattine sutes doe make more account of some foggie faulkner than of a wittie scholler, had rather rewarde a man for setting of a hayre than a man of wit for makinge of a poeme ; each longearred ass rides on his trappings, and thinkes it sufficiente to give a scholler a majesticke nodd with his rude noddle. Goe to Parnassus? Alas, Apollo is banckroute, there is nothing but silver words and golden phrases for a man ; his followers wante the goulde, whilst tapsters, ostlers, carters and coblers have a fominge pauch, a belching bagg, that serves for a cheare of estate for *regina pecunia*. Seest thou not my hoste Johns of the Crowne, who latelie lived like a moule 6 years

under the grounde in a cellar, and cried *Anon, Anon, Sir*, now is mounted upon a horse of twentie marke, and thinkes the earth too base to beare the waighte of his refined bodie. Why, woulde it not greeve a man of a good spirit to see Hobson finde more money in the tayles of 12 jades than a scholler in 200 bookes? Why, Newman the cobbler will leave large legacies to his hairees while the posteritie of *humanissimi auditores*, and *esse posse videatur* must be faine to be kept by the parishe! Turne home againe, unless youe meane to be *vacui viatores*, and to curse youre wittless heades in youre ould age for takinge themselves to no better trades in there youthe.

STUDIOSO. Cease to spende more of thy id(l)e breathe,
Effecting to divert us from our waye.

I knowe that schollers commonlie be poore,
And that the dull worlde there good parts neglecte.
A scholler's coate is plaine, lowlie his gate;
Contente consists not in the highest degree.

PHILOMUSUS. I thinke not worse of faire Parnassus' hill
For that it wants that sommer's golden clay,
The idol of the foxfur'd usurer.

Though it wants coyne it wants not true contente,
True solace, or true happie merrimente.

Christmas, 1598/9.

From *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, Act v.

To the Right Worshipful, and Reverend Mr. Doctor Nevile, Dean of Canterbury, and the Master of Trinity College in Cambridge.

Dr. Nevile
and Trinity
College

Right worthy, and reverend Sir:

As I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be desired, both because I most want, and it most abounds with wisdom, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God, (I meane yourselfe) that reacht down, as it were out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature, and price, than which, I could wish none, (only heaven itself excepted) either more fruitfull, and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable, and encouraging for the time that is already past, or more hopeful, and promising for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment) Europe is worthily deem'd the Queen of the world, that Garland both of Learning, and pure Religion being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since lain withered in

Greece and Palestine ; so my opinion of this Island hath always been, that it is the very face, and beauty of all Europe, in which both true Religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true Learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation : and what are the two eyes of this Land, but the two Universities ; which cannot but prosper in the time of such a Prince, that is a Prince of Learning, as well as of People : and truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye : and I think (King Henry the 8. being the uniter, Edward the 3. the Founder, and yourself the Repairer of this College, wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in Cambridge : in which being placed by your only favour, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less, than acknowledge that debt, which I shall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus, in the Poet (upon whom the boys—*injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis* making his garland, his fetters) finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains, to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with a song. . . .

Giles Fletcher, 1588-1623.

From the *Epistle Dedicatory* prefixed to *Christ's Victory*, 1610.

An Epistle

WILLY, my dear, that late by Haddam sitting,
 By little Haddam, in whose private shades,
 Unto thy fancy thousand pleasures fitting,
 With dainty nymphs, in those retired glades
 Didst spend thy time (time that too quickly fades) ;
 Ah, much I fear that those so pleasing toys
 Have too much lull'd thy sense and mind in slumb'ring joys.
 Now art thou come to nearer Madingly,
 Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth enthrall thee ;
 There new delights withdraw thy ear, thy eye ;
 Too much I fear lest some ill chance befall thee ;
 Hark how the Cambridge Muses thence recal thee ;
 Willy, our dear, Willy his time abuses ;
 But sure thou hast forgot our Chame and Cambridge Muses.
 Return now, Willy ; now at length return thee :
 Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
 By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn thee,
 Will sit and sing among the Muses nine ;
 And, safely covered from the scalding shine,

We'll read that Mantuan shepherd's sweet complaining,
Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust disdain.

Phineas Fletcher, 1582-1650.

From *An Epistle to Master W. C.*

About 1603.

WHEREAS my birth and spirits rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Affliction

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simp'ring all mine age,—
Thou often didst, with academic praise,
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweeten'd pill ; till I came where
I could not go away, or persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food : thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me ; not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show.
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree :
For sure then I should grow
To fruit, or shade ; at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

About 1620.

George Herbert, 1593-1633.

I MUST be thought, if this libeller (for now he shows himself to be so) can find belief, after an inordinate and riotous youth spent at the University, to have been at length 'vomited out thence.' For which commodious lie, that he may be encouraged in the trade another time, I thank him : for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary favour and respect, which I found above any of my equals at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the fellows of

John Milton

that college wherein I spent some years : who at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay ; as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time, and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me. Which being likewise propense to all such as were for their studious and civil life worthy of esteem, I could not wrong their judgments and upright intentions, so much as to think I had that regard from them for other cause than that I might still be encouraged to proceed in the honest and laudable courses, of which they apprehended I had given good proof. As to those ingenuous and friendly men, who were ever the countenancers of virtuous and hopeful wits, I wish the best and happiest things, that friends in absence wish one to another.

John Milton, 1608-1674.

From *An Apology for Smectymnus*, 1642.

Cambridge,
Mother of
Poets

THUS, dearest *Florio*, thus, my faithful Friend,
In learned Luxury my Time I spend ;
Till length'ning Shades the setting Sun display,
And falling Dews lament the falling Day :
Then, lost in Thought, where aged *Cam* divides
Those verdant Groves that paint his Azure Tides,
With musing Pleasure I reflect around,
And stand enchanted in Poetic Ground.
Straight to my glancing Thought those Bards appear,
That fill'd the World with Fame, and charm'd us here :
Here *Spenser*, *Cowley*, and that awful Name
Of mighty *Milton*, flourish'd into Fame ;
From these amusing Groves, his copious Mind,
The blooming Shades of Paradise design'd.
In these Retirements, *Dryden* fann'd his Fire,
And gentle *Waller* tun'd his tender Lyre ;
Hail ! happy Bards, whilst thus I think, I hear
Your Tuneful Melody improve my Ear,
With Rev'rence I approach each sacred Shade,
Perhaps by Your creating Numbers made.
Delusion helps my Fancy as I walk,
Hears Waters murmur, and soft Echoes talk ;
Thro' the dim Shade its sacred Poet sees,
Or hears his Music in the wafted Breeze.

William Pattison, 1706-1727.

From *Epistle to a Friend*, 1724.

I FANCY I have told you that a wild young Poet of Trinity College has taken a mad flight out of a garret window! but finding no Castle in the air to rest at, his wings failed him and so he dropt. His Life is not despaired of.

Adventure of
a Poet—
Name
unknown

From letter from Thomas Ashton to Richard West.
January 29, 1735/6 or 1736/7.

ODE FOR MUSIC (IRREGULAR)

AIR

‘HENCE, avaunt, (’tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition’s cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flatt’ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

Ode for
Music

CHORUS

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muses’ walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round;
Hence, away, ’tis holy ground!’

RECITATIVE

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th’ indignant lay:
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
Thro’ every unborn age, and undiscover’d clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
’Twas *Milton* struck the deep-toned shell
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek *Newton*’s self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

AIR

‘Ye brown o’er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,

Where willowy *Camus* lingers with delight !
 Oft at the blush of dawn
 I trod your level lawn,
 Oft woo'd the gleam of *Cynthia* silver-bright
 In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 With Freedom by my side and soft-eyed Melancholy.'

RECITATIVE

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers in long order go :
 Great *Edward*, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty *Gallia* torn,
 And sad *Chatillon*, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely *Clare*,
 And *Anjou's* Heroine, and the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either *Henry* there,
 The murther'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
 That broke the bonds of *Rome*.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED

All that on *Granta's* fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their *Fitzroy's* festal morning come ;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies :

QUARTETTO

'What is Grandeur, what is Power?
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain?
 The grateful memory of the Good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of Gratitude.'

RECITATIVE

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The venerable *Marg'ret* see !
 'Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
 To this, thy kindred train, and me :
 Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 A *Tudor's* fire, a *Beaufort's* grace.'

AIR

'Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
 And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head :
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 To glitter on the diadem.'

RECITATIVE

'Lo! *Granta* waits to lead her blooming band,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 She reveres herself and thee.
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 The laureate wreath, that *Cecil* wore, she brings,
 And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 Submits the Fasces of her sway,
 While Spirits blest above and Men below
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.'

GRAND CHORUS

'Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien
 Thy steady course of honour keep,
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
 The star of *Brunswick* smiles serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep.'

1769.

Thomas Gray.

MR. GRAY, our elegant Poet, and delicate Fellow Commoner of Peterhouse, has just removed to Pembroke-hall, in resentment of some usage he met with at the former place. The case is much

**Thomas Gray
and
Peterhouse**

talked of, and is this. He is much afraid of fire, and was a great sufferer in Cornhill; he has ever since kept a ladder of ropes by him, soft as the silky cords by which Romeo ascended to his Juliet, and has had an iron machine fixed to his bedroom window. The other morning, Lord Percival and some Petreuchians, going a hunting, were determined to have a little sport before they set out, and thought it would be no bad diversion to make Gray bolt, as they called it, so ordered their man Joe Draper to roar out fire. A delicate white night-cap is said to have appeared at the window: but finding the mistake, retired again to the couch. The young fellows, had he descended, were determined, they said, to have whipped the butterfly up again.

From letter by Rev. John Sharp, March 12, 1756.

March 25, PEMB. HALL, 1756.

Thomas Gray
to Thomas
Warton

THO' I had no reasonable excuse for myself before I received your last letter, yet since that time I have had a pretty good one; having been taken up in quarelling with Peter-house, and in removing myself from thence to Pembroke. This may be looked upon as a sort of Aera in a life so barren of events as mine; yet I shall treat it in Voltaire's manner, & only tell you, that I left my lodgings, because the rooms were noisy, and the People of the house dirty. This is all I would chuse to have said about it; but if you in private should be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts and minute circumstances, Stonhewer, who was witness to them, will probably satisfy you. All I shall say more is, that I am for the present extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse; and that everybody (even the Dr. Longs and Dr. Mays) are as civil, as they could be to Mary de Valence in person.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, June 24, 1769.

Thomas Gray
to
Rev. Norton
Nicholls

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused! Are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane, or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling-stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throat though, and the *agoræ*.

FIVE years and a half, with little interruption, did I pass in this blissful seat, in the enjoyments of friendship and the pursuits of learning. The occasional undulations, which the force of ambition or the gusts of passion might raise upon the surface of my breast, were soon calmed by the infusions of time and the sun-shine of religion. When I traced those hallowed paths, which the most illustrious of my species had trod before; when I rambled on those banks, traced those fields, or sauntered in those groves, where BACON reasoned, NEWTON meditated, and MILTON sung; an awful complacency breathed o'er my spirits: the images of these unrivall'd heroes inspired my emulation, and annihilated every sentiment of self-sufficiency. I felt the full impression of those enraptured effusions of the poet :

I long through consecrated walks to rove,
And hear soft music die along the grove.
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made.

Gilbert Wakefield, 1756-1801.

From *Memoirs*, 1792.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

The Prelude :
Residence at
Cambridge

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air ;
He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
Onward we drove beneath the Castle ; caught,
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam ;
And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope ;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
Seemed friends, poor simple schoolboys, now hung round
With honour and importance : in a world

Of welcome faces up and down I roved ;
 Questions, directions, warnings, and advice,
 Flowed in upon me, from all sides ; fresh day
 Of pride and pleasure ! To myself I seemed
 A man of business and expense, and went
 From shop to shop about my own affairs,
 To Tutor or to Tailor, as befel,
 From street to street with loose and careless mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream ; I roamed
 Delighted through the motley spectacle ;
 Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers :
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
 A northern villager.

As if the change
 Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
 Behold me rich in moneys, and attired
 In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
 Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
 My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
 With other signs of manhood that supplied
 The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly on
 With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
 Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was :
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ;
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,
 But hardly less industrious ; with shrill notes
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
 Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
 Twice over with a male and female voice.
 Her peeling organ was my neighbour too ;
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
 The antechapel where the statue stood
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,

The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes; now and then
Forced labour, and more frequently forced hopes;
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
Of indecisive judgments that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity.—And yet
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—
Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld,—with undelighted heart,
So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seen unmoved
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world? To me, at least,
It was a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,
Though I had learnt betimes to stand unpropped,
And independent musings pleased me so
That spells seemed on me when I was alone,
Yet could I only cleave to solitude
In lonely places; if a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,
Even with myself divided such delight,
Or looked that way for aught that might be clothed
In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things,
And slipped into the ordinary works
Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed.
Caverns there were within my mind which sun
Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy *arbores* where the light

Might enter in at will. Companionships,
 Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.
 We sauntered, played, or rioted ; we talked
 Unprofitable talk at morning hours ;
 Drifted about along the streets and walks,
 Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
 To gallop through the country in blind zeal
 Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
 Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
 Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act
 In this new life. Imagination slept,
 And yet not utterly. I could not print
 Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
 Of generations of illustrious men,
 Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
 Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
 Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,
 That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.
 Place also by the side of this dark sense
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
 Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be
 The more endeared. Their several memories here
 (Even like their persons in their portraits clothed
 With the accustomed garb of daily life)
 Put on a lowly and a touching grace
 Of more distinct humanity, that left
 All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorne shade ;
 Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
 Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
 Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State,—
 Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
 With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
 I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend !
 Yea, our blind Poet, who in his later day,
 Stood almost single ; uttering odious truth—
 Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
 Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged

An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard!
Be it confest that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran
From the assembly; through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind,
The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove
Of the plain Burghers, who in audience stood
On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!
I am ashamed of them: and that great Bard,
And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed
The limbs of the great world; its eager strifes
Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight,
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt,
Though short of mortal combat; and whate'er
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit

An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
 More that way, was not wasted upon me—
 And yet the spectacle may well demand
 A more substantial name, no mimic show,
 Itself a living part of a live whole,
 A creek in the vast sea ; for, all degrees
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise
 Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
 Retainers won away from solid good ;
 And here was Labour, his own bond-slave ; Hope,
 That never set the pains against the prize ;
 Idleness halting with his weary clog,
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
 And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;
 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile
 Murmuring submission, and bald government,
 (The idol weak as the idolator,)
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
 And blind Authority beating with his staff
 The child that might have led him ; Emptiness
 Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
 Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Written about 1800.

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

Coleridge at
 the Trial of
 William
 Frend

THE Undergraduates were unanimous in favour of Mr. Frend, and every satirical remark reflecting upon the conduct and motives of his prosecutors was vociferously applauded. At length the Court desired the Proctors to interfere. Mr. Farish, the Senior Proctor, having marked one man who had particularly distinguished himself by applauding, and noted his position in the gallery, selected him as a fit subject for punishment. He went into the gallery, and having previously ascertained the exact situation of the culprit, he touched a person, whom he supposed to be the same, on the shoulder, and asked him his name and college. The person thus addressed assured him that he had been perfectly quiet. Farish replied, 'I have been watching you for a long time, and have seen you repeatedly clapping your hands.' 'I wish this was possible,' said the man, and turning round, exhibited an arm so deformed that his hands could not by any possibility be brought together: this exculpation was received with repeated rounds of applause, which continued for some minutes. The name of the

young man was Charnock, and his college Clare Hall; the real culprit was S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, who having observed that the Proctor had noticed him, and was coming into the gallery, turned round to the person who was standing behind him, and made an offer of changing places, which was gladly accepted by the unsuspecting man. Coleridge immediately retreated, and mixing with the crowd entirely escaped suspicion. This conduct on the part of Coleridge was severely censured by the Undergraduates, as it was quite clear that, to escape punishment himself, he would have subjected an innocent man to rustication or expulsion.

Coleridge was an excellent classical scholar; he affected a peculiar style in conversation, and his language was very poetical. An instance has at this moment occurred to me. Speaking of the dinners in Hall, he described the veal which was served up to them (and which was large and coarse) in the following words,—‘We have veal, Sir, tottering on the verge of beef!’

Henry Gunning, 1768-1854.

From *Reminiscences of the University, Town and County of Cambridge*, 1854.

Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves,
Thro' vales irriguous, and thro' green retreats,
With languid murmur creeps the placid stream

And works its secret way.

Awhile meand'ring round its native fields,
It rolls the playful wave and winds its flight:
Then downward flowing with awaken'd speed

Embosoms in the Deep!

Thus thro' its silent tenor may my Life
Smooth its meek stream by sordid wealth unclogg'd,
Alike unconscious of forensic storms,

And Glory's blood-stain'd palm!

And when dark Age shall close Life's little day,
Sate of sport, and weary of its toils,

E'en thus may slumbrous Death my decent limbs
Compose with icy hand.

A Wish:
Written in
Jesus Wood

1792.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834.

SURELY, if the Religio Loci dwell anywhere, it must be within these courts, every spot of which is hallowed by the feet of Piety and Genius. While passing under the gateway, the form of

Coleridge
revisits
Cambridge

Newton seemed to rise before me, and I turned round to look at that window where he so often stood, decomposing the rays of morning. There was something inexpressibly delightful in the fancy.

Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge reported in
Conversations at Cambridge, 1836.

MR. COLERIDGE visited Cambridge upon occasion of the Scientific Meeting there, in June, 1833. 'My emotions at visiting the University,' he said, 'were at first overwhelming. I could not speak for an hour; yet my feelings were upon the whole very pleasurable, and I have not passed, of late years at least, three days of such great enjoyment and healthful excitement of mind and body.'

From *Conversations at Cambridge*, 1836.

St. John's
Gardens

ALL winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the College grove
And tributary walks; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice;
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there; an ash, which Winter for himself
Decked out with pride, and with outlandish grace:
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
The trunk and every master branch were green
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,

Than I beheld, loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

Written about 1800.

William Wordsworth.

From *The Prelude: Cambridge and the Alps*.

ALL that has clothed with an unfading immortality the name of Newton was produced while this was his 'quiet habitation' and the place of his long and almost uninterrupted abode. And Barrow, scarcely an inferior name, the associate and contemporary of Ray, and Cotes, and Bentley, the disciples and friends of Newton; these all made this the scene of their best and most important labours. It was here that they pondered and discovered, that they went on from page to page and from thought to thought. Our walls have been conscious of their soliloquies. Their walks are the paths where we still roam. Their books are in our hands. Our hearths have been consecrated by their presence. We tread on ground hallowed by their thoughtful steps, amid the same reverend forms of tower and grove which met their contemplative eyes. And if the moonbeams or the night breezes as they touch our battlements can still minister to us a calmness of repose, and refresh our spirits from the intensity of thought or the turmoil of daily life; can we refrain from imagining that they also must have felt these soothing and kindly influences mingle with their high thoughts, and that the workings of their great minds may have been tinged and pervaded by the unseen spirit of the place which still lingers around us?

Religio
Locl

The impetuous and vehement genius of Dryden indeed, impatient as it must have been of tranquil thought, and confident in its conscious powers, rushed from these shades into the world in which it felt itself called to struggle and to conquer. Yet even he left not this abode till it had for seven succeeding years exercised its influence on that which he was to be. But to the meditative and pensive Cowley such scenes were more congenial: and it was in these shades that he fed his subtle and moralizing spirit, his perennial spring of pious and virtuous thought.

William Whewell, 1794-1866.

From Commemoration Sermon preached in Trinity College
Chapel, December 17, 1828.

CAMBRIDGE, the mother of poets, received him [Coleridge] with the kindness she had so often shown to her children. We—I speak as a Cambridge man—we flogged (or nearly flogged) Milton

The Poets at
Cambridge

into republicanism; we disgusted Dryden into an anomalous and monstrous preference for Oxford; we bored Gray, till half stifled with academic dulness, he sought more cheerful surroundings in a country churchyard; we left Byron to the congenial society of his bear; we did nothing for Wordsworth, except, indeed, that we took him to Milton's rooms, and there for once (it must really have done him some good) induced him to take a glass too much; and we, as nearly as possible, converted Coleridge into a heavy dragon.

Sir Leslie Stephen.

From *Essay on Coleridge in Hours in a Library*, 1874.

**The Poets at
Cambridge**

I NOW pursue my inquiry. That Chaucer was a Cambridge man cannot be proved. It is the better opinion that he was (how else should he have known anything about the Trumpington Road?), but it is only an opinion, and as no one has ever been found reckless enough to assert that he was an Oxford man, he must be content to 'sit out' this inquiry along with Shakspeare, Webster, Ford, Pope, Cowper, Burns and Keats, no one of whom ever kept his terms at either University. Spenser is, of course, the glory of the Cambridge Pembroke, though were the fellowships of that college made to depend upon passing a yearly examination in the *Faerie Queene*, to be conducted by Dean Church, there would be wailing and lamentation within her rubicund walls. Sir Thomas Wyatt was at St. John's, Fulke Greville Lord Brooke at Jesus, Giles and Phineas Fletcher were at King's, Herrick was first at St. John's, but migrated to the Hall, where he is still reckoned very pretty reading, even by boating men. Cowley, most precocious of poets, and Suckling were at Trinity, Waller at King's, Francis Quarles was of Christ's. The Herbert family were divided, some going to Oxford and some to Cambridge, George, of course, falling to the lot of Cambridge. John Milton's name alone would deify the University where he pursued his almost sacred studies. Andrew Marvell, a pleasant poet and savage satirist, was of Trinity. The author of *Hudibras* is frequently attributed to Cambridge, but, on being interrogated, he declined to name his college—always a suspicious circumstance.

I must not forget Richard Crashaw of Peterhouse. Willingly would I relieve the intolerable tedium of this dry inquiry by transcribing the few lines of his now beneath my eye. But I forbear, and 'steer right on.'

Of dramatists we find Marlowe (untimelier death than his was never any) at Corpus; Greene (I do not lay much stress on Greene) was both at St. John's and Clare. Ben Jonson was at

St. John's, so was Nash. John Fletcher (whose claims to be considered the senior partner in his well-known firm are simply paramount) was at Corpus. James Shirley, the author of *The Maid's Revenge* and of the beautiful lyric beginning 'The glories of our birth and state,' in the innocence of his heart first went to St. John's College, Oxford, from whence he was speedily sent down. . . . Thus treated, Shirley left Oxford, . . . and came to Cambridge, and entered at St. Catherine's Hall. . . .

Starting off again, we find John Dryden, whose very name is a tower of strength (were he to come to life again he would, like Mr. Brown of Calaveras, 'clean out half the town'), at Trinity. In this poet's later life he said he liked Oxford better. His lines on the subject are well known:—

'Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own Mother-University.
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age.'

But idle preferences of this sort are beyond the scope of my present inquiry. After Dryden we find Garth at Peterhouse and charming Matthew Prior at John's. Then comes the great name of Gray. Perhaps I ought not to mention poor Christopher Smart, who was a Fellow of Pembroke, and yet the author of *David*, under happier circumstances, might have conferred additional poetic lustre, even upon the college of Spenser.

In the present century, we find Byron and his bear at Trinity, Coleridge at Jesus, and Wordsworth at St. John's. . . . After the great name of Wordsworth any other must seem small, but I must, before concluding, place on record Praed, Macaulay, Kingsley, and Calverley.

A glorious Roll-call indeed!

'Earth shows to Heaven the names by thousands told
That crown her fame.'

So may Cambridge.

Augustine Birrell.

From 'Cambridge and the Poets,' in *Obiter Dicta*, 1887.

BENEATH this turf lie roses whose pale blood
The very hand of Milton may have shed,
Or ash of bays once pleated for the head
Of Quarles, whose early modesty withstood
No well-meant clamour of a student-brood;

Christ's
College
Garden

Great poets here, and Platonists long-dead,
By feathered Clio and Urania led,
Have waited for the moment and the mood.
Ah! who shall say these warm and russet walls,
This lustrous pool upon whose mirror falls
The shadow of so many an ancient tree,
Embrace not still the past, as perfumes hold
The spirit of flowers that may no more unfold
Their living buds on any lake or lea?

Edmund William Gosse.

From *Christ's College Magazine*, 1887.

ABOVE all I was delighted that the Trinity walks appeared 'like fairy land'; and indeed the glorious tints of the horse-chesnuts, of every shade from deep orange to green, lit up by a noonday sun under such a clear sky as we seldom enjoy here, made one long to have a great painter to sketch it. Talk of travelling! If a man will but open his eyes and ears in spring or autumn, Cambridge with its nightingales and trees is as grand a place as any poet could wish to live in. And then the libraries open their wide arms summer and winter; no 'summer friends' they.

J. E. B. Mayor, 1825-1910.

From a letter printed in a memoir by H. F. Stewart
prefixed to *Twelve Cambridge Sermons*, by J. E. B. Mayor, 1911.

V

SOME GREAT MEN

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That, wand'ring loose about,
 Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
 Heads without name, no more remembered.

John Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1671.

BUT amongst others in that Age, Sir *Thomas Eliots* elegance did seuer it selfe from all equalls, although Sir *Thomas More* with his Comicall wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Johns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersitie within it selfe; shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the Tythe of her Students; hauing (as I haue hearde graue men of credite report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gaue stroakes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitefull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects, and namelie that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of *Somerset*, aptlie termed *Colonia diducta*, from the Suburbes of *Saint Johns*. In which extraordinarie conception, *in partu in rempublicam prodire*, the Exchequer of eloquence Sir *John Checke*, a man of men, supernaturally traded in al tongues, Sir *John Mason*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Aschame*, *Grindall*, *Leuer*, *Pilkingtton*: all which, haue either by their priuate readings, or publike workes, repurged the errors of Arts, expelde from their puritie, and set before our eyes, a more perfect Methode of Studie.

The Glory of
 St. John's
 College

Thomas Nash, 1567-1601.

From *To the Gentlemen Students of that University* (prefixed to Robert Greene's *Meno*, no 2), 1589.

Dr. Bentley's
Conversation

HE said that he had finished five books of Homer, that he had discovered that a letter was lost, the digamma, that he now studied to please himself only, and not for an ungrateful age; that the New Testament was ready for anybody to do after his death, but seemed to say that he should not do it in his life. . . . Epiphanius an old rascal, Damasus an arbitrary Pope; that St. Jerome was the only saint that was but a presbyter, which nobody, he said, had taken notice of; said something of three and one about the Trinity. When Dr. Walker went out for something, he asked me how many children I had, and talked about the world, that the great men he had known were come to nothing, and the Duke of Marlborough, whose family came to nothing, and himself an idiot—and said if the life of a man was two hundred it would be something, that he might have three hundred of his posterity—that boys and girls would take their own ways; told how that he had but £8000 in the world, and had lost £4000 in the South Sea, in which he thought I had been, that his family must lose it; that he had enough for himself, that he ate not much, nor drank much—that the newspapers were full of nothing but murders and robberies—that we had a revolution for the sake of religion, and had less religion than ever we had.

John Byrom, 1692-1763.
From *Diary*, June 1735.

The
Dunciad,
Book IV.

PROMPT at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-Church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them marched that awful Aristarch;
Ploughed was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vailed to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bowed the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;

So upright Quakers please both man and God.
 'Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown ?
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians ! know your better :
 Author of something yet more great than letter ;
 While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.'

1742.

Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

[A TRINITY Undergraduate had written an imitation of Horace, Odes, III. 2, which Bentley liked so much that he parodied it.]

Angustam
 amice
 pauperiem
 pati

Who strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
 And thence poetic laurels bring,
 Must first acquire due force and skill,
 Must fly with swan's, or eagle's, wing.

Who Nature's treasures would explore
 Her mysteries and arcana know,
 Must high, as lofty NEWTON, soar,
 Or stoop, as delving WOODWARD, low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
 Tongues, arts, and arms, all history,
 Must drudge, like SELDEN, days and nights,
 And in the endless labour die.

Who travails in religious jars,
 Truth mix'd with error, shade with rays,
 Like WHISTON, wanting pyx and stars,
 In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant, our hero's hope, long toil,
 And comprehensive genius, crown,
 All sciences, all arts, his spoil,
 Yet what reward, or what renown ?

Envy innate in vulgar souls,
 Envy steps in, and stops his rise ;
 Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
 His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious or in want,
 To college, and old books, confin'd ;
 Instead of learn'd, he 's call'd pedànt ;
 Dunces advanc'd, he 's left behind :
 Yet left content, a genuine Stoic he,
 Great without patron, rich without South-Sea.

1721.

Richard Bentley, 1662-1742.

Dr. Bentley
 and Mr.
 Alexander
 Pope

THAT Doctor Walker, vice-master of Trinity-College, was the friend of my grandfather, and a frequent guest at his table, is true ; but it was not in Doctor Bentley's nature to treat him with contempt, nor did his harmless character inspire it. As for the *hat*, I must acknowledge it was of formidable dimensions, yet I was accustomed to treat it with great familiarity, and if it had ever been further from the hand of its owner than the peg upon the back of his great arm-chair, I might have been dispatched to fetch it, for he was disabled by the palsy in his latter days ; but the hat never strayed from its place, and Pope found an office for Walker, that I can well believe he was never commissioned to in his life.

Richard Cumberland, 1732-1811.

From *Memoirs Written by Himself*, 1806.

Dr. Bentley
 and Mr.
 Boyle

THE illusion [that Boyle's reply to Bentley's proof of the spuriousness of the letters of Phalaris was successful] was soon dispelled. Bentley's answer for ever settled the question, and established his claim to the first place amongst classical scholars. Nor do those do him justice who represent the controversy as a battle between wit and learning. For though there is a lamentable deficiency of learning on the side of Boyle, there is no want of wit on the side of Bentley. Other qualities, too, as valuable as either wit or learning, appear conspicuously in Bentley's book, a rare sagacity, an unrivalled power of combination, a perfect mastery of all the weapons of logic. He was greatly indebted to the furious outcry which the misrepresentations, sarcasms, and intrigues of his opponents had raised against him, an outcry in which fashionable and political circles joined, and which was echoed by thousands who did not know whether Phalaris ruled in Sicily or Siam. His spirit, daring even to rashness, self-confident even to negligence, and proud, even to insolent ferocity, was awed for the first and for the last time, awed, not into meanness or cowardice, but into wariness and sobriety. For once he ran no risks ; he left no crevice unguarded ; he wantoned in no paradoxes ; above all, he

returned no railing for the railing of his enemies. In almost everything that he has written we can discover proofs of genius and learning. But it is only here that his genius and learning appear to have been constantly under the guidance of good sense and good temper. Here, we find none of that besotted reliance on his own powers and on his own luck which he shewed when he undertook to edit Milton; none of that perverted ingenuity which deforms so many of his notes on Horace; none of that disdainful carelessness by which he laid himself open to the keen and dexterous thrust of Middleton; none of that extravagant vaunting and savage scurrility by which he afterwards dishonoured his studies and his profession, and degraded himself almost to the level of De Pauw.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.
From *Essay on Sir William Temple*, 1838.

AND yet so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, living near Leicester Fields, and afterwards a workman at the Mint in the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future time. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade, and was thought to be a conjuror, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pothooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with a pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.

Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745.
From *A Complete Collection of genteel and ingenious Conversation, in three Dialogues*, 1738.

I HAVE bethought myself about Sir Isaac's life as much as possibly I can. About 6 weeks at spring, and 6 at y^e fall, y^e fire in the laboratory scarcely went out, which was well furnished with chymical materials as bodyes, receivers, heads, crucibles, &c., which was made very little use of, y^e crucibles excepted, in which he fused his metals; he would sometimes, tho' very seldom, look into an old mouldy book w^{ch} lay in his laboratory. I think it was

A Workman
at the Mint

Sir Isaac
Newton's
Life

titled *Agricola de Metallis*, the transmuting of metals being his chief design, for which purpose antimony was a great ingredient. Near his elaboratory was his garden, w^{ch} was kept in order by a gardiner. I scarcely ever saw him do anything as pruning, &c. at it himself. When he has sometimes taken a turn or two has made a sudden stand, turn'd himself about, run up y^e stairs like another Archimedes, with an *εὐρηκα*, fall to write on his desk standing without giving himself the leisure to draw a chair to sit down on. At some seldom times when he designed to dine in y^e hall, would turn to the left hand and go out into the street, when making a stop when he found his mistake, would hastily turn back, and then sometimes instead of going into y^e hall, would return to his chamber again. When he read in y^e schools he usually staid about half an hour; when he had no auditors he commonly returned in a 4th part of that time or less. . . . He would with great acuteness answer a question, but would very seldom start one. . . . In his chamber he walked so very much y^t you might have thought him to be educated at Athens among y^e Aristotelian sect. . . . He very seldom sat by the fire in his chamber excepting y^t long frosty winter [1683-4], which made him creep to it against his will. I can't say I ever saw him wear a night gown, but his wearing clothes that he put off at night, at night do I say, yea rather towards y^e morning, he put on again at his rising. He never slept in y^e day-time y^t I ever perceived; I believe he grudged y^e short time he spent in eating and sleeping. *Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου*, may well and truly be said of him, he was always thinking with Bishop Saunderson, temperance to be the best physick. In a morning he seemed to be as much refreshed with his few hours' sleep as though he had taken a whole night's rest. He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber, w^{ch} made well for y^e old woman his bedmaker, she faring much y^e better for it, for in a morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, w^{ch} y^e old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with. As for his private prayers I can say nothing of them; I am apt to believe his intense studies deprived him of y^e better part. His behaviour was mild and meek, without anger, peevishness, or passion, so free from that, that you might take him for a stoick. I have seen a smal past-board box in his study set against y^e open window, no less as one might suppose than a 1000 guin. in it crowded edge-ways, whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him. In winter time he was a lover of apples, and sometimes at night would eat a small roasted quince. His thoughts were his books; tho' he had a large

study seldom consulted with them. When he was about 30 years of age his grey hairs was very comely, and his smiling countenance made him so much y^e more graceful. He was very charitable, few went empty handed from him.

From an account of Sir Isaac Newton written by his kinsman Mr. Humphrey Newton, and printed in Sir David Brewster's *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*, 1875.

THERE is a tradition that on occasion of some naval engagement between the English and Dutch in which the latter gained the advantage:—‘Sir Isaac Newton came into the hall of Trinity College, and told the fellows, that there had been an action just then between the Dutch and English, and that the latter had the worst of it. Being asked how he came by his knowledge; he said, that, being in the observatory, he heard the report of a great firing of cannon, such as could only be between two great fleets, and that as the noise grew louder and louder, he concluded that they drew near our coasts; and consequently that we had the worst of it, which the event verified.’

A sagacious
Inference

John Nichols, 1745-1826.
From *The History and Antiquities of Hinckley in Leicestershire*, 1782.

NEWTON! Oh ay—I have heard of Sir Isaac—everybody has heard of Sir Isaac—great man—master of the mint!

Mrs. Cowley, 1743-1809.
Who's the Dupe? Act II. Sc. 2, 1779.

CAMBRIDGE, October 3, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish it was in my power to give you a more detailed account of my interview with your celebrated predecessor, than my memory will now permit. It was the only one I ever had with him; it occurred when I was an undergraduate; and I unfortunately made no notes of it at the time, being then busily engaged in reading for my degree, which occupied almost all my thoughts. This interview took place in the rooms of my private tutor, between whom and Porson a great intimacy subsisted. After about an hour spent in various subjects of conversation, during which the Professor recited a great many beautiful passages from his authors in Greek, Latin, French and English, my tutor foreseeing the visitation that was evidently intended for him, feigned an excuse for going into the town, and left Porson and myself together. I ought to have observed that he had already produced one bottle of sherry to moisten the Professor's throat, and that he

Richard
Porson

left out another, in case it should be required. Porson's spirits being at this time elevated by the juice of the grape, and being pleased with a well-timed compliment which I had the good luck to address to him, he became very communicative, said he was glad that we had met together, desired me to take up my pen and paper, and directed me to write down, from his dictation, many curious algebraical problems, with their solution, gave me several ingenious methods of summing series, and ran thro' a great variety of the properties of numbers. After about an hour's occupation in this manner, he said, lay aside your pen and listen to the History of a man of letters—how he became a sordid miser from a thoughtless prodigal—a . . . from a . . .—and a misanthrope from a morbid excess of sensibility. (I forget the intermediate step in the climax.) He then commenced a narrative of his own life, from his entrance at Eton School, thro' all the most remarkable periods, to the day of our conversation. I was particularly amused with the account of his school anecdotes, the tricks he used to play upon his master and schoolfellows, and the little dramatic pieces that he wrote for private representation. From these he passed to his academical pursuits and studies, his election to the Greek Professorship, and his ejection from his Fellowship thro' the influence of Dr. Postlethwaite, who, tho' he had promised it to Porson, exerted it for a relation of his own. 'I was then (said the Professor) almost destitute in the wide world, with less than £40 a year for my support, and without a profession, for I never could bring myself to subscribe Articles of Faith. I used often to lie awake through the whole night and wish for a large pearl.' He then gave me a history of his life in London, where he took chambers in the Temple, and read at times immoderately hard. He very much interested me by a curious interview which he had with a girl of the town, who came into his chambers by mistake, and who shewed so much cleverness and ability in a long conversation with him that he declared she might with proper cultivation have become another Aspasia. He also recited to me, word for word, the speech with which he accosted Dr. Postlethwaite when he called at his chambers, and which he had long prepared against such an occurrence. At the end of this oration the Doctor said not a word, but burst into tears and left the room. Porson also burst into tears when he finished the recital of it to me. In this manner five hours passed away, at the end of which the Professor, who had finished the second bottle of my friend's sherry, began to clip the King's English, to cry like a child at the close of his periods, and in other respects to shew marks of extreme debility. At

length he rose from his chair, staggered to the door, and made his way downstairs, without taking the slightest notice of his companion. I retired to my College and next morning was informed by my friend, that he had been out upon a search, the previous evening, for the Greek professor, whom he discovered near the outskirts of the town, leaning upon the arm of a dirty bargeman and amusing him by the most humorous and laughable anecdotes. I never even saw Porson after this day, but I shall never cease to regret that I did not commit his history to writing whilst it was fresh in my memory.—I am, my dear Sir, with great regard,
yours sincerely,

T. S. HUGHES.

Thomas Smart Hughes, 1786-1847.

Letter to Mr. William Pcott.

VENICE, *Feb.* 20, 1818.

I REMEMBER to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties, but not frequently; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening, for in the hall he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public,—Commons, college, or Chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of undergraduates, many of them freshmen and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Bankes's (the Nubian Discoverer's) rooms. I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the 'Cobbler of Messina,' insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a Madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.

Lord Byron
on Professor
Porson

From a letter to Mr. John Murray.

ALTHOUGH, as we shall presently see, there were some redeeming features in my life at Cambridge, my time was sadly wasted there, and worse than wasted. From my passion for shooting and for

Charles
Darwin

hunting, and, when this failed, for riding across country, I got into a sporting set, including some dissipated, low-minded young men. We used often to dine together in the evening, though these dinners often included men of a higher stamp, and we sometimes drank too much, with jolly singing and playing at cards afterwards. I know that I ought to feel ashamed of days and evenings thus spent, but as some of my friends were very pleasant, and we were all in the highest spirits, I cannot help looking back to these times with much pleasure.

I also got into a musical set. . . . From associating with these men, and hearing them play, I acquired a strong taste for music, and used very often to time my walks so as to hear on week days the anthem in King's College Chapel. This gave me intense pleasure, so that my backbone would sometimes shiver. I am sure that there was no affectation or mere imitation in this taste, for I used generally to go by myself to King's College, and I sometimes hired the chorister boys to sing in my rooms. Nevertheless I am so utterly destitute of an ear, that I cannot perceive a discord, or keep time and hum a tune correctly; and it is a mystery how I could possibly have derived pleasure from music.

But no pursuit at Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles.

Charles Darwin, 1809-1882.

From Autobiographical Chapter in *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, by Francis Darwin, 1887.

VI

THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

Why, woulde it not greeve a man of good spirit to see Hobson finde more money in the tayles of 12 jades than a scholler in 200 bookes.

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, 1598/9.

HERE lies old Hobson. Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed.'

On the
University
Carrier, who
sickened in
the time of
his Vacancy,
being forbid
to go to
London by
reason of the
Plague

January 1630/1.

John Milton.

LEONARDE. I thanke God, Mr., none of my kinred were foolcs. My father (God rest his soule !) was wonte to tell mee (God rest his soule ! he was as honest a carier as ever whip horse)—he tolde mee, I saye (I remember at that time he sate upon a stoole by the fire warminge his boots) that these young schollers would spend God's abbies, if they had them, and then woulde sende there fathers home false notaries. He would tell our neighbour Jenkin that he enquired after his sonn's breeches, and tooke them nappinge but with one pointe, and took him to the next shopp and brought

The Honest
Carrier

him a dozen of good substantiall lether points. He would counsell them, yea (—and which is more ; marke you mee Sir ?—) he woulde advise them, to turne there ould jerkings, and keep a good housholde loafe in there cheste, to save charges ; nay, and which is more, he would have rounded them in the eare, and wished them to provide a nall, and he woulde bring them some hempe from home, to the good husbaning of there shoes. Oh ! he was a wise man ! he coulde give such fine rules concerning the liquoring of boots for the houlding out of water (nay, list you Sir ?) ; he coulde have tolde by a cowe's water how manie gallons of milke shee would have given, foretolde by the motion of his dun horse his taile the change of the weather, insomuche that he was supposed amonge his neighbours to have gathered up some art in the Universitie. Well, this bagg was his, and I mean for his sake to leave it to my sonne. But I thinke by this time, Tibb and Cutt have eaten the provender I gave them ; I'le saddle them, and be jogging forward.

From *The Return from Parnassus* (1), Act 1. Sc. 1.

**Hobson's
Choice**

MR. *Tobias Hobson*, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable Man, for I shall ever call the Man so who gets an Estate honestly. Mr. *Tobias Hobson* was a Carrier, and being a Man of great Abilities and Invention, and one that saw where there might good Profit arise, though the duller Men overlook'd it ; this ingenious Man was the first in this Island who let out Hackney-Horses. He liv'd in *Cambridge*, and observing that the Scholars rid hard, his Manner was to keep a large Stable of Horses, with Boots, Bridles, and Whips to furnish the Gentlemen at once, without going from College to College to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy Man : I say, Mr. *Hobson* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle, always ready and fit for travelling ; but when a Man came for a Horse, he was led into the Stable, where there was great Choice, but he oblig'd him to take the Horse which stood next to the Stable-door ; so that every Customer was alike well-serv'd according to his Chance, and every Horse ridden with the same Justice : From whence it became a Proverb, when what ought to be your Election was forc'd upon you, to say, *Hobson's Choice*. This memorable Man stands drawn in Fresco at an Inn (which he used) in *Bishopgate-Street* with an hundred Pound Bag under his Arm, with this inscription upon the said Bag ;

The fruitful Mother of a hundred more.

Richard Steele, 1672-1729.

From *The Spectator*, No. 509, October 14, 1712.

VII

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS AND CAMBRIDGE

24th [February, 1659-60].—Then up again and as far as Foulmer, within six miles of Cambridge, my mare being almost tired: here we lay at the Chequer, playing at cards till supper, which was a breast of veal roasted. I lay with Mr. Pierce, who we left here the next morning upon his going to Hinchinbroke to speak with my Lord before his going to London, and we two come to Cambridge by eight o'clock in the morning.

25th.—To the Falcon, in the Petty Cury, where we found my father and brother very well. After dressing myself, about ten o'clock, my father, brother, and I to Mr. Widdrington, at Christ's College, who received us very civilly, and caused my brother to be admitted, while my father, he, and I, sat talking. After that done we take leave. My father and brother went to visit some friends, Pepys's scholars in Cambridge, while I went to Magdalene College to Mr. Hill, with whom I found Mr. Zanchy, Burton, and Hollins, and was exceedingly civilly received by them. I took leave on promise to sup with them, and to my Inn again, where I dined with some others that were there at an ordinary. After dinner my brother to the College, and my father and I to my cozen Angier's, to see them, where Mr. Fairbrother came to us. Here we sat a while talking. My father he went to look after his things at the carrier's, and my brother's chamber, while Mr. Fairbrother, my cozen Angier, and Mr. Zanchy, whom I met at Mr. Merton's shop (where I bought *Elenchus Mathematicum*, having given my former to Mr. Downing when he was here), to the Three Tuns, where we drank pretty hard and many healths to the King, &c., till it began to be darkish; then we broke up, and I and Mr. Zanchy went to Magdalene College, where a very handsome supper at Mr. Hill's chambers. I suppose upon a club among them, where in their discourse I could find that there was nothing at all left of the old pedreiness in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights. And

Mr. Zanchy told me that there was no such thing now-a-days among them at any time.

26th (*Sunday*). . . . By and by, Mr. Pechell and Sanchy and I went out, Pechell to Church, Sanchy and I to the Rose Tavern, where we sat and drank till sermon done, and then Mr. Pechell came to us, and we three sat drinking the King's and his whole family's health till it began to be dark. Then we parted; Sanchy and I went to my lodging, where we found my father and Mr. Pierce at the door, and I took them both and Mr. Blayton to the Rose Tavern, and there gave them a quart or two of wine, not telling them that we had been there before. After this we broke up, and my father, Mr. Zanchy, and I to my cosen Angier to supper, where I caused two bottles of wine to be carried up from the Rose Tavern; that was drunk up, and I had not the whit to let them know at table that it was I that paid for them, and so I lost my thanks for them. . . . I took leave of all my friends, and so to my Inn, where after I had wrote a note and enclosed the certificate to Mr. Widdrington, I bade good night to my father, and John went to bed, but I staid up a little while, playing the fool with the lass of the house at the door of the chamber, and so to bed.

15th [*July*, 1661].—Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock, where, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ's College, and found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College chappell, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs, which is a strange sight to what it used in my time to be here. Then with Dr. Fairbrother (whom I met there) to the Rose Tavern, and called for some wine, and there met fortunately with Mr. Turner of our office, and sent for his wife, and were very merry (they being come to settle their son here), and sent also for Mr. Sanchy, of Magdalen, with whom and other gentlemen, friends of his, we were very merry, and I treated them as well as I could, and so at noon took horse again, having taken leave of my cozen Angier, and rode to Impington, where I found my old uncle sitting all alone like a man out of the world: he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelyly.

10th [*October*, 1662].—Up, and between eight and nine mounted again; but my feet so swelled with yesterday's pain, that I could not get on my boots, which vexed me to the blood, but was forced

to pay 4s. for a pair of old shoes of my landlord's, and so rid in shoes to Cambridge; but the way so good that but for a little rain I had got very well thither, and set up at the Beare: and there being spied in the street passing through the town my cozen Angier came to me, and I must needs to his house, which I did: and there found Dr. Fairbrother, with a good dinner, a barrel of good oysters, a couple of lobsters, and wine. But, above all, telling me that this day there is a Congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a gown, cap, and hood, and carries me to the Schooles, where Mr. Pepper, my brother's tutor, and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M.A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did [vote] by subscribing papers thus: 'Ego Samuel Pepys eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton, (and which was more strange, my old schoolfellow and acquaintance, and who afterwards did take notice of me, and we spoke together), alterum e taxatoribus hujus Academicæ in annum sequentem.' . . . This being done, and the Congregation dissolved by the Vice-Chancellor, I did with much content return to my Cozen Angier's, being much pleased of doing this jobb of work, which I had long wished for, and could never have had such a time as now to do it with so much ease.

8th [October, 1667]. . . . Here we parted with Lowther and his friends, and away to Cambridge, it being foul, rainy weather, and there did take up at the Rose, for the sake of Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater, the vintner's daughter, which is mentioned in the play of Sir Martin Marrall. Here we had a good chamber, and bespoke a good supper; and then I took my wife, and W. Hewer, and Willett, in holding up a little, and shewed them Trinity College, and St. John's Library, and went to King's College Chapel, to see the outside of it only; and so to our inne, and with much pleasure did this, they walking in their pretty morning gowns, very handsome, and I proud to find myself in condition to do this: and so home to our lodging, and there, by and by, to supper, with much good sport, talking with the Drawers concerning matters of the town, and persons whom I remember, and so, after supper, to cards; and then to bed, lying, I in one bed, and my wife and girl in another, in the same room, and very merry talking together, and mightily pleased both of us with the girl. Saunders, the only violin in my time, in. I hear, dead of the plague in the late plague there.

9th.—Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took

coach: and the poor, as they did yesterday, did stand at the coach to have something given them, as they do to all great persons; and I did give them something: and the town musique did also come and play: but, Lord! what sad music they made! However, I was pleased with them, being all of us in very good humour, and so through the town, and observed at our College of Magdalene the posts new painted, and understand that the Vice-Chancellor is there this year. And so away for Huntingdon mightily pleased all along the road to remember old stories.

30th [*Jan.* 1663-4].—This evening, being in a humour of making all things even and clear in the world, I tore some old papers; among others a romance which (under the title of ‘Love a Cheate’) I begun ten years ago at Cambridge: and at this time reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

25th [*May*, 1668]. . . . And so we away and got well to Cambridge, about seven to the Rose, the waters not being now so high as before. Here ’lighting, I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalene College; and there into the butterys as a stranger, and there drank my belly full of their beer, which pleased me, as the best I ever drank: and hear by the butler’s man, who was son to Goody Mulliner over-against the College, that we used to buy stewed prunes of, concerning the College and persons in it; and find very few, only Mr. Hollins and Pechell, I think, that were of my time. But I was mightily pleased to come in this condition to see and ask, and thence, giving the fellow something, away walked to Chesterton to see our old walk, and there into the Church, the bells ringing, and saw the place I used to sit in, and so to the ferry, and ferried over to the other side, and walked with great pleasure, the river being mighty high by Barnewell Abbey: and so by Jesus College to the town, and so to our quarters, and to supper, and then to bed, being very weary and sleepy and mightily pleased with this night’s walk.

5th [*May*. 1669]. . . . And so at noon with Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Edward Scott and Lord Carlingford, to the Spanish Ambassador’s, where I dined the first time. The Olio not so good as Sheres’s. There was at the table himself and a Spanish Countess, a good, comely, and witty lady; three Fathers, and us.

Discourse good and pleasant. And here was an Oxford scholar in a Doctor of Lawe's gowne, sent from the College where the Embassador lay when the Court was there, to salute him before his return to Spain. This man, though a gentle sort of scholar, yet sat like a fool for want of French or Spanish, but [knew] only Latin, which he spoke like an Englishman, to one of the Fathers. And by and by he and I to talk; and the company very merry at my defending Cambridge against Oxford; and I made much use of my French and Spanish here, to my great content. But the dinner not extraordinary at all, either for quantity or quality.

Samuel Pepys, 1633-1703.

From Mr. H. B. Wheatley's edition of the *Diary*, 1893.

VIII

DESCRIPTIVE

O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved town,
 In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown ;
 In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem right,
 Where one hand holds a cup, the other bears a light.

Michael Drayton, *Polyolbion*, 1613.

Cambridge
 exceeds
 Oxford

THERE are, within the realme of England, two noble & famous Universities, wherein are not onely divers goodly houses builded foure square for the most part of harde free stone, with great numbers of lodgings and chambers in the same for Students after a sumptuous maner, thorow the exceeding liberaltie of Kings, Queenes, Bishops, Noblemen, and Ladies, of the lande, but also large livinges and great revenues bestowed upon them (the lyke whereof is not to be seene in any other region, as Peter Martyr dyd oft affirme) to the maintenaunce onely of such convenient numbers of poore men's sonnes as the severall stipendes bestowed upon the saide houses are able to support. . . . That of Cambridge is distaunt from London about fourtie and sixe myles north & by east, and standeth very well, saving that it is some what low and neere unto the Fennes, whereby the holsomnesse of the ayre there is not a little corrupted. It is excellently well served with all kindes of provision, but especially of fresh water fishe and wilde fowle, by reason of the Isle of Ely, which is so neere at hande. Onely woodde is one of the chiefe wants to such as studdie there, wherefore this kind of provision is brought them either from Essex & other places thereabouts, as is also their cole, or otherwise the necessity thereof is supplied with gall and sea cole, whereof they have great plenty lead thither by the Grant. . . . The Colledges of Oxford, for curious workmanship and private commodities, are much more stately, magnificent and commodious than those of Cambridge: and thereunto the streetes of the towne for the most part more large and comely. But for uniformitie of buylding, orderly compaction and refinement, ye towne of Cambridge

exceedeth that of Oxford (which otherwise is & hath been the greater of the two) by many a folde, although I know divers that are of the contrarie opinion. . . . The common schooles of Cambridge also are farre more beautifull than those of Oxforde, onely the divinitie schoole at Oxforde excepted, which for fine and excellent workemanship commeth next the mowld of the King's chappell in Cambridge, then the which two, with ye chappell that King Henry the Seventh dyd buylde at Westminster, there are not in my opinion made of lime and stone three more notable pyles within the compasse of Europe.

William Harrison, 1534-1593.
From *Description of England*, 1577.

THIS evening to Cambridge; and went first to St. John's College, well built of brick, and library, which I think is the fairest of that University. One Mr. Benlowes has given it all the ornaments of *pietra-commessa*, whereof a table and one piece of perspective is very fine; other trifles also there be of no great value, besides a vast old song-book, or Service, and some fair manuscripts. There hangs in the library the picture of John Williams, Archbishop of York, sometime Lord Keeper, my kinsman, and their great benefactor.

Evelyn's
Diary

Trinity College is said by some to be the fairest quadrangle of any university in Europe; but in truth is far inferior to that of Christ Church in Oxford; the hall is ample and of stone, the fountain in the quadrangle is graceful, the chapel and library fair. . . . The library is pretty well stored. The Greek Professor had me into another large quadrangle cloistered and well-built, and gave us a handsome collation in his own chamber.

Thence to Caius, and afterwards to King's College, where I found the chapel altogether answered expectation, especially the roof all of stone, which for the flatness of its laying and carving may, I conceive, vie with any in Christendom. The contignation of the roof (which I went upon), weight, and artificial jointing of the stones is admirable. The lights are also very fair. In one aisle lies the famous Dr. Collins, so celebrated for his fluency in the Latin tongue. From this roof we could descry Ely, and the encampment of Sturbridge fair now beginning to set up their tents and booths; also Royston, Newmarket, etc., houses belonging to the King. The library is too narrow.

Clare Hall is of a new and noble design, but not finished.

Peter House, formerly under the government of my worthy friend, Dr. John Cosin, Dean of Peterborough; a pretty, neat college, having a delicate chapel. Next to Sydney, a fine college.

Catherine Hall, though a mean structure, is yet famous for the learned Bishop Andrews, once Master. Emmanuel College, that zealous house, where to the hall they have a parlour for the Fellows. The chapel is reformed, *ab origine*, built north and south, and meanly erected, as is the library.

Jesus College, one of the best built, but in a melancholy situation. Next to Christ College, a very noble erection, especially the modern part, built without the quadrangle towards the gardens, of exact architecture.

The Schools are very despicable, and Public Library but mean, though somewhat improved by the wainscoting and books lately added by the Bishop Bancroft's library and MSS. They showed us little of antiquity, only King James's works, being his own gift, and kept very reverently.

The market-place is very ample, and remarkable for old Hobson the pleasant carrier's beneficence of a fountain. But the whole town is situate in a low dirty unpleasant place, the streets ill-paved, the air thick and infected by the fens, nor are its churches (of which St. Mary's is the best) anything considerable in compare to Oxford.

John Evelyn, 1620-1706.

From *Diary* for August 31, 1654.

The Great
Court of
Trinity
College

I saw the other side from far,
And my weak sight 's lost in the way,
My eyes do in the wondrous journey stay,
And of the end a faint resemblance bear.
Men too methinks on th' other side I see,
But by the distance they 're become but men's Epitome.
Eagles so far themselves could scarcely see,
And none must hope,
Without the advantage of a Telescope.
Here Travellers that o'er the world have run,
Find all the wonders they have seen out-done.
Nay that great wanderer the Sun,
In all the Journeys he hath gone,
Ne'er saw so brave a Court—no not his own.
Nor is 't a painted Hypocrite,
Nor doth it only please the curious sight
'Tis lin'd within with men, more than its outside, bright.

From *A Poem attempting something upon the Rarities of
the Renowned University of Cambridge*, 1673.

THE Air of *Cambridge* is very healthful, and the Town plentifully supplied with excellent Water, not only from the River and Aqueduct already mentioned, but from the numerous Springs on every Side of it; some of them medicinal. Nor is it better supplied with Water, than it is with other Necessaries of Life. The purest Wine they receive by the Way of *Lynn*: Flesh, Fish, Wild-Fowl, Poultry, Butter, Cheese, and all Manner of Provisions, from the adjacent Country: Firing is cheap; Coals from Seven-pence to Nine-pence a Bushel; Turf, or rather Peat, four Shillings a Thousand; Sedge, with which the Bakers heat their Ovens, four Shillings per hundred Sheaves: These, together with Osiers, Reeds, and Rushes used in several Trades, are daily imported by the River *Grant*. Great Quantities of Oil, made of Flax-Seed, Cole-Seed, Hemp and other Seeds, ground or pressed by the numerous Mills in the Isle of *Ely*, are brought up this River also; and the Cakes, after the Oil is pressed out, afford the Farmer an excellent Manure to improve his Grounds. By the River also they receive 1500 or 2000 Firkins of Butter every Week, from *Norfolk* and the Isle of *Ely*, which is sent by Waggon to *London*: Besides which, great Quantities are made in the neighbouring Villages, for the use of the University and Town, and brought fresh to Market every Day, except Monday. Every Pound of this Butter is rolled and drawn out to a Yard in Length, about the Bigness of a Walking-Cane; which is mentioned as peculiar to this Place. The Fields near *Cambridge* furnish the Town with the best Saffron in *Europe*, which sells usually from 24 to 30 Shillings a Pound.

Butter by the
Yard

From *Cantabrigia Depicta*, 1763.

NONE ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nest they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;

Sparrows
self-domesti-
cated in
Trinity
College,
Cambridge

And oft as with its summons clear
 The warning bell salutes their ear,
 Sagacious listeners to the sound,
 They flock from all the fields around,
 To reach the hospitable hall,
 None more attentive to the call.
 Arrived, the pensionary band,
 Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
 Solicit what they soon receive,
 The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
 Thus is a multitude, though large,
 Supported at a trivial charge ;
 A single doit would overpay
 The expenditure of every day,
 And who can grudge so small a grace
 To suppliants, natives of the place ?

Vincent Bourne, 1695-1747.

Translated from the Latin by William Cowper.

ARLINGTON STREET, *May 22, 1777.*

From Horace
 Walpole to
 the Rev.
 William Cole

I DOAT on Cambridge, and would like to be often there. The beauty of King's College Chapel, now it is restored, penetrated me with a visionary longing to be a monk in it ; though my life has been passed in turbulent scenes, in pleasures—or rather pastimes, and in much fashionable dissipation ; still books, antiquity, and *virtù* keep hold of a corner of my heart, and since necessity has forced me of late years to be a man of business, my disposition tends to be a recluse for what remains—but it will not be my lot.

King's
 College
 Chapel

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white robed Scholars only, this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the Man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Linger—*and wandering on as loth to die ;*
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night !—
 But, from the arms of silence—list ! O list !
 The music bursteth into second life ;
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy !

The Same

William Wordsworth.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xliii. and xlv.

THESE grounds, then, as they are now disposed, consist of several walks with plantations of majestic elms, except one of a grand row of chestnuts, and two or three of limes. The walks are in general strait, and Cam moves near them ; not crowned about here with much of his sedge, nor yet with cheerful underwood, but with slow, sullen course. Milton, therefore, was always for abusing him, whether writing in Latin or English. The narrow bed of the river does not admit of large magnificent bridges, but one by the late Mr. Essex, an ingenious architect, formerly of this town, is of great elegance, and universally admired. . . .

The Backs

But, still our walks have their peculiar beauties adapted to the place, and the walk planted with limes from Clare Hall forms a vista, lengthened, and of admirable effect. You might say, perhaps, that Oxford has not anything of the kind equal to this : the eye is also carried across the river through a fine vista, formed by rows of lime and elm, as you come from Trinity library, terminating in Coton Church ; the view of Clare Hall piece, as seen from King's College or Clare Hall, with the adjoining objects, forms a most pleasing landscape as seen over the Cam, and opening through a plantation of venerable elms to the adjacent fields. Any eye that can perceive rural beauty may dwell on these pictures with delight : but, taking into consideration the beauty and grandeur of the several buildings to be seen from Clare Hall or King's College. Oxford must yield to Cambridge : nor must you say this is not

Grasmere or Keswick ; there is no scene of the kind throughout all England that can be compared with these.

George Dyer, 1755-1841.

From *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, 1814.

The Poor
Student

OCTOBER at length arrived ; my little equipments were got together, and I started with a heart full of glee and joyous anticipation for the great seat of learning and science. The last sixty miles of my journey I performed on foot. I had been under the necessity of taking from Leeds a coach through the midland counties to London. I was accordingly set down at Woburn ; it was about six o'clock on one of the finest October mornings on which the sun ever shone. The coach that runs through this beautiful village, between Oxford and Cambridge, had just passed, and I had only the alternative of waiting till the next morning, or travelling through to Cambridge on foot. I preferred the latter, and arrived within sight of King's Chapel spire, 'the Freshman's beacon,' just as the shades of evening were setting in. As I approached I enquired the shortest way to Queen's College, and instead of passing through the town, was directed along that beautiful range of gardens, groves, and meadows, which fringe the banks of the Cam, as it rolls lazily along that picturesque line of Colleges which form the western suburbs. My strength seemed to be renewed as I strode with all the freshness of morning through the fine avenues of towering elms which intersect each other in every direction. Day-light was not quite gone ; there was light sufficient to enable me to see faintly the beauty and magnificence by which I was surrounded, while yet the impending darkness threw an air of melancholy grandeur round a spot consecrated to my heart by every association that I loved, cherished, and venerated.

Solomon Atkinson.

From 'Struggles of a Poor Student through Cambridge,'
London Magazine and Review, April 1, 1825.

King's
College
Screen

WE were speaking of King's new buildings, were we not? Attend ! It is the fashion here, among a certain class of would-be critics, to abuse the plan. There is a very handsome screen fronting the street, contiguous to the chapel, in exact correspondence to which, as far as style goes, it is : the arch in the centre, they say, is inclined out of the perpendicular, and the whole screen too low : unluckily, the arch is true by the exactest admeasurement, and the screen in accurate proportion to the relative height of the surrounding buildings ; nay, further, it would

not admit of being raised an inch higher, were it to satisfy their fastidious taste, without utterly destroying the symmetry of the edifice; and then the design is bad. The design bad! If it really be so, what becomes of the chapel, its prototype? Is it not a pity that some of these gentlemen were not in the confidence of the prince who raised this structure? What admirable improvements they might have suggested to him!

From Letters from Cambridge, 1828.

As soon as Major Pendennis had arranged his personal appearance, so that it should make a satisfactory impression upon Pen's tutor, the pair walked down Main Street, and passed the great gate and belfry-tower of Saint George's College, and so came, as they were directed, to Saint Boniface, where again Pen's heart began to beat as they entered at the wicket of the venerable ivy-mantled gate of the College. It is surmounted with an ancient dome almost covered with creepers, and adorned with the effigy of the Saint from whom the House takes its name, and many coats of arms of its royal and noble benefactors.

Major
Pendennis

The porter pointed out a queer old tower at the corner of the quadrangle, by which Mr. Buck's rooms were approached, and the two gentlemen walked across the square, the main features of which were at once and for ever stamped in Pen's mind—the pretty fountain playing in the centre of the fair grass plots; the tall chapel windows and buttresses rising to the right; the hall, with its tapering lantern and oriel window; the lodge, from the doors of which the Master issued awfully in rustling silks; the lines of the surrounding rooms pleasantly broken by carved chimnies, grey turrets, and quaint gables—all these Mr. Pen's eyes drank in with an eagerness which belongs to first impressions: and Major Pendennis surveyed with that calmness which belongs to a gentleman who does not care for the picturesque, and whose eyes have been somewhat dimmed by the constant glare of the pavement of Pall Mall.

W. M. Thackeray, 1811-1863.

From Pendennis, 1849.

I WANDERED up and down, feeding my greedy eyes, till I found myself again upon the bridge where I had stood that morning, gazing with admiration and astonishment at a scene which I have often expected to see painted or described, and which, nevertheless, in spite of its unique magnificence, seems strangely overlooked by those who cater for the public taste, with pen and pencil: The

Alton Locke

vista of bridges, one after another spanning the stream; the long line of great monastic palaces, all unlike, and yet all in harmony, sloping down to the stream, with their trim lawns and ivied walls, their towers and buttresses; and opposite them, the range of rich gardens and noble timber trees, dimly seen through which, at the end of the gorgeous river avenue, towered the lofty buildings of St. John's. The whole scene, under the glow of a rich May afternoon, seemed to me a fragment out of 'The Arabian Nights' or Spenser's 'Fairy Queen.'

Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875.

From *Alton Locke*, 1850.

Sept. 1888.

William
Johnson
(Cory) to
Miss ———

As a Kingsman I used to be surprisingly honoured in Trinity Hall, which was then rather 'middle-class,' now perhaps very fashionable. I knew very few men at the other colleges. You will take care to see the outside of Mr. Pitt's rooms at Pembroke. It is worth while to search out the 'School of Pythagoras,' the mission-cell or offshoot of Merton College, Oxford, which had land in or near Cambridge, and sent men to open a branch establishment. Milton's mulberry tree perhaps exists still in the inner court of Christ's College, which is otherwise not attractive. I have visited Magdalene College, where the absurd Pepys has his memory and his vulgar tastes embalmed in a library. The Round Church used to be our pet in 1842-3. I spent £20 there on a glass image of the Venerable Bede, whom I piously believed to have lived and studied and taught hard by—£20 was then to me even a greater sum than it is now in my later phase of poverty. But I was an 'ecclesiologist.' We used to explore every church in the surrounding villages. Some of them were pretty, such as Trumpington (Chaucer's) and Grantchester; these are within an easy walk for you. Remember Madingley; take the slope to the left so as to see the little Waterloo field, then turn to the right to come by the country house, the lake, &c., then back by the lower road. It would be all done in two hours without dirtying the shoes. Some night go to the Observatory and see stars through the great telescope. . . .

William Johnson (Cory), 1823-1892.

From *Letters and Journals of William Johnson (Cory)*, 1897.

Trinity
College

WHEN Mr. Binney turned into the open space in front of Trinity College and passed through the noble gateway into the Great Court, his heart swelled with pride as he stood and looked round him. The twilight had deepened into night, and the court lay

quiet and spacious under the stars. Opposite to him stood the hall, its painted windows shining brightly through the dusk. To its right lay the Master's lodge, which Mr. Binney had been told was also a royal palace, and in front of it plashed the fountain underneath its graceful canopy of stone. To his right was the dark mass of the closed chapel, and all round the court stretched the long, low buildings with their lighted windows and busy staircases, their modest regularity broken up by the three gate towers, the hall, the lodge, and the chapel. A little group of chatty dons came towards him from the combination room, across the sacred grass, one of them in all the bravery of a scarlet gown, and passed out through the gate. A porter touched his hat to them, and Mr. Binney felt that he could have done the same with pleasure.

Archibald Marshall.

From *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*, 1899.

THEY waited for the other tram by the Roman Catholic Church, whose florid bulk was already receding into twilight. It is the first big building that the incoming visitor sees. 'Oh, here come the colleges!' cries the Protestant parent, and then learns that it was built by a Papist who made a fortune out of movable eyes for dolls. 'Built out of dolls' eyes to contain idols'—that, at all events, is the legend and the joke. It watches over the apostate city, taller by many a yard than anything within, and asserting, however wildly, that here is eternity, stability, and bubbles unbreakable upon a windless sea.

Trumpington
Street

A costly hymn tune announced five o'clock, and in the distance the more lovable note of St. Mary's could be heard, speaking from the heart of the town. Then the tram arrived—the slow stuffy tram that plies every twenty minutes between the unknown and the market-place—and took them past the desecrated grounds of Downing, past Addenbrooke's Hospital, girt like any Venetian palace with a mantling canal, past the Fitzwilliam, towering upon immense substructions like any Roman temple, right up to the gates of one's own college, which looked like nothing else in the world.

E. M. Forster.

From *The Longest Journey*, 1907.

ACROSS my gleaming lawn again
I mark the cheerful sunlight swim;
Once more I love my dear domain,
My well-kept acres fresh and trim.

From Fellows'
Building,
King's
College

I greet with praise the ordered spires,
 The huddled roofs beyond the gate,
 My pigeons pouring grave desires
 From many an archèd throat sedate.

My hours are told by nasal tones,
 That swiftly mark them as they fly,
 To which in varied antiphons
 The richer voices make reply.

The sun strides on ; the gentle day
 In rapture dies behind the trees ;
 The brooding air divinely grey
 Throbs deep with liquid ecstasies.

Or when against the splendid night
 The sharp moon pencils tree and tower,
 Then, then with knives of rare delight
 The world is stabbed one boundless hour.

So once again the brimming dawn
 Across my simple realm is shed ;
 Once more I greet my sumptuous lawn
 With rustling hoar-frost overspread.

Percy Lubbock.

From *Basileona*, November 21, 1900.

Autumn
 Morning at
 Cambridge

I RAN out in the morning, when the air was clean and new,
 And all the grass was glittering, and grey with autumn dew,
 I ran out to the apple tree and pulled an apple down,
 And all the bells were ringing in the grey old town.

Down in the town off the bridges and the grass
 They are sweeping up the leaves to let the people pass,
 Sweeping up the old leaves, golden-reds and browns,
 Whilst the men go to lecture with the wind in their gowns.

Frances Cornford.

From *Poems*, 1910.

IX

THE RIVER

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

John Milton, *Lycidas*, 1638.

NEXT these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

Edmund
Spenser

Edmund Spenser, 1552-1599.

From *The Faerie Queene*, about 1591.

1680, June 11th.—Fryday on the backside of Alderman Dickin- A Sturgeon
sons house in Cambridge next the Causey betweene Small Bridges
and Newnham by or against the Felmongers pitts there or there-
abouts was taken by a Casting net by Coward a fisherman, a
Sturgeon of near 2 yards long measured by my Japan cane. I see
it measured and it was very near 2 of the lengthes of that Cane which
came with the Ivory head is near a yard long. The waters were
then pretty high about the place where the fish was taken about 4
feet deepe, it was thought to bee scene in Newneham Mill pitt if
soe, in its returne it was taken as before.

Alderman Samuel Newton, 1628-1718.

From *Diary* (1662-1717), edited for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society
by J. E. Foster, 1890.

You may sing of the joys of the gun and the bat,
Of winging a bird as he flies, Sir,
Of hunting the hare-skin, and running the rat,
And fighting a cock without eyes, Sir ;

Boating Song

You may tell the sweet raptures of courting a lass,
 And shooting a bolt from love's quiver,
 But what in the world can those pleasures surpass,
 That we boating gents find on the river?
 Tol de diddle tol lol, etc.

When the Chapel bell tolls, as the herald of day,
 And bright Phoebus exhibits his noddle,
 And the mists of the night are all clearing away,
 To the 'Piece' in our great coats we toddle,
 When to keep up our wind three times round it we run,
 And return with a pain in the liver,
 But what does it matter, my boys, when there's fun
 To be found every night on the river?

Then there's breakfast, you know, where stale bread's all
 the go,
 With beef-steaks as raw as my hand, Sirs,
 And cigars were forbid 'cause they make us to blow,
 And the nymphs 'cause they keep us on land, Sirs;
 Next our blisters we scrub with the ointment they dub
 Dr. Holloway's sweet 'Solace-giver,'
 But what though it pain us—aye there is the rub,
 When it's all for the sake of the river?

At length comes the night, fraught with joy and delight,
 Of the races—By Jove, it's like heaven,
 With the men at the Plough calling out 'Go it bow,'
 And the men on the path 'Go it seven!'
 Then awaiting the gun that announces the fun,
 For an hour in our jerseys we shiver,
 And 'Two,' a young fool, that has scarcely left school,
 Cries 'Can *this* be the fun of the river?'

Hark! the gun has gone thrice, and now off in a trice,
 With the Johnians we're soon on a level,
 When Hicks who's no dab with his oar cuts a crab,
 And our coxswain he swears like the devil.
 Still we gain, Sirs, we gain! now we've bumped them 'tis plain,
 And our hearts with excitement they quiver!
 And we'll wap that young Hicks, since he might by his tricks,
 Have lost us a place on the river!

I STARTED out much refreshed; passed through back streets, dingy, dirty, and profligate-looking enough; out upon wide meadows, fringed with enormous elms; across a ferry; through a pleasant village, with its old gray church and spire; by the side of a sluggish river, alive with wherries. I had walked down some mile or so, and just as I heard a cannon, as I thought, fire at some distance, and wondered at its meaning, I came to a sudden bend of the river, with a church-tower hanging over the stream on the opposite bank, a knot of tall poplars, weeping willows, rich lawns, sloping down to the water's side, gay with bonnets and shawls; while along the edge of the stream, light, gaudily-painted boats apparently waited for the race,—altogether the most brilliant and graceful group of scenery which I had beheld in my little travels. I stopped to gaze; and among the ladies on the lawn opposite, caught sight of a figure—my heart leapt into my mouth! Was it she at last? . . . I saw her move across the lawn, and take the arm of a tall, venerable-looking man; and his dress was the same as that of the Dean, at the Dulwich Gallery—was it? was it not?

There I stood fascinated, gazing across the river, heedless of the racing-boats, and the crowd, and the roar that was rushing up to me at the rate of ten miles an hour, and in a moment more, had caught me, and swept me away with it, whether I would or not, along the towing-path, by the side of the foremost boats.

And yet, after a few moments, I ceased to wonder either at the Cambridge passion for boat-racing, or at the excitement of the spectators. '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' It was a noble sport—a sight such as could only be seen in England—some hundreds of young men, who might, if they had chosen, have been lounging effeminately about the streets, subjecting themselves voluntarily to that intense exertion, for the mere pleasure of toil. The true English stuff came out there; I felt that, in spite of all my prejudices—the stuff which has held Gibraltar and conquered at Waterloo—which has created a Birmingham and a Manchester, and colonised every quarter of the globe—that grim, earnest, stubborn energy, which, since the days of the old Romans, the English possess alone of all the nations of the earth. I was as proud of the gallant young fellows as if they had been my brothers—of their courage and endurance (for one could see that it was no child's play, from the pale faces, and panting lips), their strength and activity, so fierce and yet so cultivated, smooth, harmonious, as oar kept time with oar, and every back rose and fell in concert—and felt my soul stirred up to a sort of sweet madness, not merely

by the shouts and cheers of the mob around me, but by the loud fierce pulse of the rowlocks, the swift whispering rush of the long snakelike eight oars, the swirl and gurgle of the water in their wake, the grim, breathless silence of the straining rowers. My blood boiled over, and fierce tears swelled into my eyes ; for I, too, was a man, and an Englishman.

Charles Kingsley.
From *Alton Locke*.

The Backs

DROPPING down the river,
Down the glancing river,
Through the fleet of shallops,
Through the fairy fleet,
Underneath the bridges,
Carvéd stone and oaken,
Crowned with sphere and pillar,
Linking lawn with lawn,
Sloping swords of garden,
Flowering bank to bank ;
'Midst the golden noontide,
'Neath the stately trees,
Reaching out their laden
Arms to overshadow us ;
'Midst the summer roses,
Whilst the winds were heavy
With the blossom odours,
Whilst the birds were singing
From their sleepless nests.

Dropping down the river,
Down the branchéd river,
Through the hidden outlet
Of some happy stream,
Lifting up the leafy
Curtain that o'erhung it,
Fold on fold of foliage
Not proof against the stars.

Drinking ruby claret
From the silvered 'Pewter,'
Spoil of ancient battle
On the '*ready*' Cam,
Ne'er to be forgotten
Pleasant friendly faces

Mistily discerning
Through the glass below.

Ah! the balmy fragrance
Of the mild Havanna!
Downed amidst the purple
Of our railway wrappers,
Solemn-thoughted, glorious
On the verge of June.
Musical the rippling
Of the tardy current,
Musical the murmur
Of the wind-swept trees,
Musical the cadence
Of the friendly voices
Laden with the sweetness
Of the songs of old.

James Payn, 1830-1898.
From *Poems*, 1853.

THE May at Camford is the poets' May; with bud and blossom, **The River**
sunshine and soft airs—a very herald of the Midsummer. The
limes are glorious, and the chestnuts too; the plots of grass are
green in the shadowy courts. The quaint old gardens within walls
are perfect 'haunts of peace'; and those by the river side are very
Edens, guarded though they be by other than angels, and to be
looked at from a little distance off. The river itself forgets its
funereal barges as much as possible, and welcomes, with sunny
smile, an innumerable fleet of fairy shallops, delicatest out-
riggers, wherein to sneeze is to be capsized. Swiftly do they
shoot in and out beneath the bridges of carven stone, from the
latticed archway of St. John's to that simplest one of Camford
town to south-ward, and thence pilot their hazardous way through
the more intricate channels that lead to the mill by the green.
Many a water tournament is held there upon the astonished
stream, many a collision happens, many an ardent chase, while
'Boat ahead, sir!' and 'Where *are* you coming to?' echoes upon
overladen Cam from end to end. Oh to be eighteen again but
for a single hour, and to be lying down once more in one of those
arrowy boats, enjoying the pleasant weed, while Blisters pulls us,
whose discarded coat shelters the claret from the kiss of the sun!

James Payn.
From *The Foster Brother*, 1859.

Through
French
Spectacles

It is four o'clock. Flotillas of frail canoes of varnished wood glide over the surface of the river. In the meadows some three score young people are playing tennis. This is the note of gaiety, of modernity. Up and down the long shady avenues strollers pass. There are no houses on this side; nothing but trees. But the best way of appreciating what are here called 'The backs of the Colleges (Oh! shocking)' is to embark in person on one of those seductive little *périssoires* with comfortable cushions and to follow the thread of the stream between the turfed banks. You see coming towards you, through the secular trees, the monumental façade of St. John; the river bathes its walls and passes under a 'bridge of sighs' deliciously carved and pierced with barred windows. Then we are out of the town, and the Cam broadens as it sweeps to the right. A lock stops us; beyond this navigation is serious, it is the realm of the 'eight-oars.' In the opposite direction the landskip is greener, with bridge after bridge covered with ivy and wistaria, and little transverse channels losing themselves under the foliage. At the entrance to one of these an amiable man in a canoe tells me that I am making for a ditch where turning will be difficult. 'You are a stranger in Cambridge?' 'Not only in Cambridge, but in England.' 'German, perhaps?' 'French.' 'French, Oh!' And lifting his hat with a courteous half-smile, he says to me: 'Vive la république!' I reply 'God save the Queen!' and we separate.

Pierre de Coubertin.

From *L'Education en Angleterre*, 1888.

X

THE ENVIRONS

IN our isle men are not troubling themselves about the leaguer, but think they may be safely defended by their tiros; the ploughman has not taken his hand from the plough, nor has the hunter cast aside his arrow, nor does the fowler desist from beguiling birds. And yet something more. If you wish to hear what I have known and have seen, I will reveal all to you. The isle is within itself plentifully endowed, it is supplied with various kinds of herbage, and for its richer soil surpasses the rest of England. Most delightful for its charming fields and pastures, it is also remarkable for its beasts of chase, and is in no ordinary way fertile in flocks and herds. Its woods and vineyards are not worthy of equal praise, but it is beset by great meres and fens as though by a strong wall. In this isle there is an abundance of domestic cattle and a multitude of wild animals; Stags, Roes, Goats, and Hares are found in its groves and by these fens. Moreover there is a fair plenty of Otters, Weasels and Polecats, which in a hard winter are caught by traps, snares, or by any other device. But what am I to say of the kind of fishes, and of fowls, both those that fly and those that swim? In the eddy at the sluices of these meres are netted innumerable Eels, large Water-wolves—even Pickerels, Perches, Roaches, Burlbots and Lampreys, which we call Water-snakes. It is indeed said by many men that sometimes *Isicii* [?salmon], together with the royal fish, the Sturgeon, are taken. As to fowls, let us, if it be not troublesome to you, recount those which abide there and thereabout, as we have done with the rest. There are numberless Geese, *Fiscedulae*, Coots, Didappers, Water-crows, Herons, and Ducks, of which the number is very great. At mid-winter or when the birds moult their quills I have seen them caught by the hundred, and even by three hundreds more or less; sometimes they are taken in nets and snares as well as by bird-lime.

The Isle of
Ely

From the *Liber Eliensis*, twelfth century.

At Trumpington, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,
 Ther goth a brook and over that a brige,
 Up-on the whiche brook ther stant a melle ;
 And this is verray soth that I yow telle.
 A Miller was ther dwelling many a day ;
 As eny peacock he was proud and gay.
 Pypen he coude and fisshe, and nettes bete,
 And turne coppes, and wel wrastle and shete ;
 And by his belt he baar a long panade,
 And of a swerd ful trenchant was the blade.
 A Ioly popper baar he in his pouche ;
 Ther was no man for peril dorste him touche.
 A Sheffeld thwitel baar he in his hose ;
 Round was his face, and camuse was his nose.
 As piled as an ape was his skulle.
 He was a market-beter atte fulle.
 Ther dorste no wight hand upon him legge,
 That he ne swoor he sholde anon abegge.
 A theef he was for sothe of corn and mele,
 And that a sly, and usaunt for to stele.
 His name was hoten dëynous Simkin.
 A wyf he hadde, y-comen of noble kin ;
 The person of the toun hir fader was.
 With hir he yaf ful many a panne of bras,
 For that Simkin sholde in his blood allye.
 She was y-fostred in a nonnerye ;
 For Simkin wolde no wyf, as he sayde,
 But she were wel y-norissed and a mayde
 To saven his estate of yomanrye.
 And she was proud, and pert as is a pye.
 A ful fair sighte was it on hem two ;
 On haly-dayes biforn hir wolde he go
 With his tipet bounded about his heed,
 And she cam after in a gyte of reed ;
 And Simkin hadde hosen of the same.
 Ther dorste no wight clepen hir but 'dame
 Was noon so hardy that wente by the weye
 That with hir dorste rage or ones pleye,
 But-if he wolde be slayn of Simkin
 With panade, or with knyf, or boydekin.
 For Ialous ben perilous evermo,
 Algate they wolde hir wyves wenden so.
 And eek, for she was somdel smoterlich,

She was as digne as water in a dich ;
 And ful of hoker and of bisemare.
 Hir thoughte that a lady sholde hir spare,
 What for hir kinrede and hir nortelrye
 That she had lerned in the nonnerye.

A doghter hadde they bitwixe hem two
 Of twenty yeer, with-uten any mo,
 Savinge a child that was of half-yeer age ;
 In cradel it lay and was a propre page.
 This wenche thikke and wel y-grownen was,
 With camuse nose and yën greye as glas ;
 With buttokes brode and brestes rounde and hye,
 But right fair was hir heer, I wol nat lye.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340?-1400.

Canterbury Tales : The Reeves Tale, ll. 1-56.

From the Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat's edition of Chaucer's Works, 1894-7.

OLD Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
 Which near to Cambridge set, o'erlooks that learned town ;
 Of Balsham's pleasant hills, that by the name was known,
 But with the monstrous times, he rude and barbarous grown,
 A giant was become ; for man he cared not,
 And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got :
 Who long had borne good-will to most delicious Grant,
 But doubting lest some god his greatness might supplant.
 For as that dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her course,
 He found the Muses left their old Boeotian source ;
 Resorting to her banks, and every little space,
 He saw bright Phoebus gaze upon her crystal face,
 And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked red,
 To leave his loved nymph, when he went down to bed.
 Wherefore this hill with love, being foully overgone,
 And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
 Thus woos her ; 'Sweeting mine, if thou mine own wilt be,
 I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for thee,
 A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins too,
 Nay, nymph, take heed of me, when I begin to woo :
 And better yet than this, a bulchin two years old,
 A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been sold :
 And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps tway,
 Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to play,
 And twenty sows of lead, to make our wedding ring ;
 Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a thing :

Gogmagog
and Granta

I'll smouch thee every morn, before the sun can rise,
And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring eyes.'

Thus said, he smugg'd his beard, and stroked up his hair,
As one that for her love he thought had offered fair :
Which to the Muses Grant did presently report,
Wherewith they many a year shall make them wondrous sport.

Michael Drayton, 1563-1631.

Polyolbion, Song xxi., 1613.

**The Marsh-
land Isles**

OF all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the queen,
For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh and green.
The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his own mass,
Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in grass ;
And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat,
The turf which bears the hay, is wondrous needful peat :
My full and batt'ning earth needs not the ploughman's pains,
The rills which run in me, are like the branched veins
In human bodies seen ; those ditches cut by hand,
From the surrounding meres to win the measur'd land,
To those choice waters I most fitly may compare,
Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties rare.

Michael Drayton.

Polyolbion, Song xxi.

Shooting

THE great source of idleness, which consumed more time than all my other employments put together, was my *passion* for shooting, for which diversion Cambridge afforded the most extraordinary facilities. In going over the land now occupied by Downing-terrace, you generally got five or six shots at snipes. Crossing the Leys, you entered on Cow-fen ; this abounded with snipes. Walking through the osier-bed on the Trumpington side of the brook, you frequently met with a partridge, and now and then a pheasant. From thence to the lower end of Pemberton's garden was one continued marsh, which afforded plenty of snipes, and in the month of March a hare or two. If you chose to keep on by the side of the river, you came to Hurston-Ham, well known to sportsmen ; and at no great distance from this you arrived at Foulmire Mere, which produced a great variety of wildfowl. The heavy coach changed horses at the Swan, and would set you down, between seven and eight o'clock, at the Blue Boar. If you started from the other corner of Parker's Piece, you came to Cherryhinton Fen ; from thence to Teversham, Clay, Bottisham, and Swafham Fens. In taking this beat, you met with great varieties of wild-

fowl, bitterns, plovers of every description, ruffs and reeves, and not unfrequently pheasants. If you did not go very near the mansions of the few country gentlemen who resided in the neighbourhood, you met with no interruption. You scarcely ever saw the gamekeeper, but met with a great number of young lads, who were on the look-out for sportsmen from the University, whose game they carried, and to whom they furnished long poles, to enable them to leap those very wide ditches which intersected the Fens in every direction. . . . The sport which the Fens afforded, and of which I was so fond, unfortunately could be pursued with success during every month in the year. A very common practice, during the spring and summer months, was for a party to divide into two sets, one on a shooting scheme, and the other on a boating and fishing expedition, both parties agreeing to meet and dine at Clayhithe. There was a public-house on each side of the river, where fish was dressed to perfection; the charges were very moderate, and the ALE very good.

Henry Gunning.
From Reminiscences.

ON the seventeenth of October [1695] William went to Newmarket, now a place rather of business than of pleasure, but, in the autumns of the seventeenth century, the gayest and most luxurious spot in the island. It was not unusual for the whole Court and Cabinet to go down to the meetings. Jewellers and milliners, players and fiddlers, venal wits and venal beauties followed in crowds. The streets were made impassable by coaches and six. In the places of public resort peers flirted with maids of honour; and officers of the Life Guards, all plumes and gold lace, jostled professors in trencher caps and black gowns. For the neighbouring University of Cambridge always sent her highest functionaries with loyal addresses, and selected her ablest theologians to preach before the Sovereign and his splendid retinue. In the wild days of the Restoration, indeed, the most learned and eloquent divine might fail to draw a fashionable audience, particularly if Buckingham announced his intention of holding forth; for sometimes His Grace would enliven the dulness of a Sunday morning by addressing to the bevy of fine gentlemen and fine ladies a ribald exhortation which he called a sermon. But the Court of William was more decent; and the academic dignitaries were treated with marked respect. With lords and ladies from St. James's and Soho, and with doctors from Trinity College and King's College, were mingled the provincial aristocracy, fox-hunting squires and their

rosy cheeked daughters, who had come in queer-looking family coaches drawn by carhorses from the remotest parishes of three or four counties to see their Sovereign. The heath was fringed by a wild gipsy-like camp of vast extent. For the hope of being able to feed on the leavings of many sumptuous tables, and to pick up some of the guineas and crowns which the spendthrifts of London were throwing about, attracted thousands of peasants from a circle of many miles.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

From *History of England*, ch. xxi., 1848.

The Fens

At length . . . I was whirling along . . . through a flat fen country, which though I had often heard it described as ugly, struck my imagination much. The vast height and width of the sky-arch, as seen from those flats as from an ocean—the gray haze shrouding the horizon of our narrow land-view, and closing us in, till we seemed to be floating through infinite space, on a little platform of earth; the rich poplar-fringed farms, with their herds of dappled oxen—the luxuriant crops of oats and beans—the tender green of the tall rape, a plant till then unknown to me—the long, straight, silver dykes, with their gaudy carpets of strange floating water-plants, and their black banks, studded with the remains of buried forests—the innumerable draining-mills, with their creaking sails and groaning wheels—the endless rows of pollard willows, through which the breeze moaned and rung, as through the strings of some vast Æolian harp; the little island knolls in that vast sea of fen, each with its long village street and delicately taper spire; all this seemed to me to contain an element of new and peculiar beauty.

Charles Kingsley.

From *Alton Locke*.

AND they rowed away from Crowland, by many a mere and many an ea; through narrow reaches of clear brown glassy water; between the dark-green alders; between the pale-green reeds; where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; and then out into the broad lagoons, where hung motionless, high over head, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. Into the air, as they rowed on, whirled up great skeins of wild-fowl innumerable, with a cry as of all the bells of Crowland, or all the hounds of the Brunswold; while clear above all their noise sounded the wild whistle of the curlews, and the trumpet note of

the great white swan. Out of the reeds, like an arrow, shot the peregrine, singled one luckless mallard from the flock, caught him up, struck him stone dead with one blow of his terrible heel, and swept his prey with him into the reeds again.

Charles Kingsley.

From *Hereward the Wake*, 1866.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
 His double chin, his portly size,
 And who that knew him could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
 The slow wise smile that, round about
 His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
 Seem'd half-within and half-without,
 And full of dealings with the world?

The Miller's
 Daughter

In yonder chair I see him sit,
 Three fingers round the old silver cup—
 I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—grey eyes lit up
 With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,
 So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
 His memory scarce can make me sad.

And oft I heard the tender dove
 In firry woodlands making moan ;
 But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
 I had no motion of my own.
 For scarce my dream with fancy play'd
 Before I dream'd that pleasant dream—
 Still hither thither idly sway'd
 Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
 The milldam rushing down with noise,
 And see the minnows everywhere
 In crystal eddies glance and poise,
 The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
 Below the range of stepping-stones,
 Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
 In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
 When after roving in the woods
 ('Twas April then), I came and sat
 Below the chestnuts, when their buds
 Were glistening to the breezy blue ;
 And on the slope, an absent fool,
 I cast me down, nor thought of you,
 But angled in the higher pool.

1832.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Skating on
 the Cam

SOME severe winters followed, and I shall not forget the delights of an occasional run beyond Ely on the frozen Cam. I remember how we flew back one evening, at some fifteen miles an hour, leaning on a steady north-easter, with the glow of a characteristic Fen sunset crimsoning the west and reflected on the snowy banks ; whilst between us and the light a row of Fenmen, following each other like a flight of wild fowl, sent back the ringing music of their skates. As we got under shelter of the willows above Clayhithe, the ice became treacherous and we began to remonstrate after a threatened immersion. 'Go on !' said Fawcett ; 'I only got my legs through.' That, however, seemed a sufficient quantity of the human body for sub-glacial immersion, and the rest of us insisted upon putting the final edge upon our appetites by a tramp homewards to a Christmas dinner along the towing-path.

Sir Leslie Stephen.

From *The Life of Henry Fawcett*, 1885.

XI

MEN AND MANNERS

The depths of science and the liberality of principles in which the University of Cambridge initiates her sons, would, had he been acquainted with them, have extorted praise from Mr. Gibbon himself.

Bishop Watson, *Anecdotes*, 1817.

HOWBEIT all they that haue knowen the vnyuersitye of Cambryege sence that tyme that it dyd fyrst begynne to receyue these greate and manyefolde benefytes from the Kynges maiesty, at youre handes, haue iuste occasion to suspecte that you haue deceyued boeth the Kyng and vniuersitie, to enryche youre selues. For before that you did begynne to be the disposers of the Kinges liberalitye towards learnyng and pouerty, there was in houses belongynge vnto the vnyuersitye of Cambryege, two hundred studentes of dyuynyte, manye verye well learned: whyche bee nowe all clene gone, house and manne, young towarde scholers, and old fatherlye Doctors, not one of them lefte: one hundred also of another sorte that hauyng rych frendes or beyng benefyced men dyd lyue of theym selues in Ostles and Innes be eyther gon awaye, or else fayne to crepe into Colleges, and put poore men from bare lyuynge. Those bothe be all gone, and a small number of poore godly dilygent studentes nowe remaynyng only in Colleges be not able to tary and contynue theyr studye in ye vniuersitye for lacke of exhibicion and healpe. There be dyuers ther whych ryse dayly betwixte foure and fyue of the clocke in the mornynge, and from fyue vntyll syxe of the clocke, vse common prayer wyth an exhortacion of gods worde in a commune chappel, and from sixe vnto ten of the clocke vse euer eyther pryuate study or commune lectures. At ten of the clocke they go to dynner, whereas they be contente wyth a penyng pyece of byefe amongst iiii. hauyng a fewe porage made of the brothe of the same byefe, wyth salte and oremell, and nothyng els.

Thomas
Lever's
Sermon

After this slender dinner they be either teachyng or learnyng

vntyll v. of the clocke in the euenyng, when as they haue a supper not much better than theyr dynner. Immedyatellye after the whyche, they go eyther to reasonyng in problemes or vnto some other studye, vntyll it be nyne or tenne of the clocke, and there beyng wythout fyre are fayne to walk or runne vp and downe halfe an houre, to gette a heate on their feete whan they go to bed.

These be menne not werye of theyr paynes, but verye sorye to leue theyr studye: and sure they be not able some of theym to contynue for lacke of necessarye exhibicion and relese. These be the lyuyng sayntes whyche serue god takyng greate paynes in abstinence, studye, laboure and dyligence, wyth watching and prayer.

Thomas Lever, 1521-1577.

From a Sermon preached at Paul's Cross, December 14, 1550.

Gabriel
Harvey's
Complaints
to the Master
of Pembroke
Hall

M. NUCE willid me to let them alone, and not to kindle ani more coales til we hard from you: saing it was most likelj thai wuld go on as thai had begun. Whereuppon I have not ons made the offer to read sins that time: nor dare not now give the on set, till we hear sum word or other from your wurship. In deed I know it is the smalst matter of an hundrid with them, for the schollars to want a Greek lecture a fortniht or thre weeks together besides non termjnus. Na, I think verrelly, if sum miht have there wils thai shuld have nether Greek nor Latin nor ani thing els red unto them: but shuld run at randon to whatsoever thai lustid; studdi tungs that wuld for them, and I am deceivid if I have not hard, quicunque vult, to that end. Thus within in a few years al shuld be turnid topset tirvi; and Pembroke Hal shuld set forth as mani good schollars as it hath now good students: and that is as few, I beleev, as ever you knew in the hows, sins you were first fellow. But, as Juvenal said of Traian, the good emperor, *Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare*: so I hope verrelly in the end, if God send you life and helth, not I only but the hole collidg shal have just cause to sai of you, which ar to our exceeding bennefit set over us, as it were our Caesar: how liht account soever sum of our yung Masters wil seme to make of you. And therefore as within the cumpas of that worthi Emperors reign, or thereabouts, there were for orators Quintiljan and the two Plinnies; for historiographers, Plutarch, Suetonius, and Tacitus; for poets, Juvenal him self, Martial, Stella, and Silius; for philosophers, all thes or most of thes, besides an infinite cumpani mo of excellent lernid men, sutch as all ages have scars affordid the like: so I trust

yit, for all these tumults, bi your quiet means and discretion, in the time of your Mastership, this little collidg shal breed up sum great and notable schollars in everi faculti; sutch as you yourself mai remember to have bene of the hows within this twenti years or there about, not a few. I mean thos singular men, the late ornaments of Cambridg, and the glory of Pembroke Hal, Bisshop Ridli, Bisshop Grindal, M. Bradford, Doctor Car, M. Girlington, Doctor Hutton, and sum other that I culd name. And yet sureli I am perswadid if thes them selves were amongst us now, and did yeeld as gud frute of there studdi and lerning as ever thai did, thai wuld nothing so be aestemid and made of, as thai were by thos dais, esspecially if thai were never so little owt of sum Momies books; as I think certainly thai culd not otherwise choos if thai had there continual abode amongst us. Notwithstanding, for al this, I trust yit to see the dai, and I hope shortly, and I think by your means, as I said before, when we shal al go quietly and rowndly to our books, and so in time grow to that ripenes of lerning, wisdom, and eloquens whitch thos our praedecessors grew unto: that at length it mai pas for a gud consequent, he is a Pembroke Hal man, ergo a good schollar, whitch I prai God we mai al ous doo, with this effect, to our own praeferment and the commonwelths bennefit.

Marry, Syr, the very worst and most unlookid for newes is yit behinde. Forsoothe my poore selfe for wante of a better must be faynte to supply y' roome of a greater Clarke and play Il Segnor Filosofoes parte upon the Comencement stage. A most suddayne and strange resolution in all respectes. O that I were a compounde of all the sciences as well speculative as active and specially those that consist in a certayne practicall discourse ether of speach or reason (notwithstanding ther excessive vanitye) that the ilfavorid coniurer Agrippa so furiously and outragiously cryeth oute upon. It were a fit of frenesis moria I suppose to wishe y' morall and philosophicall wisdom of Socrates, y' divine notions and conceites of Plato, y' suttle and intricate acumen of Aristotle, y' brave eloquence of Tully, y' gallant pronounciation of Hortensius, and so forthe, after y' manner of thes same greate lernid scholaris-simi scholares that rowle so trimly in there antiquities, whereas we knowe not for certainty whether any sutch creatures and apotheoses were ever in the worlde or noe, or, if peradventure they were, who seeth not they must needes be rotten above a hundrith thousande ages agoe, not so mutch as the lest signification of an ould ilfavorid tumb or any peece of a rustye monumente remain-

His Stage-
fright

ing behinde to helpe colour the matter. But would to God in heaven I had awhile for there sake the profounde lerninge of M. Duffington, the mysticall and supermetaphysicall philosophy of Doctor Dee, the rowlinge tongue ether of M. Williamson, ouer fine Cambridge barber, or of Mistrisse Trusteme-trulye, mye Welche ostisse, the trim lattin phrases and witty proverbes of him that built Caius College and made Londinensis Booke de Antiquitate, y^e audacity of my cuntryman M. Atturnye and Clarke of owir towne, and lastly, the disputative appetite of Doctor Busbye, with the like affectionate zeale to the Comencement groates and afternoone seaven a clocke dinnars, which persons according to ther severall quality do all still floorishe and karry the creditt at this daye.

French and
Italian Dis-
courses

Concerninge y^e cheefist generall poynte of your Mastershippes letters, youerselfe ar not ignorant that schollars in ower age ar rather nowe Aristippi then Diogenes: and rather active than contemplative philosophers: covetinge above alle thinges under heaven to appeare sumwhat more then schollars if themselves wiste howe; and of all thinges in the worlde most detestinge that spitefull malicious proverbe, of greatist Clarkes, and not wisest men. The date whereof they defende was expired when Dunse and Thomas of Aquine with the whole rablement of schoolmen were abandonid ower schooles and expellid the Universitye. And nowe of late forsoothe to helpe countenance owte the matter they have gotten Philbertes Philosopher of the Courte, the Italian Archebysshoppies brave Galateo, Castiglioies fine Cortegiano, Bengalassoes Civil Instructions to his Nephewe Seignor Princisca Ganzar: Guatzoes newe Discourses of curteous behaviour, Jouios and Rassellis Emblemes in Italian, Paradines in Frenche, Plutarche in Frenche, Frontines Stratagemes, Polyenes Stratagemes, Polonica, Apodemica, Guigiandine, Philipp de Comines, and I knowe not howe many owtlandishe braveries besides of the same stampe. Shall I hazarde a litle farther: and make you privy to all our privities indeede. Thou knoist *Non omnibus dormio et tibi habeo non huic*. Aristotles Organon is nighhand as litle redd as Duneses *Quod libet*. His oeconomicks and politiques every on hath by rote. You can not stepp into a schollars studye but (ten to on) you shall likly finde open ether Bodin de Republica or Le Royes Exposition uppon Aristotles Politiques or sum other like Frenche or Italian Politique Discourses.

And I warrant you sum good fellowes amongst us begin nowe to be prettely well acquayntid with a certayne parlous booke callid, as I remember me, *Il Principe di Niccolo Macchiavelli*, and I can

peradventure name you an odd crewe or tooe that ar as cuninge in his Discorsi sopra la prima Deca di Livio, in his Historia Fiorentina, and in his Dialogues della Arte della Guerra tooe, and in certayne gallant Turkishe Discourses tooe, as University men were wont to be in their parva Logicalia and Magna Moralia and Physicalia of both sortes; verbum intelligenti sat; you may easily coniecture y^e rest yourselfe; especially being on that can as soone as an other spye lighte at a little whole.

Gabriel Harvey, 1545-1630.

From the *Letter-Book*, about 1573, edited for the Camden Society by E. J. L. Scott, 1884.

OUR University is in a manner wholly dissolved; all meetings & The Plague
Exersises ceasing. In many Colledges almost none left. In ours of 27 Mess we have not five. Our Gates strictly kept, none but Fellowes to go forth, or any to be lett to without y^e consent of the major part of our Society, of w^h we have but 7 at home at this Instant, only a Sizer may go with his Tutors Ticket upon an errand. Our Butcher, Baker, & Chandler bring y^e provisions to the Colledg Gates, where the Steward & Cooke receive them. We have taken all our Officers we need into the Colledg & none must stirre out. If he doth he is to come in no more. Yea we have taken 3 Women into our Colledge & appointed them a Chamber to lye in together. Two are Bedmakers, one a Laundresse. I hope the next Parlement will include in y^e generall Pardon. We have turned out our Porter & appointed our Barber both Porter and Barber, allowing him a Chamber next y^e Gates. Thus we live as close Prisoners, & I hope without danger.

From a letter from Mr. Mead of Christ's College, April 24, 1630.

Printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., 1845, by C. H. and T. Cooper.

A PENNY may save the credit of many. As it did of four or five The Worth
young scholars in Cambridge, who, going into the town to break of a Penny
their fast with puddings, having sent to their college for bread and beer, the hostess brought them twelve puddings, broiled: and finding among themselves that they had but eleven pence, they were much troubled about the other penny, not having any book about them, to lay in pawn for it.

Quoth one, bolder than the rest, '*Audaces fortuna juvat*': 'Fortune favours the venturous'; and biting off a piece of the pudding's end, by wonderful luck, spat out a single penny that paid for it; which, it seems, was buried in the oatmeal or spice. So for that time, they saved their credits.

Henry Peacham, 1576-1644.

From *The Worth of a Penny: or a Creation to keep Money*, 1641.

From
John Strype,
when a
freshman at
Jesus College,
to his
Mother,
1662

GOOD MOTHER,—Yours of the 24th instant I gladly received, expecting indeed one a Week before, but I understand both by Waterson and y^rselfe of y^r indisposednesse then to write. The reason y^o receive this no sooner is, because I had a mind (hearing of this honest woman's setting out so suddenly for London from hence, and her businesse laying so neer to Petticoate lane,) that shee should deliver it into y^r hands, y^t so y^o may better & more fully heare of me, and know how it fareth wth me. She is my laundresse make her welcome, and tell her how y^o would have my linen washed, as y^o were saying in y^r Letter.

Concerning y^e taking up of my Things, 'tis true I gave one shilling too much in y^o 100, but why I gave so much, I thought indeed I had given y^o an account in y^t same letter: but it seems I have not. The only reason is, because they were a schollers goods: it is common to make y^m pay one shill more than the Townes people. Dr. Pearson himselfe payed so, and severall other ladds in this Coll. and my Tutor told me they would exact so much of one being a schollar and I found it so.

Do not wonder so much at our Commons: they are more y^a many Colledges have. Trinity itselfe (where Herring and Davies are), w^{ch} is y^e famousest Coll. in y^e University, have but 3 half pence. We have roast meat, dinner and supper, throughout y^e whole weeke; and such meate as y^o know I do not use to care for; and y^t is Veal: but now I have learnt to eat it. Sometimes, neverthesse, we have boyled meat, wth pottage; and beef and mutton, w^{ch} I am glad of: except Frydays and Saturdays, and sometimes Wednesdays; w^{ch} days we have Fish at dinner, and tansy or puddings for supper. Our parts y^m are slender enough. But there is y^e remedie; wee may retire unto y^e butteries, and there take a half penny loafe and butter or cheese; or else to the Kitchin and take there what wee will y^t y^e Cook hath. But for my part I am sure I never visited the Kitchin y^t, since I have been here, and y^e butteries but seldom after meals; unlesse for a Cize, y^t is for a Farthingworth of small-beer: so that lesse than a Penny in Beer doth serve me a whole Day. Neverthesse sometimes we have exceedings: then we have 2 or 3 Dishes (but y^t is very rare): otherwise never but one: so y^t a cake and a cheese would (as they have been) be very welcome to me: and a neat's tongue, or some such thing; if it would not require too much mony. If y^o do intend to send me any thing, do not send it yet, until y^o may hear further of me: for I have many things to send for w^{ch} may all I hope be put into y^t box y^o have at home: but w^t they are, I shall

give y^e an account hereafter, wⁿ I would have y^m sent : And y^t is wⁿ I have got me a Chamber ; for as yet, I am in a Chamber y^t doth not at all please me. I have thoughts of one, w^{ch} is a very handsome one, and one pair of stairs high, and y^t looketh into the Master's garden. The price is but 20 shill per annum, 10 whereof a Knight's son, and lately admitted into y^s Coll. doth pay : though he doth not come till about Midsummer, so y^t I shall have but 10 shill to pay a yeare besides my income, which may be about 40 shill or thereabouts. Mother I kindly thank y^o for y^r Orange pills y^o sent me. If y^o are not to straight of mony send me some such thing by the Woman, and a pound or two of Almonds and Raisons. But first ask her if she will carry y^m, or if they will not be too much trouble to her. I do much approve of y^r agreeing with y^e Carrier quarterly ; he was indeed telling me of it, y^t y^o had agreed wth him for it : and I think he means both y^{rs} and mine. Make your bargaines sure wth him. I understand by y^r Letter y^t y^o are very inquisitive to know how things stand wth me here. I believe y^o may be well satisfied by y^e Woman. My breakings out are now all gone, indeed I was affraid at my first coming it would have proved y^e Itch : but I am fairly rid of it : But I fear I shall get it, let me do what I can : for there are many here y^t have it cruelly. Some of y^m take strong purges y^t would kill a horse, weeks together for it, to get it away, & yet are hardly rid of it. At my first coming I laid alone : but since, my Tutour desired me to let a very clear lad lay wth me and an Alderman's son of Colchester, w^{ch} I could not deny, being newly come : he hath laid wth me now for almost a fortnight, and will do till he can provide himselfe with a Chamber.

Wee go twice a day to Chappell ; in the morning about 7, and in the evening about 5. After we come from Chappell in y^e morning w^h is towards 8, we go to y^r Butteries for our breakfast, w^{ch} usually is 5 farthings ; an halfpeny loafe and butter, & a cize of beer. But sometimes I go to an honest House neere y^e Coll., and have a pint of milk boyled for my breakfast.

John Strype, 1643-1737.

From *Scholae Academicæ*, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth.

ROGER NORTH in his life of his brother the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North, Master of Trinity College, who was admitted of Jesus College in 1661, says : Whilst he was at Jesus College, coffee was not of such common use as afterwards, and coffee-houses but young. At that time, and long after, there was but one, kept by one Kirk. The trade of news also was scarce set up ; for they had only the public Gazette, till Kirk got a written news letter circulated by one

Coffee Houses

Muddiman. But now the case is much altered ; for it is become a custom, after chapel, to repair to one or other of the coffee-houses (for there are divers) where hours are spent in talking ; and less profitable reading of newspapers, of which swarms are continually supplied from London. And the scholars are so greedy after news (which is none of their business), that they neglect all for it ; and it is become very rare for any of them to go direct to his chamber, after prayers, without doing his suit at the coffee-house ; which is a vast loss of time grown out of a pure novelty, for who can apply close to a subject with his head full of the din of a coffee-house ?

Roger North, 1653-1734.

From *Life of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North*, 1744.

Hardships of Sizars

FOR it is a common fashion of a great many to compliment and invite inferior people's children to the University, and there pretend to make such an all-bountiful provision for them, as they shall not fail of coming to a very eminent degree of Learning ; but when they come there they shall save a servant's wages. They took, therefore, heretofore, a very good method to prevent Sizar's overheating their brains. Bed-making, chamber-sweeping, and water-fetching were doubtless great preservatives against too much vain philosophy. Now certainly such pretended favours and kindnesses as these are the most right down discourtesies in the world. For it is ten times more happy, both for the lad and the Church, to be a corn-cutter or tooth-drawer, to make or mend shoes, or to be of any inferior profession ; than to be invited to, and promised the conveniences of a learned education ; and to have his name only stand airing upon the College Tables, and his chief business shall be, to buy eggs and butter.

John Eachard, 1636?-1697.

From *The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion Enquired Into*, 1670.

University Nonsense

It is very curious to observe what delicate letters, your young students write ! after they have got a little smack of University learning. In what elaborate heights, and tossing nonsense, will they greet a right down English father, or country friend ! If there be a plain word in it, and such as is used at home, this 'tastes not,' say they, 'of education among philosophers !' and is counted damnable duncery and want of fancy. Because 'Your loving friend' or 'humble servant' is a common phrase in country letters ; therefore the young Epistler is 'Yours, to the Antipodes !' or at least 'to the Centre of the Earth !' and because ordinary folks 'love' and 'respect' you ; therefore you are to him, 'a Pole Star !' 'a Jacob's Staff !' 'a loadstone !' and 'a damask Rose !'

And the misery of it is, that this pernicious accustomed way of expression does not only, oftentimes, go along with them to their benefice, but accompanies them to the very grave.

And, for the most part, an ordinary cheesemonger or plumseller, that scarce ever heard of a University, shall write much better sense, and more to the purpose than the young philosopher, who injudiciously hunting only for great words, make themselves learnedly ridiculous.

John Eachard.

From *The Grounds and Occasions*, etc.

OUR master they say is a mighty high proud man, but God be thank'd I know nothing of that as yet by my own experience. His name is Doct. Gower and it was him that first brought up the haveing of terms in the college, without the keep of every one of which we can have no degrees.

'The Divel
of Jesus'

He came from Jesus College to be made master here, and he was so severe there that he was commonly called the divel of Jesus; and when he was made master here some unlucky scholars broke this jest upon him,—that now the divel was entered into the heard of swine; for us Johnians are called abusively hoggs.

In this my fresh-man's year, by my own proper studdy, labour and industry, I got the knowledge of all herbs, trees, and simples, without any body's instruction or help, except that of herbals: so that I could know any herb at first sight. I studded a great many things more likewise, which I hope God will bless for my good and his honour and glory, if I can ever promote anything thereof.

1690.

Abraham de la Pryme, 1672-1704.

From *Diary*, published by the Surtees Society, 1870.

NOV. 3RD, 1693. This day I beheld a strange experiment, which I cannot think upon without admiration. Being in company and talking of Mr. Boyle's book of the strange effects of languid motion, and some stories that he mentions therein, one amongst us, a musitioner, told us that he would shew us as strange a thing as any of those there mentioned. So the company breaking up, the before say'd fellow led us to that exceedingly strong quadrangular portico of Kaius Colledge, that looks towards the publick schools. And when we was got there he began to sing the note of a dubble *do, soh, re*, which he had no sooner sounded but that the whole portico manifestly and visibly trembled, as if there had been a kind of earthquake, and I observed that the air round about (for I stood about half a dozen yards off of the said portico), was put into such a tremulous motion that I could perceive several

A strange
Experiment

hairs of my head to tremble and shake. This is a property that has been observed to be in this portico this hundred years together.

Abraham de la Pryme, *Diary*.

Febr. 10th, 1709-10.

Virtues of
Smoking

DEAR & HONOURED SIR,—I should not have deferred answering y^r Last kind letter and thanking you for y^e token sent by D^s Newcombe thus long, had not I been plagued almost ever since with greivous sore eyes. I have been bloodied in y^e Temple veins & in y^e Arm, been purged almost a dozen times & been blistered and used all y^e remedies imaginable for this last Q^r of a year & have hardly diverted y^e Humour so much, but y^t upon y^e least Cold it threatens me with a return. I have left off all y^e exercises as shooting hunting coursing football &c. which can possibly endanger my catching cold; so y^t I hope I may have an opportunity of fixing to hard study now; which I have left off so long, y^t I am perfectly tired of non-studying; having drained my whole storehouse of amuzement. To draw y^e Rheum and humours from my Eyes I am advised to smoak very much which I dare not let my Father know, he's so averse to it y^t I beleive he had as live see me dead or at least blind (and to be so, is death to a Student) as with a pipe in my mouth: I have smoaked, so y^t I can receive no prejudice any other way, than by his anger, but I'll take care to conceal it from him, if possible, whenever I take a pipe. . . . —D^r Sir,—Your respectfull freind & Servant,

W. RENEU.

My humble service to Mrs. Strype & y^r Daughters.

Letter from William Reneu, of Jesus College, to the Rev. John Strype.

Printed in *Scholae Academicæ*, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth.

Election of a
Provost of
King's

THE Election of a provost of King's is over.—Dr. George is the man.

The Fellows went into Chapel on Monday before noon in the morning as the Statute directs. After prayers, and sacrament they began to vote—22 for George; 16 for Thackeray; 10 for Chapman.

Thus they continued, scrutinizing, and walking about, eating, and sleeping; some of them smoaking. Still the same numbers for each candidate; till yesterday about noon (for they held that in the 48 hours allowed for the Election no adjournment could be made); when the Tories, Chapman's friends, refusing absolutely to concur with either of the two other parties; Thackeray's votes went over to George by agreement, and he was declared.

A friend of mine, a curious man, tells me, he took a survey of his brothers at the hour of two in the morning; and that never was a more curious, or a more diverting spectacle.

Some wrapped in blankets, erect in their stalls like mummies; others, asleep on cushions, like so many Gothic tombs. Here a red cap over a wig; there a face lost in the cape of a rug. One blowing a chafing dish with a surplice sleeve; another warming a little negus, or sipping Coke upon Littleton, *i.e.* tent and brandy. Thus did they combat the cold of that frosty night; which has not killed any one of them, to my infinite surprise.

From a letter by Mr. Daniel Wray, January 19, 1742/3.

Printed in John Nichols' *Illustrations of Literature* (1745-1826), vol. i.

CAMBRIDGE, QUEEN'S [*sic*] COLLEGE, May 15th, 1740.

DEAR S^R— . . . I believe I have hitherto forgot to inform you
y^t y^e Gownsmen & Townsmen quarrell'd & had a pretty good Town and
Gown
Battle, tho' not very long which began in this manner. 2 of
King's College were walking upon y^e Regent Walk one Sunday in
y^e Dusk of y^e Evening and happened to meet with some of y^e sink
of y^e Town (for as you know very well none of y^e Tradesmen
woud be guilty of so base an action, it being as much as their
credit is worth) who had y^e impudence to oppose them, upon this
a great number of Gownsmen, who were in y^e Theatre Coffee
House, rush'd out and drove y^e Pitiful Scrubs all round y^e Town;
who when they saw that y^e Togatae had y^e better of y^e Battle, run
into Houses for Weapons and more assistance, and acted y^e parts
of cowards so much y^t they even fought with Spits & Fire
Shovels.

The Vice Chancellor interpos'd and put an end to y^e Battle.

I am your sincere Friend & Humble Servant,

J. HINCKESMAN.

Letter from J. Hinckesman to Mr. Samuel Jebb of Peterhouse.

Printed in *Scholæ Academicæ*, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth.

CAMBRIDGE, QUEEN'S COLL., May 15th, 1742.

DEAR S^R— . . . We have had 3 very fine Consorts here, one Concerts
of which was perform'd in your Hall; which my Brother and I had
the Curiosity to go and see, 'he vocal Musick perform'd by y^e
Italians was really exquisitely fine, & sung with a great deal of
Humour & Judgement; y^e Instrumental likewise was prodigiously
entertaining: in short it was a continued Scene of Mirth & Gaiety.
—they found such Great encouragement that they woud very
gladly have performed a fourth time if they could have got Leave

from y^e Vice-Chancellor.—they stay'd here so long after their performance & was so much caressed by y^e Gownsmen, that y^e Proctor's intended to have visited them, if they had not Just gone of in nick of time.

I am your very Humble Servant (in haste),

J. HINCKESMAN.

From the same to the same.

Printed in *Scholæ Academicæ*, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth.

**Musick a
proper part
of a Univer-
sity Educa-
tion**

IN an University, how much more agreeably is an evening laid out by a select company of friends composing a concert, than in carousing over a bottle, and joining, to say no worse, in an unprofitable conversation? As to the concerts we frequently have in our halls, do they not in some measure contribute, by bringing us into company, to the wearing off of that rust and moroseness which are too often contracted by a long continuance in college? And though these meetings are frequented by some so entirely on account of the company and conversation, that it has been declared that the concert would have been excellent if there had been no MUSICK in it, yet in general we shall find it otherwise. If these were abolish'd, what a mortification would many of our smart *fellow commoners* undergo, to be deprived of the pleasure of presenting tickets to the ladies, and ushering them into the hall! Add to this, that the banishment of MUSICK from our rooms must necessarily be attended with the expulsion of the *harpsichord*, no inconsiderable part of our furniture. Not to mention the number of ingenious artists, that must by this means be reduc'd to a scanty subsistence, and that TIREMAN and RANDAL must then rely only on the organs of *Trinity* and *King's-College* chapels.

From *The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany*, 1750.

**Metaphysics
in the Hall
of Trinity
College**

It was then [1754] the custom in Trinity College (I am sorry it is not the custom still) for all the under-graduates to attend immediately after morning prayers the college lecturers at different tables in the hall, during term-time. The lecturers explained to their respective classes certain books, such as *Puffendorf de Officio Hominis et Civis*, Clarke on the Attributes, Locke's Essay, Duncan's Logic, etc., and once a week the head-lecturer examined all the students. The question put to me by the head-lecturer was, Whether *Clarke* had demonstrated the absurdity of an infinite succession of changeable and dependent beings? I answered,

with blushing hesitation, *Non*. The head-lecturer, Brocket, with great good-nature, mingled with no small surprise encouraged me to give my reasons for thinking so. I stammered out in barbarous Latin (for the examination was in that language), That Clarke had enquired into the *origin* of a series which, being from the supposition *eternal*, could have no origin; and into the first term of a series which, being from the supposition *infinite*, could have no first. From this circumstance I was soon cried up, very undeservedly, as a great metaphysician.

Richard Watson, 1737-1816.

From *Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff*, 1817.

To the Public

THE Proprietor of Emmanuel Coffee-House having been at a considerable Expence to make his Garden pleasant and agreeable to such Ladies and Gentlemen who please to honour him with their Company, and finding by Experience, that several Persons (to his Prejudice) do frequently make it a PROMENADE and Thoroughfare, to prevent which for the future, no Person will be admitted into the Garden who doth not take a Ticket at the Gate, which will that Day be taken as Cash for either Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Jellys, Sillabubs, Tarts, Cakes, etc., or any of the Produce of the Garden: a Person will attend to gather the Fruit, Pease or Beans, for such as choose to take a Dinner or Supper, Wine, Punch, or Ale shall be sent for to such Tavern or House as the Company shall direct. Each Monday Evening that the Weather will admit, there will be Vocal and Instrumental Music. Any Under Graduate desirous of learning the French Tongue very expeditiously, shall be taught it for a Trifle, by applying as above, as Reputation only is meant for the Teacher's Trouble: such as honour him to become his Scholars, will not be amus'd with Rhodomontade, or learn any bad accent. Any person fond of Fishing, may divert themselves with catching the Fish, and have them drest in the best Manner.

Coffee and
French

Any Peruke-maker for Ready Money, may be supplied at the Hair Warehouse in St. Andrew's cheaper than at the cheapest House in London, with every Article they use.

From *The Cambridge Chronicle*, 4th June 1763.

YOU may do anything with young men by encouragement, by prizes, honours and distinctions; see what is done at Cambridge. But there the stimulus is too strong; two or three heads are

Dangers of
over-stimula-
tion

cracked by it every year . . . some of them go mad ; others are reduced to such a state of debility, both of mind and body, that they are unfit for anything during the rest of their lives. I always counselled the admixture of the study of natural philosophy, of classics and literature, and that university honours should be accorded to all. One thing I always set my face against ; and that is, exercises in English composition.

William Paley's conversation (1797) as reported in Best's *Personal and Literary Memorials*, 1829.

The Union
Club,
A.D. 1823

THE Union Club, of rhetorical fame,
Was held at the Red Lion Inn,
And there never was Lion so perfectly tame,
Or who made such a musical din.
'Tis pleasant to snore, at a quarter before,
When the Chairman does nothing in state,
But 'tis heaven, 'tis heaven, to waken at seven,
And pray for a noisy debate !

'What's the question ?'—'Reform.' 'What ! the old story !'
—'Yes, the old story ; the common good against the Commons'
House ; speechifying *versus* starvation !' 'Oh, but you're a red-
hot Radical ?'—'Yes, that's my key ; every man is red-hot who is
deep read !' 'Reform in Parliament ?'—'Yes, the only thing men
are agreed upon ; for the Outs can't carry it, and the Inns can't
bear it.' 'Infamous ! split me !'—'Order, order ! Gentlemen will
be so good as to take their seats. The question for this evening's
debate is : "Would Reform in Parliament have been conducive to
the welfare of the country at any period previous to the year
1800 ?" To be opened by Mr. Pattison of St. John's.'

And the honourable opener immediately mounts his hobby, and
proceeds at a rapid rate over a level road, panting and blowing
like a courier. Off he goes ! Mounts at Magna Charta, break-
fasts with the Long Parliament, dines with William and Anne, and
finds himself comfortably at home in the state of the nation.

¹ 'We have heard of a time, Mr. President, when England was
the envy and the terror of the whole world ; we have heard of a
time when commerce flourished, and the quartern loaf was sold for
a penny-halfpenny ; but these things are now altered ; bread has
risen, as stocks have fallen ; we lose time in debates, and we lose
men in battle ; and are not all these things owing to Mr. Pitt ?
Unfortunate man ! he had it in his power to make his country
happy, and he has left it miserable ; all of it encumbered with

¹ Pattison.

penury and taxation, and half of it fettered by a damnable religious restriction. Yes, Mr. President, from the fear of rebellion and revolution, the Protestants are wretched and spied upon; and from the dread of the Holy Alliance, the Pope, the Pretender, the Arch-Fiend Napoleon, and the Devil, the Catholics are oppressed and persecuted.'

Here the honourable member is jerked from his hobby by an orthodox hiss from the corner, and he sits down among the comments of the crowd. 'What do you think of the opener?'—'Why, I think he's all

Public debts
Epithets,
Foul and filthy, good and great,
Glorious wars,
British tars,
Beat and bruise
Parlez-vous,
Frenzy, frown,
Commons, crown,
Ass and pannier,
Rule Britannia!—
How I love a loud debate!'

Then the Church shakes her rattle, and sends forth to battle
The terror of Papist and sinner,
Who loves to be seen as the modern Mæcenas,
And asks all the poets to dinner.

¹ 'Mr. President,—I rise to express my dissent from the honourable opener with regard to the Catholics. With respect to the question of debate, my sentiments are entirely those of the late Charles James Fox. He was a man adorned by every manly virtue that can adorn and dignify a man—*Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas*. But with regard to the Catholics, when I remember the times of the Bloody Queen Mary, when I call to mind the horrible massacres she perpetrated—the helpless old women that were depopulated—I cannot sufficiently restrain my feelings to hear the Catholics commended without expressing my dissent.'

Then the gentleman Attic, with tales Asiatic
And body that bends with a grace,
The maker of jeers that led us for years,
The prime Staple-Ton of the place.

² 'Mr. President,—From the look of virtuous indignation with which the honourable gentleman arose from his seat, I expected to

¹ Bulwer—afterwards Lord Lytton.

² Stapleton.

have heard something worthy of a Blair or a Benson, a Confucius or a Nebuchadnezzar; but lo! when my hopes were wrought up to the highest pitch, the honourable gentleman has suddenly reseated himself, and I do not even understand the purport of his sudden ebullition. Once upon a time a sudden darkness overspread the town of Ching-Chong-Foo; the sun and the moon and the stars were hidden, all business was suspended, all hearts were astounded. The mathematician Sing-Su said it was an eclipse: the Bishop Chit-Quong said it was the Devil; and the Chancellor Hum-lum said that he doubted: when suddenly there flew down from the skies, extending his wings over all the city, a stupendous cock; he soared majestically down—sullenly—slowly; and when they expected from him the voice of Azrael the Destroyer, or the Mandate of Mahomet the Prophet, he said—nothing, Mr. President, but Cock-a-doodle-doo!’

‘Why the devil do you laugh?’—‘Laugh! why because it’s all—

Indian Stories,
Damn the Tories,
None but he can rule the State,
Wise magicians,
Politicians,
Foreign lands,
Kings and wands,
Fiends and fairies,
Dromedaries,
Laugh at Boodle’s,
Cock-a-doodles—

How I love a loud debate!’

Then up gets a youth with a visage of truth,
An omen of good to our islands,
Who promises health and abundance of wealth
To our Oatlands, and Wheatlands, and Ryelands.

¹ ‘Mr. President,—I had not intended to address you on the present question; but some observations which have been made on the character of George the Third prevent me from remaining silent. If I use any strong expressions, I trust they will be attributed to the violence of my feelings.’ (Refers to a paper.) ‘When I remember, Sir, that in the reign of George the Third the purest blessings of Heaven were shed upon us, and that Mr. Pitt was Prime Minister; that the powers of darkness were scattered before us, and that the combined fleets of France and Spain were defeated—above all, when I reflect that all the nine

¹ Ryland of St. John’s.

Muses migrated from Pindus to England, and that Mr. Southey was the Poet Laureate—I cannot help saying that George the Third, who reigned so gloriously, and lived to an advanced period of life, was very wise, very prudent, and very triumphant. In short, Sir, I do not fear to affirm that he was very good.¹

And the honourable gentleman halts as systematically as a posthorse knocked up or a timepiece run down. ‘Very perfect in his lesson!’—‘Oh, very! but it’s all

Sigh and simper,
Whine and whimper,
Kings and princes, Church and State;
Cut and dried,
Ill applied,
Nightly taper,
Pen and paper,
Audience dozing,
How composing!
Would ’twere shorter!
Milk and water!—
How I love a loud debate!’

But the favourite comes with his trumpets and drums,
And his arms and his metaphors crossed;
And the audience—O dear!—vociferate ‘Hear!’
Till they’re half of them deaf as a post.

And the honourable gentleman, after making the grand tour in a hand canter, touching cursorily upon Rome, Constantinople, Amsterdam, Philadelphia, and the Red Sea; with two quotations, two or three hundred similes, and two or three hundred thousand metaphors, proceeds to the tune of

¹ ‘We, Mr. President, have indeed awful examples to direct us or deter. Have we not seen the arms of the mighty overpowered, and the counsels of the wise confounded? Have not the swords of licentious conquest, and the fasces of perverted law, covered Europe with blood, and tears, and mourning? Have not priests and princes and nobles been driven in beggary and exile to implore the protection of rival thrones and hostile altars? Where is the sacred magnificence of Rome? Where the wealth and independence of Holland? Where the proud titles of the German Caesars? Where the mighty dynasty of Bourbon? But is there yet one nation which has retained unimpaired its moral and political strength? One nation, whose shores have ever been accessible to a suppliant, and never to an enemy? One nation which, while the banners of her foes have been carried in triumph to half the capitals of the world,

¹ Macaulay.

has seen them only suspended over her shrines as trophies? One nation, which, while so many cities have been a prey to hostile fires, has never seen her streets lighted up but with the blaze of victorious illumination? History and posterity will reply, "That country was England." Let them not talk to us of their philosophy and their philanthropy, their reason and their rights! We know too well the oratory of their Smithfield meetings, and the orgies of their midnight clubs! We have seen the weapons which arm, and their spirit which nerves them. We have heard the hyæna howl, till the raving which excited dismay provokes nothing but disgust. Amid the railings of disappointed ambition, and the curses of factious hate; amid the machinations of the foully wicked, and the sophistries of the would-be wise, we will cling to our fathers' banner—we will rally round our native rock. Mr. President, that banner is the Charta of our rights—that Rock is the British Constitution!

'Bravo!' 'Can't say I quite caught the line of argument.' 'Argument! Fiddlestick! Quite gone out except for opponencies; and then for the language, and the feeling, and the style, and all that sort of thing—oh! nobody can deny that it was all

Oratoric,
Metaphoric,
Similes of wondrous length;
Illustration,
Conflagration,
Ancient Romans,
House of Commons,
Clever Uriel
And Ithuriel,
Good old king,
Everything!—

How I love a loud debate!

With his sayings and saws, his hems and his haws,
Another comes up to the scratch;

While Deacon and Law unite in a yaw!

[*Yawning.*]

And the President looks at his watch.

And the honourable gentleman, after making a long journey and plunging up to his knees in dirt, bog, and quagmire; after taking up many strong positions and much valuable time, after bruising the Bishops and the table, and twisting his argument and his sleeve in twenty different ways, proceeds to wake the members with a joke.

¹ 'Mr. President,—I am out of all patience when I hear the

poor abused because they wish to reform the Constitution. Why, when you have taken from them all they have got, and all they hope to get, what can they do? Why, they complain, to be sure; and as soon as they complain, like the poor fellow who was tried for stealing a pair of leather breeches, and found guilty of manslaughter, the unfortunate rabble—though why they are called rabble the Attorney-General only knows, I'm sure I don't—but, as I said before, the unfortunate rabble are prosecuted upon *ex officio* informations, or persecuted by a Bridge Street gang, which I look upon as a combination of fiends against our Constitution—that is, what we've got left of it, which to be sure is but little, whatever the honourable gentlemen opposite may think, who seem to be very much amused at the idea—but as I said before, the unfortunate rabble, like the poor fellow who was tried for stealing a pair of leather breeches and found guilty of manslaughter, is tried for high treason and found guilty of being ragged, and so is hung, fined, imprisoned, or sent to Botany Bay, or Australasia as the Vice-Chancellor calls it, according to the will and pleasure of His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor-General. But the honourable gentleman would let the poor starve, while the rich take coffee and snuff, talk religion, and buy into the stocks; provided my Lord this and my Lord that may keep their mistresses and their boroughs, all the scum, all the *canaille* may be cut down by the dozen. The honourable gentleman cares no more for the poor than the country gentleman did—a good, honest, well-meaning man—who lost so many turnips that he wanted to make turnip-stealing a capital offence. The country gentleman and the honourable gentleman argue on the same ground—they are on the same bench—there they are!

'Bravo!' 'Bravo!' 'Pray, Sir, how long has that young gentleman been on his legs?'—'Really I can't tell, I was so much amused at his

Admirable,
Bang the table,
"Sir, although its getting late,"
Opposition,
Repetition,
Endless speeches,
Leather breeches,
Taxes, hops,
Turnip-tops,
Leather 'em, kather 'em,
Omnium-gatherum—
How I love a loud debate!

Mr. Punnett, whose vows are put up for the House
 As if he was born to the trade,
 Would chafe if we close with the ayes and the noes,
 And break up before we have—prayed !

And accordingly, after the honourable gentleman has abused, *ad libitum*, all persons not freeholders who wish to have votes, and told us, 'as for such people, now we have got 'em down, keep 'em down'; he is succeeded by the laureate jester of the society. The honourable gentleman plunges into a sea of puns, passes a few modest strictures on the freedom of the press, likens Frederick the Great to a thief, and Mr. Bartholomew to the devil; and at last betakes himself, like all poets, to abusing his friends.

¹ 'Not being disposed, Mr. President, to pun it in a decidedly personal manner through any more of the honourable gentleman's speech, I proceed to say a few words in reply to my honourable friend who preceded him. But I conceive, Mr. President, when I see how much the table of the House has suffered from the fist of the honourable gentleman, I may be somewhat afraid of the knock-down arguments of my honourable friend. Let him not commit violence on our persons or our property; let him not frighten the freshman or annihilate the Soph. He is already the Ord of this House, let him not make himself Lord of it; we give him an inch, let him not take an "L." But I conceive, Sir, that my honourable friend will attend to no suggestion of mine. He is a Republican, a Radical, a Revolutionist, a Fury, a Fire-brand; but, however hot may be the doctrines he now advocates, I would whisper in his ear: "You were once something far more reasonable; yes, though you may now be a rioter or a regicide, yet, as the poet says, You were a Whig, and thereby hangs a tale!" I have detained the House too long, and will make haste to conclude. I have been censured for mixing too much of the ludicrous with the debates of the House. It has been said of me that the thread of my argument is drawn from the tassel of my cap, that the point of my jokes is drawn from the belles of Barnwell. Mr. President, I plead guilty to the charges, and the House must be well aware that the insignia of my profession were never anything but the cap and bells!

Quite divine
 Peregrine,
 Never shall we see his mate;
 Fun and flams,
 Epigrams,

¹ Praed.

Leering, lying,
Versifying,
Nodding, noting,
Quibbling quoting,
"Thief!" and "Bore!"
"Lie!" no more—

How I love a loud debate!

Then up gets the glory of us and our story,
Who does all by logic and rule,
Who can tell the true difference 'twixt twopence and threepence,
And prove Adam Smith quite a fool.

¹ 'Mr. President,—I had intended to have addressed the meeting at considerable length, but as the ground I meant to occupy has been entirely and successfully anticipated by my honourable friends, I shall not dwell upon the crying and terrible demand there is for Parliamentary Reform, but shall confine my observations to the existing aggression of France upon Spain. For it is not so much the question whether France or Spain shall be victorious: it is not so much the question whether that "alter Achilles," the Duke d'Angoulême, with his miserable and half-starved myrmidons, or General Mina and his patriots, shall be vanquished; the question is, whether the nefarious and accursed principles of foreign aggression and tyranny, the principles of despotism and usurpation, shall triumph eternally over the principles of freedom; whether worse than Scythian ignorance and barbarism shall crush the progress of science and enlightened understanding; whether that holy knot of confederated despots (who I trust in heaven will ere long meet their well-earned reward of the halter)—whether they are to dictate laws and constitutions to the rest of mankind; whether that hellish power which has crushed the freedom and trampled on the genius of Italy shall crush the freedom and trample on the genius of the rest of the world; whether we, who boast ourselves free-born Englishmen, shall tamely look on and see the rights of nations and the rights of man assaulted and violated; whether we are to listen with submission and humility to the insolent decrees of the Autocrat of the Russias; whether we are to cringe and subscribe to the proclamation of a semi-barbarian who dares to issue his mandate to the world—a mandate which is nothing but an ignorant tissue of Syrio-Calmuc jargon and cacophony.'

¹ Charles Austin.

But Lord ! Sir, you ask a more difficult task
 That aught in the son-shop of Burchill,
 If you ask me to dish up, like many a Bishop,
 The eminent words of the Church-ill !

¹ ‘Mr. President,—the honourable opener of this debate called Mr. Pitt an unfortunate man ; now I think him a very fortunate man. He went about, like Jeremy Diddler, borrowing sixpence from every one who was fool enough to lend him, and died before he was called on to refund. We have heard the prosperous state of the country referred to. Now, Sir, everybody that can pay for his passage is going to the Cape ; for though a man likes his bed, he leaves it when he finds it full of fleas. The distresses of England have also been alluded to. Now, Sir, with regard to Lord George Gordon’s riots, they were like Tom Thumb’s giants—the Minister made the riots first, and then he quelled them.’

‘Does any other honourable gentleman wish to address the House ? I shall proceed to put the question. It is carried that Parliamentary Reform would not be beneficial, by a majority of 77 to 13. (Hear ! hear ! hear !) There is a motion on the boards, “That an adequate supply of chairs for the reading-room be provided—Proposed by Mr. Moore, of Caius.”’

² ‘Mr. President,—It is not often that I rise to address this society ; nor should I on the present occasion, but that I see so strong a necessity for interference, that I should deem it a dereliction of my duty were I to remain silent. In those things which regard our intellectual and moral improvement, this society should be more especially attentive to its interests ; but I have observed with regret and concern that there is by no means an adequate supply of chairs in our reading room, and I therefore move that a fit supply be immediately procured.’

³ ‘Mr. President,—I have observed with great satisfaction the interest which the honourable gentleman takes in the welfare of this society ; but as in an inn, where there are nine beds, and ten travellers to sleep in them, one bed must carry double or one traveller must go without ; so, in the present case, if upon any occasion the honourable gentleman should find ten chairs in the reading-room occupied by ten individuals, I should recommend him to make them determine by lot which of them shall hold him on his knees !’

‘Well, Sir, what do you think of the Union ?’—‘Why, Sir, I think it’s all

¹ Churchill.

² Moore.

³ Prosser.

Bow, wow,
 What a row,
 Money lost, and laurels earned ;
 Constitution,
 Elocution,
 Whig and Tory,
 Oratory,
 Hauling, bawling,
 "Order" calling,
 Headache, dizziness,
 No more business—
 Sirs, the meeting is adjourned.'

1823.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, 1802-1839.

From Praed's *Essays*, edited by Sir George Young, 1887.

Society at
 Cambridge
 about 1830

THERE was Tennyson, the Laureate, whose goodly bay-tree decorates our language and our land ; Arthur, the younger Hallam, the subject of *In Memoriam*, the poet and his friend passing, linked hand in hand, together down the slopes of fame. There was Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and Alford, Dean of Canterbury, both profound Scriptural philologists who have not disdained the secular muse. There was Spedding, who has, by a philosophical affinity, devoted the whole of his valuable life to the rehabilitation of the character of Lord Bacon ; and there was Merivale, who—I hope by some attraction of repulsion—has devoted so much learning to the vindication of the Caesars. There were Kemble and Kinglake, the historian of our earliest civilization and of our latest war—Kemble as interesting an individual as ever was portrayed by the dramatic genius of his own race ; Kinglake, as bold a man-at-arms in literature as ever confronted public opinion. There was Venables, whose admirable writings, unfortunately anonymous, we are reading every day, without knowing to whom to attribute them ; and there was Blakesley, the 'Hertfordshire Incumbent,' of the *Times*. There were sons of families which seemed to have an hereditary right to, a sort of habit of, academic distinction, like the Heaths and the Lushingtons. But I must check this throng of advancing memories, and I will pass from this point with the mention of two names which you would not let me omit—one of them, that of your Professor of Greek, whom it is the honour of Her Majesty's late Government to have made Master of Trinity ; and the other, that of your latest Professor, Mr. F. D. Maurice, in whom you will all soon recognize the true enthusiasm of humanity.

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, 1809-1883.

From a speech delivered in 1866 at the opening of the
 Union Society's premises.

The Princess

WE, unworthier, told
Of college : he had climb'd across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs ; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord ;
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

He swore he long'd at college, only long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed ; they talk'd,
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics ;
They lost their weeks ; they vex't the souls of deans ;
They rode ; they betted ; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. From *The Princess*, 1847.

Roof-climbing
in Trinity

CROSSING the corner on to the Hall by a convenient sloping parapet we get our first glimpse of the impressive summits of the Great Court range. The new-comer's attention will, however, be more probably drawn to the nearer heights of the Hall roof, which rises above him in somewhat threatening proximity. A step up on to the creaky wooden path that fringes it and all else is shut out by the impossible slopes of its smooth slates. Time and nerve sufficing an ascent may be attempted, and the slightly raised stone coping which edges either end of the slate-slopes gives the key. Holding its square edges with both hands and placing his feet on the narrow lead gutter, the climber pulls up hand over hand, the tension on the arms keeping the feet from slipping. The stone pilaster on the summit is generally embraced with panting satisfaction, as the height makes the strain upon the muscles considerable. A few moments can well be spared to the view, and few could be insensible to its charms. The distant towers of the Great, New and Cloister Courts looming against the dark sky, lit by the flickering lamps far below ; the gradations of light and shadow, marked by an occasional moving black speck seemingly in another world ; the sheer wall descending into darkness at his side, above which he has been half-suspended on his long ascent ; the almost invisible barrier that the battlements from which he started seem to make to his terminating in the Cloisters if his arm slips, all contribute to make this deservedly esteemed the finest view point in the College Alps.

From *The Roof-Climber's Guide to Trinity*, 1899.

XII

THE LIGHTER SIDE

He can brew milk-punch better than a College Don, and drink it like an Undergraduate; he can use his fists as handily as Ben Caunt, or the Master of Trinity.

F. E. Smedley, *Frank Fairleigh*, 1850.

Scholars sing:

But come, you lads that love Canary,
Let us have a mad fegary:
Hither, hither, hither, hither,
All good fellows flock together.

Thomas Randolph, *Aristippus*, 1630.

MADIDO. Nay, if I drinke of that pudled water of Hellicon in the companie of leane Lenten shadowes, let mee for a punishment converse with single beare soe long as I live! This Parnassus and Hellicon are but the fables of the poets: there is noe true Parnassus but the third lofte in a wine tavernne, noe true Hellicon but a cup of brown bastard. Will youe travell quicklie to Parnassus? doe but carie youre drie feet into some drie tavernne, and straight the drawer will bid youe to goe into the Halfe Moone or the Rose, that is into Parnassus; then call for a cup of pure Hellicon, and he will bringe youe a cup of pure hypocrise, that will make youe speake leaping lines and dauncinge periodes. Why, give mee but a quart of burnt sacke by mee, and if I doe not with a pennie worth of candles make a better poem then Kinsaders *Satyrs*, Lodge's *Fig for Momus*, Bastard's *Epigrams*, Leichfield's *Trimming of Nash*, He give my heade to anie good felowe to make a *memento mori* of! O the genius of xijd! A quart will indite manie livelie lines in an houre, while an ould drousie Academicke, an old Stig-maticke, an ould sober Dromeder, toiles a whole month and often scratcheth his witts' head for the bringinge of one miserable period into the worlde! If therefore you be good fellowes or wise fellowes, travell noe farther in the craggie way to the fained Parnassus; returne whome with mee, and wee will hire our studies in a

The True
Helicon

taverne, and ere longe not a poste in Paul's churchyarde but shall be acquainted with our writings.

From *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, Act 11.

Tournaments TOURNAMENTS and tilting of the nobility and gentry were commonly kept at Cambridge, to the great annoyance of scholars. Many sad casualties were caused by these meetings, though ordered with the best caution. Arms and legs were often broken, as well as spears. Much lewd people waited on these assemblies, light housewives as well as light horsemen repaired thereunto. Yea, such the clashing of swords, the rattling of arms, the sounding of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the shouting of men all day-time, with the roaring of riotous revellers all the night, that the Scholars' studies were disturbed, safety endangered, lodging straightened, charges enlarged, all provisions being unconscionably enhanced. In a word, so many war-horses were brought hither, that Pegasus himself was likely to be shut out : for where Mars keeps his term, there the Muses may even make their vacation.

Thomas Fuller, 1608-1661.

From *The History of the University of Cambridge*, 1655.

Tobacco M^R BUTLER of Clare Hall was then the Oracle in physick, to him he goes and declares his condition, who, after some questions, bade him take tobacco, & so leaves him ; he knew that Butler was odd & humerous, & thought he might give him this advice to try him, and therefore resolved to wayt awhile before he medled wth so unusuall a medicine, which Hypocrates & Galen had never prescribed to any of their patients, and was at that tyme not so common nor of good report ; but his want of rest continuing, & his appetite unto his booke encreasing, he retornes to M^r Butler as a stranger, and propounds the case againe. Master Butler gives y^e same advice, and being satisfied that he was serious now, he began to take it, and found that this hot copious fume ascending did draw those crudities from the stomach's mouth y^t hindered concoction of his meate, and vapours from it that occasion sleepe, and so restored his rest, & that in tyme his strength ; and so he went on in his worke untill D^r Tyndall, M^r of the College, dyed.

Thomas Ball, 1590-1659.

From *The Life of the Renowned Dr. Preston*, 1628.

On the Fall
of the Myer
Tavern in
Cambridge

LAMENT, lament, yee schollers all,
Each weare his blackest gowne,
The Myter, that held up your witts
Is now itself fall'n downe.

The dismal fire on London bridge,
 Can move noe hart of mine,
 For that but o're the water stood,
 But this stood o're the wine ;

It needs must melt each Christian's harte
 That this sad newes but heares,
 To think how the poore hogsheads wept
 Good sack and claret teares.

The zealous students of that place
 Chainge of religion feare,
 That this mischance may soone bringe in
 A heresie of beere.

Unhappy Myter ! I would know
 The cause of this sad hap :
 Came it by making legges to low
 To Pembroke's cardinall cap ?

Then know thyselfe, and cringe no more,
 Since Poperie went downe,
 That cap should vayle to thee, for now
 The myter's next the crowne.

Or was't because our companie
 Did not frequent thy cell
 As we were wont, to drowne those cares,
 Thou fox'dst thyself and fell ?

Nay sure the divell was a dry,
 And caused this fatall blow ;
 'Twas he that made the cellar sinke,
 That he might drinke below.

And some say that the divell did it,
 That he might drink up all,
 But I thinke that the Pope was drunke,
 And let the myter fall.

Lament, ye Eton Conjurers ;
 The want of skill acknowledge
 To let your tavern fall, that stood
 At th' walls of your own colledge.

But whither walke we up and downe
 For to injoy our wishes,
 The Dolphin too must cast her crowne ;
 Wine was not made for fishes.

That signe a taverne best becomes,
 That shewes who loves wine best ;
 The Myter's then the only signe,
 For 'tis the scholler's crest.

Then drinke sacke, Sam, and cheare thy heart ;
 Be not dismay'd at all :
 For we will drinke it up againe,
 Though we doe catch a fall.

Wee'le be thy workmen day and night,
 In spight of buggebeare proctors ;
 Before, we dranke like ffreshmen all,
 But now wee'le drink like doctors.

1633.

Thomas Randolph, 1605-1635.

College
 Swipes

Aristippus. Now the whole University is full of your honest fellows that, breaking loose from a Yorkshire belfrey, have walked to Cambridge with satchels on their shoulders: there you shall have them study hard for four or five years, to return home more fools than they came: the reason whereof is drinking college tap-lash, that will let them have no more learning than they size, nor a drop of wit more than the butler sets on their heads.

2d Scholar. 'Twere charity in him to sconce 'em soundly; they would have but a poore *quantum* else.

Aristippus. Others there be that spend their whole lives in Athens, to die as wise as they were born; who, as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis beer that drowns their souls in their bodies. Hewson's cakes and Paix his ale hath frothed their brains. Hence is the whole tribe contemned, every prentice can jeer at their brave cassocks, and laugh the velvet-caps out of countenance.

Thomas Randolph.

From *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630.

1st Scholar. First, you must swear to defend the honour of Aristippus, to the disgrace of brewers, alewives, and tapsters, and profess yourself a foe, *nominalis*, to maltmen, tapsters, and red lattices.

2d Scholar. Kiss the book. [He drinks.

1st Scholar. Next, you shall swear to observe the customs and ordinances instituted and ordained by Act of Parliament in the reign of King Sigebert, for the establishing of good government in the ancient foundation of Mitre College.

2d Scholar. Kiss the book. [Drinks again.

Sim. Ay, sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, et non æquivoce.*

1st Scholar. That you keep all acts and meetings, *tam privatim*, in private houses, *quam publice*, in the Dolphin schools; that you dispute in *tenebris*, yet be not asleep at reckonings; but always and everywhere show yourself so diligent in drinking, that the proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

2d Scholar. Kiss the book. [Drinks.

1st Scholar. Lastly, that you never walk into the town without your habit of drinking, the fuddling cap and casting hood; especially when there is a convocation; and of all things, take heed of running to the assizes.

Thomas Randolph.

From *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher.*

‘RELAX, sweet girl, your wearied mind,

And, to hear the poet talk,

Gentlest creature of your kind,

Lay aside your sponge and chalk :

Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse

To hear the jingle of the Muse.

Hear your numerous vot’ries prayers :

Come, O come, and bring with thee

Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,

And all love’s soft artillery ;

Smiles and throbs and frowns and tears,

With all the little hopes and fears.’

She heard—she came—and, e’er she spoke,

Not unravish’d you might see

Her wanton eyes that wink’d the joke,

E’er her tongue could set it free,

While her forc’d blush her cheeks inflam’d,

And seem’d to say she was asham’d.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,

No tippet from our sight debars

Her heaving breasts, with moles o’erspread,

Mark’d, little hemispheres, with stars ;

The Pretty
Bar Keeper
of the Mitre

While on them with our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

In every gesture, every air,
Th' imperfect lisp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair
We awkward imitators vie ;
And, forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty as we gaze.

If e'er she sneez'd the mimic crowd
Sneez'd too, and all their pipes laid down ;
If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
And sullen, if she 'gan to frown,
In solemn silence sat profound—
But did she laugh?—the laugh went round.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
Each JOHNIAN in responsive airs
Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
With all the politesse of bears.
Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop?
E'en stake-stuck CLARIANS *strove* to stoop.

The sons of culinary KAY's
Smoaking from the eternal treat,
Lost in extatic transport gaze
As tho' the fair was good to eat ;
E'en gloomiest KING'S-MEN, pleas'd awhile,
'Grin horribly a ghastly smile.'

'But hark,' she cries, 'my mamma calls,'
And straight she's vanish'd from our sight ;
'Twas then we saw the empty bowls,
'Twas then we first perceiv'd it night ;
While all, sad synod, silent moan,
Bolt that she went—and went alone.

1741.

Christopher Smart, 1722-1770.

The ill
Results of
dining late

It in any thing we are superior to Oxford, it is in this, that our scholastic disputations in philosophy and theology are supported with seriousness and solemnity. An evil custom has, within these few years, been introduced into the University, which will in its

consequences destroy our superiority over Oxford, and leave our scholastic exercises in as miserable a state as theirs have long been. It is the custom of dining late. When I was admitted, and for many years after, every College dined at twelve o'clock, and the students after dinner flocked to the philosophical disputations, which began at two. If the schools either of philosophy or divinity shall ever be generally destitute of an audience, there will be an end of all scholastic exertion. I remember having seen the divinity-schools (when the best act—by Coulthurst and Milner, *Arcades ambo*—was keeping that I ever presided at, and which might justly be called a real academic entertainment), filled with auditors from top to bottom; but as soon as the clock struck three, a number of masters of arts belonging to colleges which dined at three slunk away from this intellectual feast; and they were followed, as might have been expected, by many undergraduates,—I say as might have been expected, for, in all seminaries of education, relaxation of discipline begins with the seniors of the society.

Richard Watson.

From Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff.

IN every college there is a set of idle people called *Lowngers*, whose whole business is to fly from the painful task of thinking. These are ready to catch at every young fellow at his first admission, and imperceptibly teach him to saunter away his time in the same idle spiritless manner with themselves. Whomsoever these *Remoras* of a college adhere to, they instantly benumb to all sense of reputation or desire of learning. But you have not much to fear from this quarter: your quick parts and lively disposition will easily defend you from these triflers, whom you must despise for their dull taste and slow apprehension.

Remoras and
Jolly Fellows

There is yet another set still more dangerous, who assume to themselves the name of *jolly fellows*, and ridicule every body who has the folly to be sober. These, you may be sure, will endeavour to draw you aside with the bewitching allurements of the bottle; and as cheerfulness makes up a part of your character, you may perhaps be led to mistake their noise for mirth, their pertness for wit, and their drunken frolics for gayety and humour. Dear sir, do but keep yourself clear of these and such like bad company, and your own good sense will direct you in forming a proper acquaintance.

*From The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge
Monthly Miscellany, 1750.*

A Lesson for
the Lute, to
which he
gave the
name of the
Author's
Mistress

It is (This very Winter) just 40 Years since I made It ; (and yet It is New, because All like It) and Then, when I was past being a Suitor to my Best Beloved, Dearest, and Sweetest Living Mistress ; But not Married ; yet Contriving the Best, and Readiest way towards It : And Thus It was.

That very Night, in which I was Thus Agitated in my Mind, concerning Her, (My Living Mistress ;) She being in Yorkshire and Myself at Cambridge,) Close shut up in My Chamber, Still, and Quiet, about 10 or 11 a Clock at Night, Musing, and Writing Letters to Her ; Her Mother, and some other Friends, in Summing up, and Determining the whole Matter, concerning our Marriage : (You may conceive, I might have very Intent Thoughts, all that Time, and might meet with some Difficulties. For as yet I had not gain'd Her Mothers consent.) So that in My Writings, I was sometimes put to My Studyings. At which times, (My Lute lying upon My Table,) I sometimes took It up, and Walk'd about My Chamber ; Letting my Fancy Drive, which way It would, (for I studied nothing, at that Time, as to Musick) yet my Secret Genius, or Fancy prompted my Fingers, (do what I could) into This very Humour ; So that every Time I walk'd, and took up My Lute, (in the Interim, betwixt Writing, and Studying) This Ayre would needs offer It self unto me, Continually ; In so much that at the last, (liking it Well, and lest It should be Lost,) I took Paper, and set It down, taking no further Notice of It, at That Time ; But afterwards, It pass'd abroad, for a very Pleasant, and Delightful Ayre, amongst All ; yet I gave It no Name, till a long Time after ; nor taking more notice of it, (in any particular kind) than of any other My Composures, of That Nature.

But after I was Married, and had brought My Wife Home, to Cambridge ; It so fell out, that one Rainy morning I stay'd within ; and in My Chamber, My Wife, and I, were all alone ; She Intent upon Her Needle-Works, and I Playing upon my Lute, at the Table by Her, She sat very Still, and Quiet, Listning to All I Play'd, without a Word a Long Time, till at last, I hapned to Play This Lesson ; which, so soon as I had once Play'd, She Earnestly desired Me to Play It again ; For, said She, That shall be Called My Lesson.

From which Words, so spoken, with Emphasis, and Accent, It presently came into my Remembrance, the Time when, and the Occasion of Its being produced, and returned Her This Answer, viz. That It may very properly be called Your Lesson ; For when I compos'd It, You were wholly in my Fancy, and the Chief Object, and Ruler of my Thoughts ; telling Her how, and when It was

made; And therefore, ever after, I Thus Call'd It, My Mistress;
(And most of my Scholars since, call It, Mrs. Mace, to This Day.)

Thomas Mace, 1619?-1709?
From *Musicks Monument*, 1676.

THE first, whose regard I attracted, (as soon as I commenc'd a toast, and had the honour to have my name tortur'd in acrostics, and inscrib'd on benches, window-panes, and drinking-glasses,) was the delicate Beau BLOSSOM. He was the neatest, the genteelest, or (in the modern dialect) the *jemmiest* of all our fellow-commoners. He was the very pink of courtesy, and the quintessence of the mode: his dress was singularly nice, even to the plaiting of his silk gown, and cut of his band: then he had the *prettiest* way of speaking, accompanied with the most engaging *je ne sçai quoi* between a smile and a simper, *he, he*. In one word, to sum up all his perfections, he was the best fiddle in the whole University. This indeed was his darling passion: nature seem'd to have form'd him for the gratification of this one sense only: he was the soul of our musick-meetings, and the glory of our organists, choristers, crotchet-mongers, and catgut-retailers. Such was my lover; and, as I had a natural good ear, he undertook to instruct me on the spinnet, which soon produc'd a concord in our affections. During our acquaintance, his chief business and delight was to rectify the disorder'd strings, to direct my artless fingers to their proper keys, and to initiate me in the noble mystery of the gamut. As I had a smattering in poetry, I would frequently write amorettes, chansonnettes, and sonatas in praise of myself, which my young ORPHEUS would set to musick, and hand about as his own. O with what raptures has he sung and play'd love to me! how often has he languish'd in a symphony and dy'd away in a quaver! Indeed, I believe, I should certainly have been his EURYDICE, if I had not had two potent rivals— in himself and his fiddle-stick.

From *The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge
Monthly Miscellany*, 1750.

WHOE'ER with frontless *phys* is blest,
Still, in a blue or scarlet vest
May saunter thro' the town,
Or strut, regardless of the *rules*,
E'en to *St. Mary's*, or the *Schools*,
In hat or poplin gown.

The
Cambridge
Toast

The
Happiness
of a Good
Assurance.
(Horace,
Ek. I., Ode 22,
imitated and
moderniz'd

A dog he unconcern'd maintains,
 And seeks with gun the sportful plains
 Which ancient *Cam* divides ;
 Or to the Hills on horseback strays
 (Unask'd his Tutor), or his chaise
 To fam'd *New-Market* guides.

For in his sight (whose brow severe
 Each morn the coffee-houses fear,
 Each night the taverns dread ;
 To whom the tatter'd *Sophs* bend low,
 To whom the gilded tossils bow,
 And Graduates nod the head ;)

E'en in the *Proctor's* awful sight,
 On *Regent-walk* at twelve last night,
 Unheeding I came ;
 And, tho' with WHISH's claret fir'd
 I brush'd his side, he ne'er enquir'd
 My college or my name.

Were I oblig'd whole terms to keep,
 And haste to chapel rous'd from sleep,
 At five each frosty morning ;
 Or for a riot should my ear
 Of hated rustication hear
 The first or second warning ;

E'en tho' my friends with careless looks
 Beheld un pitying all my books
 At THURLBOURN's auction selling ;
 Or (of all evils most severe !)
 Were I at *Barnwell* for a year
 Condemn'd to fix my dwelling ;

Yet there I never would repine,
 But, HORACE-like, with generous wine
 Be mirthful still and jolly ;
 And still in *un corrupted* lays
 Thro' *Barnwell's* groves resound the praise
 Of distant, *virtuous* POLLY.

From *The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge
 Monthly Miscellany*, 1750.

Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat ;
 Then step to my neighbour's, till dinner, to chat.
 Dinner over to *Tom's*, or to *Clapham's* I go,
 The news of the town so impatient to know ;
 While LAW, LOCKE, and NEWTON, and all the rum race,
 That talk of their modes, their ellipses, and space,
 The seat of the soul, and new systems on high,
 In holes, as abstruse as their mysteries, lie.
 From the Coffee-House then I to Tennis away,
 And at six I post back to my college, to pray :
 I sup before eight, and secure from all duns,
 Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns* :
 Where in punch or good claret my sorrows I drown,
 And toss off a bowl, to the best in the town :
 At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
 Then home to my chambers I stagger away,
 Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

From *The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge
 Monthly Miscellany*, 1750.

As some Peter-house fellows, one day, I have heard,
 Were disputing which liquor old Horace preferred,
 While some were for this sort, and others for that,
 And backed their belief with quotations quite pat ;
 Whilst in spite of their joking, the contest ran high,
 And some would have quarrell'd, but couldn't tell why ;
 Old P——ne, who till now had not moved tongue or breech,
 Put an end to the war by this comical speech :—
 ‘ You may talk of your wines with a name purely classic,
 Such as Chian, Falernian, Lesbian, and Massic ;
 But of this I am sure, and it worthy of note is,
 Hock, hock was his liquor,—“ Hoc erat in votis.” ’

From *Facetiae Cantabrigienses*, 1825.

INDEVOTION and irreverence in places of public worship have always been complained of in university towns, and though Cambridge is on many accounts the most unexceptionable of all seminaries of learning, yet even this famous Academy has been culpable, and is not at present entirely free from blame.

Irreverence
 at Public
 Worship

Most graduates in the university either confine themselves to their own college chapel, or behave with propriety when they attend the public places of devotion in the town : but some *under-graduates*, who go to the university as void of manners as of

religious principle, unacquainted with the laws of the land, and the statutes of the university, inattentive to the examples of their superiors, the propriety of their own characters, and the miserable influence, that their irreverence has on the common people, elude the vigilance of their tutors, and wander into places of worship, as their own term is, merely for a *lounge*. The dissenters come in for a share of their visits, and though custom soon produces in their ministers a useful insensibility to such visitants, yet the people, and particularly the fair sex, are frequently interrupted in their devotion.

Robert Robinson, 1735-1790.

From *A Lecture on a Becoming Behaviour in Religious Assemblies*, 1773.

I

Ode on a
College
Feast Day

HARK ! heard ye not yon footsteps dread,
That shook the hall, with thund'ring tread ?
With eager haste
The Fellows pass'd ;
Each, intent on direful work,
High lifts his mighty blade, and points his deadly fork.

II

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With steps, alas, too slow,
The College Gyps, of high illustrious worth,
With all the dishes, in long order go :
In the midst a form divine
Appears, the fam'd *Sirloin* ;
And soon, with plums and glory crown'd,
Almighty pudding sheds its sweets around.
Heard ye the din of dinner bray ?
Knife to fork, and fork to knife ;
Unnumber'd heroes in the glorious strife,
Thro' fish, flesh, pies and puddings cut their destin'd way.

III

See, beneath the mighty blade,
Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,
Low the fam'd sirloin is laid,
And sinks in many a gulph profound.
Arise, arise, ye sons of glory !
Pies and puddings stand before ye.

See the ghost of hungry bellies
 Point at yonder stand of jellies ;
 While such dainties are beside ye,
 Snatch the goods the gods provide ye ;
 Mighty rulers of the state,
 Snatch before it is too late ;
 For, swift as thought, the puddings, jellies, pies,
 Contract their giant bulk, and shrink to pigmy size.

IV

From the table now retreating,
 All around the fire they meet,
 And, with wine, the sons of eating
 Crown at length their mighty treat.
 Triumphant Plenty's rosy graces
 Sparkle in their jolly faces ;
 And mirth and cheerfulness is seen
 In each countenance serene.
 Fill high the sparkling glass
 And drink th' accustomed toast ;
 Drink deep, ye mighty host,
 And let the bottle pass.
 Begin, begin the jovial strain ;
 Fill, fill the mystic bowl,
 And drink, and drink, and drink again ;
 For drinking fires the soul.
 But soon, too soon, with one accord they reel ;
 Each on his seat begins to nod ;
 All-conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,
 And pour libations to the jolly god.
 At length, with dinner and with wine oppress'd,
 Down in their chairs they sink and give themselves
 to rest.

From The Spirit of the Public Journals, 1799.

At that time supper was the usual meal of society, the cooks
 by an order made the year before I came to college) not being
 allowed to furnish a dinner to an undergraduate without a note
 from one of the tutors, which was never granted except some
 strangers were expected. A supper, to men of your own college,
 was in general a very harmless, inexpensive affair. At eight o'clock
 your bed-maker brought you a '*sizing-bill*' (a bill of fare, in which

Supper in
 Rooms

the price of each article was set down); you chose what you thought proper, and ordered it to be taken to the room of the friend by whom you had been asked to sup. As we dined at half-past one, and there was no supper in the hall, there were several of these parties every night. Our host furnished bread and cheese, butter and beer. No wine was introduced, but the master of the feast prepared, before the arrival of his guests, a quantity of punch which he put into a tea-pot, and placed on the hob by the fireside to keep it hot. These tea-pots were of various sizes, (some of them enormous,) and supplied by the bed-makers, who charged according to the size. Nothing could be more unexceptionable than these meetings.

Henry Gunning.

From Reminiscences of the University.

Mr. Pelham I DO not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge. I had a pianoforte in my room, and a private billiard-room at a village two miles off; and, between these resources, I managed to improve my mind more than could reasonably have been expected. To say truth, the whole place reeked with vulgarity. The men drank beer by the gallon, and ate cheese by the hundredweight—wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang—rode for wagers, and swore when they lost—smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail—their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman—their most delicate amour to leer at the barmaid.

It will be believed, that I felt little regret in quitting companions of this description. I went to take leave of our college tutor. ‘Mr. Pelham,’ said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, ‘your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grassplats, nor set your dog at the proctor—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication—nor the lecture-room in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college.’

Thus closed my academic career. He who does not allow that it passed creditably to my teachers, profitably to myself, and beneficially to the world, is a narrow-minded and illiterate man, who knows nothing about the advantages of modern education.

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, Lord Lytton, 1803-1873.

From Pelham, 1828.

WITH regard to cleanliness, all smell of the Pipe may be removed The Pipe in a very little time with proper care. If you are in the habit of associating much with ladies, you should by all means have a smoking-coat made to button tightly up to the throat. You should also have a skull-cap, or a hat on your head if smoking in-doors, because tobacco scents the hair most powerfully. After you have finished your pipe, change your hat and coat and take a turn in the open air for a few minutes; if the weather prevent this, stand or walk about in a draught for a short time. If your constitution take harm from this you are too weak to smoke, and I have done with you. Don't forget to wash your hands and face after smoking, otherwise you will in time colour yourself as well as your pipe. With these precautions you will be pure and free from the smell of smoke as to your outer man. You *may* easily get rid of the smell, either by an onion, or if you prefer it, peppermint. As however these are questionable remedies, I should recommend in preference one of those small silvery globules known by the name of 'cachous.' They are very pleasant to the taste, and remove entirely all traces of the tobacco.

From *The Pipe and How to Use It*, by a Cantab, 1856.

As she stepped daintily through the snow, the upraised skirt The
Cambridge
Grisette displayed a crimson and black petticoat, and tiny feet clad in the prettiest Balmoral boots that a Cambridge artist could produce; a grey cloak and diminutive bonnet completed the costume.

As Carnby drew her arm through his, he thought her the most perfect figure that had ever honoured him by trotting by his side.

Polly was now eighteen, and had passed her last two years in a bad school. She sat all day in a work-room, with three other young ladies, who, after their sedentary diurnal occupation, usually found evening recreation in walking with any University men whose acquaintance they might have made at the backs of the colleges, or in Trumpington Street, on a Sunday evening. When, then, Polly commenced her own career, she brought with her the results of the valuable experience of her friends, which had been poured into her attentive ear during many a long day's work. This, added to considerable natural talent, made her more than a match for the numerous undergraduates who fell victims to her bright eyes.

Herbert Vaughan.

From *The Cambridge Grisette*, 1862.

New Year's
Eve

If you're waking call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
For I'll keep a morning chapel upon my last New-year,
My last New-year before I take my Bachelor's Degree,
Then you may sell my crockery ware, and think no more of me.

To-night I bade good-bye to Smith : he went and left behind
His good old rooms, those dear old rooms, where oft I sweetly
dined ;
There's a new year coming up, Filcher, but I shall never see
The Freshman's solid breakfast or the Freshman's heavy tea.

Last May we went to Newmarket : we had a festive day,
With a decentish cold luncheon in a tidy one-horse shay.
With our lardy-dardy garments we were really 'on the spot,'
And Charley Vain came out so grand in a tall white chimney-pot.

There's not a man about the place but doleful Questionists :
I only wish to live until the reading of the Lists.
I wish the hard Examiners would melt and place me high.
I long to be a Wrangler, but I'm sure I don't know why.

Upon this battered table, and within these rooms of mine,
In the early, early morning there'll be many a festive shine ;
And the Dean will come and comment on 'this most unseemly
noise,'
Saying, 'Gentlemen, remember, pray, you're now no longer boys.'

When the men come up again, Filcher, and the Term is at its
height,
You'll never see me more in these long gay rooms at night ;
When the old dry wines are circling, and the claret-cup flows cool,
And the loo is fast and furious with a fiver in the pool.

You'll pack my things up, Filcher, with Mrs. Tester's aid,
You may keep the wine I leave behind, the tea, and marmalade.
I shall not forget you, Filcher, I shall tip you when I pass,
And I'll give you something handsome if I get a second class.

Good-night, good-night, when I have passed my tripos with success,
And you see me driving off to catch the one o'clock express :
Don't let Mrs. Tester hang about beside the porter's lodge,
I ain't a fool, you know, and I can penetrate that dodge.

She'll find my books and papers lying all about the floor :
Let her take 'em, they are hers, I shall never use 'em more ;
But tell her to console her, if she 's mourning for my loss,
She 's quite the dirtiest bed-maker I ever came across.

Goodnight : you need not call me till the bell for service rings,
Through practice I am pretty quick at putting on my things :
But I would keep a chapel upon my last New-year,
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, Filcher dear.

CONCLUSION

I thought to pass some time ago, but hang it, here I am ;
Having 'muckered' in a certain Mathematical Exam.
I have been 'excused the General,' and my reverent tutor thinks
I must take up Natural Science, which is commonly called 'Stinks.'

O sweet is academic life within these ancient walls,
And sweet are Cambridge pleasures—boating, billiards, breakfasts,
balls ;
But sweeter far about this time than all these things to me
Would be the acquisition of my Bachelor's Degree.

Arthur Clements Hilton, 1851-1877.

From *The Light Green*, 1872.

XIII

THE STUDIOUS LIFE

I have heard of a Presbyterian minister who was so precise that he would not as much as take a pipe of tobacco before that he had sayed grace over it.

My father alas ! inclines mightily this way, . . . and he would needs have me go to the University of Glasco, but I do not intend it. I hope God will so incline my father's will as to suffer me to go to Cambridge, which thing I beg for Jesus Christ his sake.

Diary of Abraham de la Pryme, 1689.

The Compleat
Gentleman

SINCE the *Vniversitie*, whereinto you are embodied, is not untruley called the *Light* and *Eye* of the Land, in regard from hence, as from the Center of the Sunne, the glorious beames of *Knowledge* disperse themselves over all, without which a Chaos of blindnesse would repossesse us againe: thinke now that you are in publike view, and *nucibus relictis*, with your gowne you have put on the man, that from hence the reputation of your whole life taketh her first growth and beginning. For as no glory crowneth with more abundant praise, than that which is here wonne by diligence and wit: so there is no infamie abuseth the value and esteeme of a Gentleman all his life after, more than that procured by *Sloath* and *Error* in the Vniversities; yes, though in those yeeres whose innocencie have ever pleaded their pardon; whereat I have not a little mervailed, considering the freedome and priuiledge of greater places.

But as in a delicate Garden kept by a cunning hand, and over-looked with a curious eye, the least disorder or ranknesse of any one flower, putteth a beautifull bed or well contrived knot out of square, when rudenesse and deformity is borne withall, in rough and undressed places: so beleeeve it, in this Paradise of the Muses, the least neglect and impression of *Errors* foot, is so much the more apparrant and censured, by how much the sacred Arts have greater interest in the culture of the mind, and correction of manners.

Wherefore, your first care, even with pulling off your Boots, let be the choice of your acquaintance and company.

Henry Peacham, 1576-1644.
From *The Compleat Gentleman*, 1622.

BUT let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voicèd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

Il Penseroso

John Milton.
From *Il Penseroso*, about 1633.

FOR at Cambridge I will maintain some will look as big, and be as proud, and conceited upon the Change of a Year, or the obtaining of the Degree of Bachelor, as *Alexander* on the Conquest of *India* or *Caesar* on his victory over *Pompey* his Rival for the Empire of the World. Nay, you shall see a Soph, who never yet saw eighteen, as high and lordly, as hectoring and imperious, as if he was newly made Emperor in *Utopia*.

Proud
Scholars

William Whiston, 1667-1752
Meditations, 1690.

'Tis done: I tow'r to that degree,
And catch such heav'nly fire,
That HORACE ne'er could rant like me,
Nor is *Kings-chapel* higher.¹

My name in sure recording page
Shall time itself o'erpow'r,²
If no rude mice with envious rage
The buttery books devour.

On taking a
Bachelor's
Degree
(In allusion
to Horace,
Bk. III. Od. 30
— 'Exegi
monumentum
aere
perennius')

¹ Regali situ pyramidum altius.

² Quod non . . . innumerabilis | annorum series.

A title,¹ too, with added grace
 My name shall now attend,
 Till to the church with silent pace
 A nymph and priest ascend.²

Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
 Where late I shook with fear,
 Nor heed the *Moderator's* voice
 Loud thund'ring in my ear.³

Then with *Aeolian* flute I blow
 A soft *Italian* lay,⁴
 Or where *Cam's* scanty waters flow,⁵
 Released from lectures stray.

Meanwhile, friend BANKS,⁶ my merits claim
 Their just reward from you,
 For HORACE bids us challenge fame,
 When once that fame 's our due.⁷

Invest me with a graduate's gown,
 Midst shouts of all beholders,
 My head with ample square-cap crown,⁸
 And deck with hood my shoulders.

1743.

Christopher Smart.

A Pattern
 for Young
 Students in
 the Uni-
 versity

THO' I could not but be perfectly satisfied with, and very happy in the many kindnesses I received from my mother and you in the country, for which I return many and hearty thanks; yet methinks I receive more than ordinary satisfaction in being returned to this pleasant seat of the muses, where I find my books and all things in a very good condition, and myself happy at the ethic-table at morning lectures in the hall. And I think myself in duty bound on this day (Nov. 6) on which I was elected scholar, to give annual thanks to the Almighty for having most graciously afforded me so comfortable a subsistence, and such powerful patronage to enable me so happily to promote, not only my temporal but eternal welfare, in this learned and religious foundation. The hopes of being someways assisting to the pre-

¹ Bachelor.² Dum Capitolium | scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.³ Qua violens obstrepit Aufidus.⁴ Aeolium carmen ad Italos | deduxisse modos.⁵ Qua pauper aquae Daunus. . . .⁶ A tailor.⁷ Sume superbiam | quaesitam meritis.⁸ Mihi Delphica | lauro cinge volens . . . comam.

servation of your health, (added to the great satisfaction I always receive in seeing my dear relations) for the continuing of which I earnestly beg of you to listen to the frequent good motions of my dear mother, will be the only allurements to draw me hence.

Ambrose Bonwicke, 1691-1714.

From a letter to his father, in *A Pattern for Young Students in the University*, 1729.

I CERTAINLY did not wantonly misuse my time, or yield to any even of the slight excesses, that youth is prone to: I never frequented any tavern, neither gave nor received entertainments, nor partook in any parties of pleasure, except now and then, in a ride to the hills, so that I thank God I have not to reproach myself with any instances of misconduct towards a generous father, who at this tender age committed me to my own discretion and confided in me. I look back therefore upon this period of my life with a tranquil conscience; I even dwell upon it with peculiar delight, for within those maternal walls I passed years given up to study and those intellectual pure enjoyments, which leave no self-reproach, whilst with the works of my ancestors in my hands, and the impression of their examples on my heart, I flattered myself in the belief that I was pressing forward ardently and successfully to follow them in their profession, and peradventure not fall far behind them in their fame. This was the great aim and object of my ambition; for this I laboured, to this point I looked, and all my world was centred in my college.

Richard Cumberland.

From *Memoirs Written by Himself*.

The Model Under-graduate

It was no trifling scrutiny we had to undergo [in the competition for Trinity fellowships], and here and there pretty severely exacted, particularly, as I well remember, by Dr. Charles Mason, a man of curious knowledge in the philosophy of mechanics and a deep mathematician; he was a true modern Diogenes in manners and apparel, coarse and slovenly to excess in both; the witty made a butt of him, but the scientific caressed him; he could ornament a subject at the same time that he disgusted and disgraced society. I remember when he came one day to dinner in the college hall, dirty as a blacksmith from his forge, upon his being questioned on his appearance, he replied—that he had been *turning*—then I wish, said the other, when you was about it, friend Charles, you had *turned* your shirt.

A Modern Diogenes

Richard Cumberland.

From *Memoirs Written by Himself*.

The Scholar's
Fate

BUT fix our Scholar, and suppose him crown'd
With all the glory gain'd on classic ground ;
Suppose the world without a sigh resign'd,
And to his college all his care confined ;
Give him all honours that such states allow,
The freshman's terror and the tradesman's bow ;
Let his apartments with his taste agree,
And all his views be those he loves to see ;
Let him each day behold the savoury treat,
For which he pays not, but is paid to eat ;
These joys and glories soon delight no more,
Although, withheld, the mind is vex'd and sore ;
The honour too is to the place confined,
Abroad they know not each superior mind :
Strangers no *wranglers* in those figures see,
Nor give they worship to a high degree ;
Unlike the prophet's is the scholar's case,
His honour all is in his dwelling-place :
And there such honours are familiar things ;
What is a monarch in a crowd of kings ?
Like other sovereigns he's by forms address'd,
By statutes govern'd and with rules oppress'd.
When all these forms and duties die away,
And the day passes like the former day,
Then of exterior things at once bereft,
He's to himself and one attendant left ;
Nay, John too goes ;¹ nor aught of service more
Remains for him ; he gladly quits the door,
And, as he whistles to the college-gate,
He kindly pities his poor master's fate.

George Crabbe, 1754-1832.

From *The Borough: Letter xxiv.*, 1810.

Loneliness

Two fitful lamps in the silent court
Scarce vigour enough can muster
To throw on the nearest ivy-leaves
A faint and sickly lustre.
My voiceless books on the dusty shelves
Hang drearily round and above me,

¹ The sensation of loneliness felt by a fellow of a college when his servant left him for the night, was very feelingly described to Mr. Crabbe by the late Mr. Lambert, one of the senior fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and made a strong impression on the poet's mind.

For I 'm a poor wretch with a Fellowship
 And never a soul to love me.—
 One or two friends, good fellows enough,
 Still linger about the old College ;
 One or two bring me a noddle to stuff
 With scrapings of Classical knowledge ;
 One or two dons I don't care for a straw
 In years and in learning above me ;—
 Servants that live on me, cramming their maw,—
 But never a soul to love me !
 Right it should be so ;—why should it not ?
 Love for the lovable only ;—
 Yet a tup put to graze by himself for the rot
 May be pardoned for saying he's lonely.

James Robertson, 1836-1903.
 From *Arachnia*, 1859.

FINALLY, I thank the members, present and past, of the Council The Student
 of Trinity College, who, by thrice prolonging my Fellowship, have
 enabled me, free from sordid care, to pass my days in 'the
 calm and still air of delightful studies' amid surroundings of all
 others the most congenial to learning. The windows of my study
 look on the tranquil court of an ancient college, where the sundial
 marks the silent passage of the hours, and in the long summer
 days the fountain splashes drowsily amid flowers and grass ; where,
 as the evening shadows deepen, the lights come out in the blazoned
 windows of the Elizabethan hall, and from the chapel the sweet
 voices of the choir, blent with the pealing music of the organ, float
 on the peaceful air, telling of man's eternal aspirations after truth
 and goodness and immortality. Here, if anywhere, remote from
 the tumult and bustle of the world with its pomps and vanities
 and ambitions, the student may hope to hear the still voice of
 truth, to penetrate through the little transitory questions of the
 hour to the realities which abide, or rather which we fondly think
 must abide, while the generations come and go. I cannot be too
 thankful that I have been allowed to spend so many quiet and
 happy years in this ancient home of learning and peace.

J. G. Frazer.
 From Preface to *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, 1898.

XIV

STURBRIDGE FAIR

Sturbridge
Fair

IT is not to be wondered at, if the Town of Cambridge, cannot Receive, or Entertain the Number of People that come to this Fair; not Cambridge only, but all the Towns round are full; nay, the very Barns, and Stables are turn'd into Inns, and made as fit as they can to Lodge the meaner Sort of People. As for the People in the Fair, they all universally Eat, Drink, and Sleep in the Booths, and Tents; and the said Booths are so Intermingled with Taverns, Coffee-Houses, Drinking-Houses, Eating-Houses, Cook-Shops, &c. and all in Tents too; and so many Butchers, and Higglers from all the Neighbouring counties come into the Fair every Morning with Beef, Mutton, Fowls, Butter, Bread, Cheese, Eggs, and such things; and go with them from Tent to Tent, from Door to Door, that there's no want of any Provisions of any kind, dress'd or undress'd.

In a Word, the Fair is like a well Fortify'd City, and there is the least Disorder and Confusion (I believe) that can be seen any where, with so great a Concourse of People.

Towards the latter End of the Fair, and when the great Hurry of Wholesale Business begins to be over, the Gentry come in, from all parts of the County round; and tho' they come for their Diversion; yet 'tis not a little Money, they lay out; which generally falls to the share of the Retailers, such as Toy-shops, Goldsmiths, Brasiers, Ironmongers, Turners, Milleners, Mercers, &c. and some loose Coins they reserve for the Puppet Shows, Drolls, Rope-Dancers, and such like; of which there is no want, though not considerable like the rest: The last day of the Fair is the Horse-Fair, where the whole is closed with both Horse and Foot-Races, to divert the meaner Sort of People only, for nothing considerable is offered of that Kind: Thus Ends the whole Fair, and in less than a week more, there is scarce any Sign left that there has been such a thing there: except by the Heaps of Dung

and Straw, and other Rubbish which is left behind, trod into the Earth, and which is as good as a summer's fallow for Dunging to the Land; and as I have said above, pays the Husbandman well for the use of it.

Daniel Defoe, 1661?-1731.

From *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*, 1724.

LIKE all other fairs, your ears inform you before your eyes, that you are on the way to it. After passing Barnwell, the numerous booths and long ranges of standings burst on the sight, and the clamour of trumpets, deep sounding drums, screaming of toy-trumpets, and din of a thousand discordant voices assailed the ear and confused the thoughts. The first booths on the north side of the road, were occupied by the customary shows of wild beasts and wild men, conjurors, tumblers, and rope-dancers. Mrs. Baker's company of 'comedians' were respectable; and Lewey Owen, the clown, a young man of good family, who had abandoned himself to this way of life, full of eccentric wit and grimace, continually excited broad grins. The late Mrs. Inchbald was a performer at this fair. There was a large theatrical booth, occupied by a respectable company of comedians from Norwich, under the management of Mr. Bailey, formerly a merchant of London. . . . Other show booths, occupied by giants and dwarfs, savage beasts, and other savages, extended with stunning din along this noisy line. In front of these were the fruit and gingerbread stalls; and, walnuts being in full perfection, the venders continually strolled up and down the fair, bawling every moment in your ear—'Twenty a penny walnuts! Walnuts! twenty a penny! Crack'um away—crack'um away here!'

1760.

From *Hone's Year-Book*, 1832.

XV

COLLEGE PLAYS

Stage Plays

ONE sayd merely that 'enterludes weare the divells sarmons, and jesters the divells confessors; thease for the most part disgracing of vertue, and those not a little gracing of vices.' But, for my part, I commend not such sowere censurers, but I thinke in stage-playes may bee much good, in well-penned comedies, and specially tragedies; and I remember, in Cambridge, howsoever the presyser sort have banisht them, the wyser sort did, and still doe mayntayn them.

Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Harington, 1561-1612.

From *A Treatise on Playe*, about 1597.

Club Law,
1597

THE young scholars conceiving themselves somewhat wronged by the townsmen, (the particulars whereof I know not) betook them for revenge to their wits, as the weapon wherein lay their best advantage. These having gotten a discovery of some town-privacies, from Miles Goldsborrough (one of their own corporation) composed a merry (but abusive) comedy, (which they called Club Law) in English, as calculated for the capacities of such, whom they intended spectators thereof. Clare Hall was the place wherein it was acted, and the mayor, with his brethren, and their wives, were invited to behold it, or rather themselves abused therein. A convenient place was assigned to the townsfolk, (riveted in with scholars on all sides) where they might see and be seen. Here they did behold themselves in their own best clothes (which the scholars had borrowed) so lively personated, their habits, gestures, language, lieger-jests, and expressions, that it was hard to decide, which was the true townsman, whether he that sat by, or he who acted on the stage. Sit still they could not for chafing, go out they could not for crowding, but impatiently patient were fain to attend till dismissed at the end of the comedy.

The mayor and his brethren soon after complained of this libellous play to the lords of the privy council, and truly aggravate

the scholars offence, as if the mayor's mace could not be played with, but that the sceptre itself is touched therein. Now, though such the gravity of the lords, as they must maintain magistracy, and not behold it abused; yet such their goodness, they would not with too much severity punish wit, though waggishly employed: and therefore only sent some slight and private check to the principal actors therein.

There goeth a tradition, many earnestly engaging for the truth thereof, that the townsman not contented herewith, importunately pressed, that some more severe and public punishment might be inflicted upon them. Hereupon, the lords promised in short time to come to Cambridge, and (because the life in such things is lacking when only read) they themselves would see the same comedy, with all the properties thereof, acted over again, (the townsmen as formerly, being enjoined to be present thereat) that so they might the better proportion the punishment to the fault, if any appeared. But rather than the townsmen would be witnesses again to their own abusing, (wherein many things were too far from, and some things too near to truth) they fairly fell off from any farther prosecution of the matter.

Thomas Fuller.

From History of the University of Cambridge.

IN February [1600/1] an attack was made by certain scholars A Brawl of Trinity College upon those of St. John's, who came to the comedies acted at the former college. Whereupon 'a bill of complaint against certayne injuries and outrages committed against them, by the stage-keepers of Trinity College,' was exhibited in the Vice-chancellor's Court, by the fellows and scholars of St. John's. From the evidence of sixty witnesses, the assault was clearly proved. The chamber-maid at the Sun, declared upon oath, that she heard some Trinity men say, 'that if the two cooks of St. John's came to the comedies, they should come badly off:—and upon the previous Tuesday, Carre, a scholler of Trinity College, pupil unto Mr. Bartin, counseyll'd Sir Probeyn, a student of St. John's, to beware how he came amongst the crowds the night following, and thereat he gave this reason;—that their skulls by the appointment of some of their fellows, had gathered and layd up in the tower as many stones as would fill a large studye. The goodwife Freshbien deposed, that upon the Wednesday night, four schollers, more or less, of Trinity College, coming into her shopp for tobacco, at what tyme she knew not, spoke to her of the provision of stones layd up; and also of some bucketts to be provided to fetch water

from her conduyt, to poure downne upon St. John's mene. Then comes the testimony of six boys who carried up the stones, and that of divers others. Pratt, of St. John's standing facing Trinity, by the trompeteres, received a grievous wound, from a stone cast from the touere; and Mr. Massey, master of arts, upon being brought in by one stage-keeper, was turned out by another; and, as he descended the hall steps, was felled to the ground by a club: upwards of twenty-five proved that clubs were used, and that the stage-keepers, during all the time of the comedy, walked the court, inquiring for men of St. John's.' The case, from the number of witnesses examined, must have occupied a considerable length of time: the records consulted give us no information concerning its decision.

From *The Retrospective Review*, vol. xii., 1825.

James I. and
College Plays

MY VERY GOOD LORD,—I am newly returned from Cambridge, whither I went some two days after I wrote you my last. The King made his entry there the 7th of this present, with as much solemnity and concourse of gallants and great men, as the hard weather and extreme foul ways would permit. The Prince came along with him, but not the Queen, by reason (as it is said) that she was not invited; which error is rather imputed to their chancellor, than to the scholars, that understand not these courses. Another defect was that there were no ambassadors, which no doubt was upon the same reason; but the absence of women may be the better excused for default of language, there being few or none present, but of the Howards, or that alliance. . . . The Lord Treasurer kept there a very great port and magnificent table, with the expence of a thousand pounds a day, as is said; but that seems too large an allowance; but sure his provisions were very great, besides plenty of presents; and may be in some sort estimated by his proportion of wine, whereof he spent twenty-six tun in five days. . . . The King and Prince lay at Trinity College, where the plays were represented; and the hall so well ordered for room, that above 2000 persons were conveniently placed. The first night's entertainment was a comedy, and acted by St. John's men, the chief part consisting of a counterfeit Sir Edward Ratcliffe, a foolish tutor of physic, which proved but a lean argument; and though it were larded with pretty shews at the beginning and end, and with somewhat too broad speech for such a presence, yet it was still dry. The second night was a comedy of Clare Hall, with the help of two or three good actors from other houses, wherein David Drummond in a hobby horse, and Brakin the recorder of the

town, under the name of Ignoramus, a common lawyer, bare great parts. The thing was full of mirth and variety, with many excellent actors (among whom the Lord Compton's son, though least, was not worst), but more than half marred with extreme length. The third night was an English comedy, called Albumazar, of Trinity College's action and invention; but there was no great matter in it more than one good clown's part. The last night was a Latin pastoral of the same house, excellently written, and as well acted, which gave great contentment, as well to the King as to the rest.

Your Lordship's to command,

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton at Turin, March 16, 1614, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., 1845, by C. H. and T. Cooper.

BUT since there is such necessity to the hearsay of a tire, a periwig, or a vizard, that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that? when in the colleges so many of the young divines, and those in next aptitude to divinity, have been seen so often upon the stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antics and dishonest gestures of trinculoes, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry, which either they had, or were nigh having, to the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles. There, while they acted and overacted, among other young scholars I was a spectator; they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced, and I disliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed. Judge now whether so many good textmen were not sufficient to instruct me of false beards and vizards, without more expositors; and how can this confuter take the face to object to me the seeing of that which his reverend prelates allow, and incite their young disciples to act? For if it be unlawful to sit and behold a mercenary comedian personating that which is least unseemly for a hireling to do, how much more blameful is it to endure the sight of as vile things acted by persons either entered, or presently to enter into the ministry; and how much more foul and ignominious for them to be the actors.

John Milton
and College
Plays

John Milton.

From *An Apology for Smectymnhus*, 1642.

XVI

DRESS

**Extravagant
Garments**

AT this period [1342] great complaint was made against the clergy and the students in the Universities on account of their extravagance in dress, and the gay and unclerical appearance of their garments; disdaining the tonsure, the distinctive mark of their order, they wore their hair either hanging down on their shoulders in an effeminate manner, or curled and powdered: they had long beards, and their apparel more resembled that of soldiers than of priests; they were attired in cloaks with furred edges, long hanging sleeves not covering their elbows, shoes chequered with red and green, and tippets of an unusual length; their fingers were decorated with rings, and at their waists they wore large and costly girdles, enamelled with figures and gilt: to these girdles hung knives like swords.

From *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. i., 1842, by C. H. and T. Cooper.

**William
Soone to
George
Bruin**

THE common dress of all is a sacred cap; (I call it sacred, because worn by priests); a gown reaching down to their heels, of the same form as that of priests. None of them live out of the colleges in the townsmen's houses; they are perpetually quarelling and fighting with them; and this is more remarkable in the mock fights which they practise in the streets in summer with shields and clubs. They go out in the night to shew their valour, armed with monstrous great clubs furnished with a cross piece of iron to keep off the blows, and frequently beat the watch. When they walk the streets they take the wall, not only of the inhabitants, but even of strangers, unless persons of rank. Hence the proverb, that a Royston horse and a Cambridge Master of Arts, are a couple of creatures that will give way to nobody. (Royston is a village that supplies London with malt, which is carried up on horseback.) In standing for degrees, the North country and South country men have warm contests with one

another; as at Oxford the Welsh and English, whom the former call Saxons. In the months of January, February and March, to beguile the long evenings, they amuse themselves with exhibiting public plays, which they perform with so much elegance, such graceful action, and such command of voice, countenance and gesture, that if Plautus, Terence and Seneca were to come to life again, they would admire their own pieces, and be better pleased with them than when they were performed before the people of Rome; and Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes would be disgusted at the performance of their own citizens.

When the different ranks are assembled in the senate house, which is done by the Marshall going round to all the colleges and halls, and standing in the court with his gilded staff in one hand and his hat in the other, and with a loud voice proclaiming the day and hour of the congregation, you would think the wisest and gravest senators of some great republic were met together. To conclude, the way of life in these colleges is the most pleasant and liberal: and if I might have my choice, and my principles would permit, I should prefer it to a kingdom.

From translation of a letter from WILLIAM SOONE to GEORGE BRUIN, dated from Cologne, 1575, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. ii., 1843, by C. H. and T. Cooper.

As touching the Statute for apparell none in all the University do more offend against that statute than the two proctors who should give best ensample, and these othere two Regents Nicolls and Browne withe a few more of their adherents, who doe not only go verye disorderlie in Cambredge waring for the most part their hates and continually verye unseemly ruffles at their handes and greate Galliguskens and Barreld hoese stuffed with horse Tayles with skabilonians and knitt netherstockes to fine for schollers: but also most disguysedlie theie goo abroade waringe such Apparell even at this time in London (although like hypocrites they come at this time outwardlie covered with the scholler's weed before your honours) that a great sort of godly men and such as bear good will to the universitie are greatlie offended to se such unsemlic goinge of schollers and especially of Proctors and ministers (through whose lewde ensample and behaviour the universitie is evell spokenn of and poor schollers lesse respected).

**Unseemly
going of
Proctors**

From a petition (1572) entitled *Articles exhibited by the Masters of Colleges against Mr. Beaton, Pwefye, Nicholls, Browne and others*, one of the documents in the controversy aroused by Queen Elizabeth's New Statutes, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., by C. H. and T. Cooper.

**Disorders in
Apparel**

THE Clericall Habit appointed for Students here is generally neglected unless it be in King's College only, where they reteine y^e antient manner both for color & fashion with y^e use of square Caps from the first entrance. At Trinitie & otherwhiles at Caius, they keep their order for their wide Sleeves Gowns & for their Caps too when they list to put any on, but for y^e rest of their garments they are as light & fond as others. And others all that are Undergraduates, wear y^e new fashioned gowns of any colour whatsoever, blew or green, or red or mixt, without any Uniformity but in hanging Sleeves. And their other garments are light & gay, Some with bootes and Spurs, others with Stockings of diverse Colours reversed one upon another, & round rusti Caps they weare (If they weare any at all) that they may be the sooner despised, though the fashion here of old time was altogether 'Pileus quadratus,' as appears by reteining that custome and order still in King's Colledge, in Trin. and at Caius whose Governours heretofore were more observant of old Orders then it seems others were. But in all places among Graduates, & Priests also, as well as the younger Students, we have fair Roses upon the Shoe, long frizled haire upon y^e head, broad spred Bands upon the Shoulders, and long large Merchants Ruffs about y^e neck, with fayre feminine Cuffs at y^e wrist. Nay, and although 'Camisiæ circa collum rugatæ,' be expressly forbidden by y^e statutes of the University, yet we use them without controule, Some of our D^{rs}. heads & all to the laudable example of others.

From a paper sent to Archbishop Laud, 23rd September 1636, drawn up by Dr. John Cosin, Master of Peterhouse, or Dr. Richard Stern, Master of Jesus College, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., by C. H. and T. Cooper.

A New Yorker LATE in October, 1840, a young New Yorker was losing himself among the impracticable streets, and admiring the remarkable edifices of Cambridge. He was surprised at the number and variety of the academical buildings and their distance from one another; for, though knowing that the different colleges were separate and independent foundations, connected only by a few general ties, he had expected something like contiguity of location, and was not prepared to find them scattered over an area of some miles. Nor was it without some degree of curiosity that he inspected such of the population as he met, a curiosity which they were not slow to retaliate with abundance of eye-glasses. Dressed in the last Gothamite fashion (then, as now, a reproduction of the preceding year's Parisian), with the usual accessories of gold chain and diamond pin, the whole surmounted by a blue cloth cloak, he certainly bore no resemblance, in point of costume, to

any of the academical public whom he encountered. The Cantab's garb generally consists of a not too new black coat (frock or cutaway), trousers of some substantial stuff, grey or plaid, and a stout waistcoat, frequently of the same pattern as the trousers. Straps are unknown to him, and instead of boots he wears easy low-heeled shoes, for greater convenience in fence and ditch jumping, and other feats of extempore gymnastics which diversify his 'constitutionals.' The only showy part of his attire is the cravat, which is apt to be blue or some other decided color, and fastened in front with a large gold-headed pin. During the middle of the day this outfit is completed by a hat of the average ugliness of English hats, but before 12 A.M., and after 4 P.M., you must superadd the academical costume.

Charles Astor Bristed.

From *Five Years in an English University*, 1852.

As with men so it is with places, and Cambridge, who has a **Socks** world-wide reputation, has undoubtedly her cranks. The most casual observer could not fail to mark down some of them. Even a foreigner, to whom our entire mode of life must appear peculiar, picked out immediately one of our cranky ways. She told me, her eyes round with sympathy and sorrow, of the poor young men who walk our streets; so poor, '*stakler, stakler Gutter!*' poor, poor, boys, that they wear the ragged cloak. 'But they have the brilliant socks!' she said. 'Is this, then, what your Milton calls the light fantastic toes?'

Ah, the brilliant socks! Here indeed is one of our cranks, a prominent whimsicality, confounding the foreigner, who saw it peeping from beneath the ragged gown, outshining in its brilliance the many-coloured coat of Joseph. Spotted and striped, orange, purple, green, this crank glows, in a glory of colour and in a wealth of bold designs, from end to end of Cambridge, cheering her grey pavements even in dull and sloppy weather, and cheering immeasurably the hearts of her tattered sons. It has a powerful grip, this crank of ours, and pounces upon all and sundry. Be you never so serious, I vouch for it that, if you come to Cambridge, you will be socked in pink or red! For, concentrating in itself all the pomps and vanities, this crank is irresistible; and the heart of every man among us is swayed by each caprice of the wilful and chameleon-natured sock. It trips the toes of sober virtue, it twines itself around the very legs of wranglers, and artfully enwraps tutorial feet.

O. J. Dunlop.

From *Leaves from a Cambridge Note-Book*, 1907.

XVII

GLIMPSES OF HISTORY

Cambridgeshire, capital Cambridge. The town is cut in two by the river. The river is spanned by a bridge. Until lately we called it the Great Bridge. Dwellers on the Thames may look at it with contemptuous eyes; but in some sort it is the most famous bridge in England: the one bridge that gives name to a county.

F. W. Maitland, *Township and Borough*, 1898.

Queen
Etheldrida

SHE [Queen Etheldrida] was succeeded in the office of abbess by her sister Sexberga, who had been wife to Erconbert, King of Kent; who, when her sister had been buried sixteen years, thought fit to take up her bones, and, putting them into a new coffin, to translate them into the church. Accordingly she ordered some of the brothers to provide a stone to make a coffin of; they accordingly went on board ship, because the country of Ely is on every side encompassed with the sea or marshes, and has no large stones, and came to a small abandoned city, not far from thence, which, in the language of the English, is called Grantchester, and presently, near the city walls, they found a white marble coffin, most beautifully wrought, and neatly covered with a lid of the same sort of stone. Concluding therefore that God had prospered their journey, they returned thanks to him, and carried it to the monastery.

Bede, 673-735.

From *Ecclesiastical History*.

The Begin-
nings of the
University

HE [Joffrid, Abbot of Croyland] sent also to his manor of Cotenham near Cambridge Sir Gislebert his fellow-monk and Professor of Divinity, with three other monks who had followed him into England, and they being well instructed in philosophical theorems, and other primitive sciences, and coming daily to Cambridge, in a certain hired public barn, openly taught their sciences, and in the course of a short time had collected a great number of

scholars. But in the second year of their coming the number of scholars was so greatly increased as well from the whole country as from the town, that not even the greatest house, barn, nor any church was sufficient for their reception. Whereupon they separated into various places, and followed the form of study of Orleans. Early in the morning brother Odo, a grammarian and satirical poet in that time famous, read grammar according to the doctrine of Priscian and Remigius, to the boys and younger sort assigned to him. At the hour of prime, Terricus, a most acute sophister, taught the logic of Aristotle, according to Porphyry and the comments of Averroës, to the elder. At the hour of tierce, brother William lectured on Tully's rhetoric and Quintilian's Flores. But Master Gislebert preached every Sunday and feast-day in some church the word of God to the people in the English tongue; but well furnished and profound in his Latin and French, he strongly disputed against the error of Judaism. On festival days, before the sixth hour, he explained the text of the sacred page to scholars and priests especially flocking to hear him; and moreover some yet unbelieving, and blinded with judaical falsehood, were struck with remorse, and came at his words into the bosom of the mother Church, having scarcely abandoned their former error.

Peter de Blois, *fl.* 1160-1204.
From *Continuatio ad Historiam Ingulphi*.

I. 18. *Unwonder me this Wonder.*

AND here I must admire one thing, and shall be thankful to such who will cure my wonder, by showing me the cause of that I wonder at:—‘What might be the reason that monks and friars in this age had such stately houses, rich endowments, plentiful maintenance? whilst students in the University had poor chambers, hard fare, short means, and that on their own or parents’ charges: and yet there was more honesty, industry, painfulness and piety within the study of one scholar, than the cells of a hundred monks?’ Some, perchance, will impute this to the fancy of men, —lapping, dandling, and feeding monkeys and marmosets, while creatures of more use are less regarded. Others will say, ‘It was because scholars studied the liberal—monks the lucrative—sciences; university-men were more busied in reading books, than mumbling of masses, and praying for the dead,—the main matter which brought grist to the monks’ mill.’ Whatever was the secret cause, this was the apparent effect thereof:—Scholars, as they were lean, so they were lively, attracted less envy, procured more love,

Thomas
Fuller

endured more labour, which made them to last and to live after the destruction of the other.

II. 21, 22. *Two hundred Halls said to be in Oxford. Magnitude supplies Multitude.*

But here the Oxford antiquary insulteth on the paucity of ancient hostels, in Cambridge, (which all our industry can not advance to forty,) much boasting of the numerousness of the halls in Oxford, which he mounteth to above two hundred, assigning their several names and situations, besides entries, chambers, and other less places for students to live in.

I envy not my aunt's fruitfulness, (though every hundred had been a thousand,) but conceive such Halls must needs be mean and small structures, if we consult the content and extent of Oxford, not exceeding Cambridge in greatness of ground, and the latter every whit as *εὐπυγγής*, or 'well-compacted together.' Either then such Halls (like flowers that grow double) must one crowd into another; or else they must be inconsiderably small, like those three hundred sixty five which Margaret countess of Henneberg brought forth at a birth in Holland,—one skull whereof I have seen,¹ no bigger than a bead or a bean; or else it is utterly impossible such a compass of ground should contain them. Besides, 'if all the body be the eye, where then is the hearing?' These two hundred Halls for scholars will take up so much ground, none will be left for the townsmen. This makes me conceive, that *aula* (whence our 'Hall') did import but one fair room, or else was a townsman's house, (like Moody-Hall in Cambridge,) where scholars dieted together. This I dare aver, that what the halls in Cambridge wanted of Oxford in number, they had in greatness; so that what was lost in discrete—was found in continued—quantity. For we read how in the Hostels of St. Mary, Bernard, Thomas, Augustine, there were twelve, twenty, and sometimes thirty regents, besides non-regents above them, and young students beneath them. As for the Hostels designed for lawyers, almost every of them had fourscore or an hundred students, So that what Homer saith of a physician, that he is *πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἄλλων*, 'eminently worth many others': one of Cambridge-Hostels might be equivalent, in number of students, to many of these Oxford-Halls; and the difference not so great in scholars, as the disproportion betwixt

¹ Derived for some hundred years by succession, through authentic physicians, to Dr. Vilvain of Exeter, present owner thereof, and avouched, by the skilful in anatomy, the true head of an infant once born into the world.

thirty of the one and two hundred of the other doth seem to import.

II. 33-35. *The eldest English-endowed College. Exception to the contrary answered. The Truth unparially stated.*

We Cambridge-men behold this College [Peterhouse] as the first foundation endowed in England, which our coe-rivals at Oxford will not allow. For I find it inscribed in Rochester church, on the monument of Walter de Merton, that the College by him founded and named is the example of all in that kind. Mr. Camden, in his description of Oxford, affirmeth, that Balliol and Merton Colleges therein are 'the two first endowed for Students in Christendom.' And some allege that Merton College must needs be the mother, and Peter-House but the daughter, because Simon de Montacute, bishop of Ely, did prescribe the statutes of Merton to be observed by the Students of Peter-House.

All this scarce moveth—nothing removeth—us from our former opinion; being almost as confident of the seniority of Peter-House before all other Colleges, as Romanists are of the priority of St. Peter before the rest of the apostles. And first, as for the inscription in Rochester, both it and Merton's monument are modern, as set up by Sir Henry Savile, *anno* 1598. That passage of the great antiquary is only extant in the English translation, not Latin, Britannia; and so may justly seem to have more of Philemon Holland, than William Camden therein. It is confessed that Simon Montacute, the seventeenth bishop of Ely, more than sixty years after Balsham's death, enjoined our Petreans the observation of Merton-College statutes, finding them more convenient than such which their Founder had left them. But this makes nothing to the matter of most antiquity, the point in controversy. In requital of this courtesy, if Cambridge have ought the imitation whereof may be acceptable to Oxford, she is right glad for the welcome occasion; as, lately, Oxford, in choice of her Proctors, hath conformed herself to Cambridge-custom, by way of a circular combination of Colleges, as a course most quiet, and freest from faction.

The crisis of the controversy depends, if I mistake not, on the clearing of the different dates of the foundation of Peter-House, and comparing it with others.

The unparial result is this, Peter-House was founded before any, but endowed (by the same founder) after two Colleges in Oxford. Yet because, in such doubtful casts, it is good reason

Cambridge should measure to her own most advantage; we may safely say that Peter-House is the first College endowed, though not the first-endowed College, in England, and, by consequence, in Christendom.

II. 55. *An invidious Elogy of this Hall.*

King Henry vi. was so great a favourer of this House [Pembroke Hall], that it was termed his adopted daughter, (King's College only being accounted his natural son), and great were his benefactions bestowed thereon. But, above all, we take notice of that passage in his charter, granting (repeated in another of King Edward's confirming) lands to this House:—*Notabile et insigne, et quam pretiosum Collegium, quod inter omnia loca Universitatis (prout certitudinaliter informamur) mirabiliter splendet et semper resplenduit.* Now, although it is frequent for inferiors to flatter their superiors, it is seldom seen that subjects are praised by their sovereigns without due cause; as this doth appear true to such who seriously peruse our foregoing catalogue. And though the commendation in the King's charter be confined to Cambridge; yet may it be extended to any College in Christendom of the same proportion for students therein. I say, (as the apostle in another kind,) that there may be an equality, 2 Cor. viii. 14, let Pembroke Hall be compared with any foundation in Europe not exceeding it, in bigness, time, and number of members, and it will acquit itself not conquered in all learned and liberal capacities.

IV. 2. *The large Privilege of Cambridge for printing, much improved therein.*

Over into England about this time [1400] first came the mystery of printing; but when first brought to Cambridge, it is uncertain. Only I hope I may without offence report what I have read in the oracle of our English law¹: 'This University of Cambridge hath power to print within the same *omnes et omnimodos libros*; which the University of Oxford hath not.'

True it is, it was a great while before Cambridge could find out the right knack of printing, and therefore they preferred to employ Londoners therein. Thus I find a book of Robert Alynton's, called *Sophistica Principia*, printed at London by Wynand de Word, *ad usum Cantabrigiensem*, anno 1510. But some seven years after, one Sibert, University-printer, improved that mystery

¹ Sir Edward Coke.

to good perfection, fairly setting forth the book of Erasmus, *De conscribendis Epistolis*, the author then living in Cambridge, who may be presumed curious in the impression of his works. In the next age Thomas Thomasius, Fellow of King's, and Cambridge-printer, (known by the Dictionary of his name), heightened printing to higher degree; since, exactly completed by his successors in that office, witness the Cambridge Bible, of which none exacter or truer edition in England.

V. 4-10. [*The draining of the Fens*] since effected to admiration. *Labor improbus omnia vincit. Cambridge why jealous herein; never pleased. Deep Philosophy. A real refutation. Cambridge Air bettered.*

But the best argument to prove that a thing may be done, is actually to do it. The 'undertakers' in our present age have happily lost their first name in a far better of 'performers'; and of late the Fens nigh Cambridge have been adjudicated drained, and so are probable to continue. Very great was the ingenuity, industry, (the eyes and hands of all grand designs,) and expense in this action. For the river Ouse, formerly lazily loitering in its idle intercourses with other rivers, is now sent the nearest way (through a passage cut by admirable art) to do its errand to the German Ocean.

I confess, Cambridge ever looked on the draining of the Fens with a jealous eye, as a project like to prove prejudicial unto them. And within my memory, an eminent preacher made a smart sermon before the Judges of the Assizes on this text: 'Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream,' Amos v. 24; wherein he had many tart reflections on the draining of the Fens, inciting the Judges to be tender of the University so much concerned therein. But, it seems, Cambridge was then more frightened than since it hath been hurt, now the project is effected.

The chiefest complaint I hear of is this,—that the country thereabout is now subject to a new drowning, even to a deluge and inundation of plenty; all commodities being grown so cheap therein. So hard it is to please froward spirits, either full or fasting.

Here even a serious body can not but smile at their conceit, who so confidently have reported and believed, that the late drought, these last three years, proceeded from the draining of the Fens. As if the sun, arising in these eastern counties, were offended that he was disappointed of his morning's draught, (which he formerly

had out of the Fens,) and now wanteth vapours, the materials of rain, whereof those moist grounds afforded him plenty before.

A jejune and narrow conceit: as if the cockle-shell of Fen-waters were considerable to quench the thirst of the sun, who hath the German Ocean to carouse in at pleasure. Besides, their fond fancy is confuted by the wetness of this last summer, affording rain enough, and too much.

As Cambridgeshire hath gotten more earth, so hath it gained better air by the draining of the Fens. And Cambridge itself may soon be sensible of this perfective alteration. Indeed, Athens, the staple of ancient learning, was seated in a morass, or fenny place, (and so Pisa, an academy in Italy,) and the grossness of the air is conceived, by some, to quicken their wits and strengthen their memories. However, a pure air, in all impartial judgments, is to be preferred for students to reside in.

V. 14. *King Henry foundeth a small College, and William Bingham another. Both united and enlarged into King's College. The admirable Chapel.* A.D. 1442, 3.

The Chapel in this College is one of the rarest fabrics in Christendom, wherein the stone-work, wood-work, and glass-work contend which most deserve admiration. Yet the first generally carrieth the credit, (as being a stonehenge indeed,) so geometrically contrived, that voluminous stones mutually support themselves in the arched roof, as if art had made them to forget nature, and weaned them from their fondness to descend to their centre. And yet, though there be so much of Minerva, there is nothing of Arachne in this building: I mean, not a spider appearing, or cob-web to be seen on the (Irish-wood or cedar) beams thereof. No wonder, then, if this chapel, so rare a structure, was the work of three succeeding kings;—Henry vi. who founded—vii. who fathered—viii. who finished—it. The whole College was intended conformable to the Chapel; but the untimely death (or rather deposing) of King Henry vi. hindered the same. Thus foundations partake of their founder's interest, and flourish or fade together. Yea, that mean Quadrant (now almost all the College extant at this day) was at first designed only for the choristers.

V. 20. *An old Debt well paid.*

One tells us, that, as King's College was first furnished from Eaton, so Eaton was first planted from Winchester School, whence Henry vi. fetched five Fellows, and thirty-five eminent Scholars, to

furnish his first foundation. But let our aunt know, that this debt hath been honestly satisfied, with plentiful consideration for the forbearance thereof. For in the year of our Lord 1524, when Robert Shorton, Master of Pembroke Hall, was employed by Cardinal Wolsey to invite Cambridge-men (some full blown in learning, others but in the bud and dawning of their pregnancy) to plant his foundation at Christ-church, King's College afforded them many eminent scholars, then removed thither : amongst whom were Richard Cox, afterwards schoolmaster to King Edward VI. ; John Frith, afterward martyred for the truth ; John Feder, a famous physician of that age ; Henry Sumptner, who, at Christ-church for his religion being hardly used, died soon after ; with many more eminent persons, who hereafter, God willing, shall be observed. Thus Christ-church in Oxford was first a Cambridge colony. Be this remembered, partly that Cambridge may continue her original title to such worthy men, and partly, to evidence her return to her sister of what formerly she had borrowed. Otherwise, it matters not on which of the two branches learned men do grow, seeing all spring from one and the same root of the English nation.

V. 30. *Cambridge Library augmented with many precious Books.*

At this day the library (or *libraries*, shall I say?) of three successive archbishops, *painful* Parker, *pious* Grindall, *politic* Bancroft, (on the miscarriage of Chelsea College, to which first they were bequeathed,) are bestowed upon Cambridge ; and are beautifully shelved, (at the costs, as I am informed, of Sir John Woollaston, alderman of London,) so that our library will now move the beam, though it cannot weigh it down, to even the scale with Oxford. As for the Schools themselves, though our aunt boasteth that it is not worthy to carry the books after the Oxford library for the statefulness of the edifice ; yet sure the difference is more in the case than in the jewels therein contained.

V. 39. *Erasmus a Student in Queen's College.*

Queen's College accounteth it no small credit thereunto, that Erasmus (who no doubt might have pickt and chose what House he pleased) preferred this for the place of his study, for some years in Cambridge ; either invited thither with the fame of the learning and love of his friend, bishop Fisher, then Master thereof ; or allured with the situation of this College, so near the river, (as Rotterdam, his native place, to the sea,) with pleasant walks thereabouts.

V. 48. *Erasmus studieth in Queen's College.*

About this time Erasmus came first to Cambridge, (coming and going for seven years together,) having his abode in Queen's College, where a study on the top of the south-west tower in the old court still retaineth his name. Here his labour, in mounting so many stairs, (done, perchance, on purpose to exercise his body and prevent corpulency,) was recompensed with a pleasant prospect round about him. He often complained of the College-ale, *cervisia hujus loci mihi nullo modo placet*,—as raw, small, and windy; whereby it appears, 1. Ale in that age was the constant beverage of all Colleges before the innovation of beer (the child of hops) was brought into England. 2. Queen's College *cervisia* was not *vis Cereris*, but *Ceres vitiata*. In my time, (when I was a member of that House,) scholars continued Erasmus's complaint; whilst the brewers (having, it seems, prescription on their side for long time) little amended it. The best was, Erasmus had his *lagena* or flagon of wine recruited weekly from his friends at London; which he drank sometimes singly by itself, and sometimes encouraged his faint ale with the mixture thereof.

VIII. 46, 47. *King James's matchless Entertainment at Hinchinbrook; where the Doctors of Cambridge wait on his Majesty.*

1 James.

King James removed by many small journeys and great feasting from Scotland to London. Always the last place he lodged in seemed so complete for entertainment, that nothing could be added thereunto; and yet commonly the next stage exceeded it in some stately accession; until at last, April 27th, his majesty came to Hinchinbrook, nigh Huntingdon, the house of Master Oliver Cromwell, where such his reception, that, in a manner, it made all former entertainments forgotten, and all future to despair to do the like. All the pipes about the house expressed themselves in no other language than the several sorts of the choicest wines. The entertainer being so rich a subject, and the entertained so renowned a sovereign, altered the nature of what was here expended, (otherwise justly censurable for prodigality,) to be deservedly commended for true magnificence.

But it was the banquet which made the feast so complete. Hither came the Heads of the University of Cambridge, in their scarlet gowns and corner caps, where Mr. Robert Naunton, the Orator, made a learned Latin oration, wherewith his majesty was

PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY VIII 157

highly affected. The very variety of Latin was welcome to his ears, formerly almost surfeited with so many long English speeches, made to him as he passed every corporation. The Heads in general requested a confirmation of their privileges, (otherwise uncourtlike at this present to petition for particulars,) which his highness most willingly granted.

Thomas Fuller.

From *The History of the University of Cambridge*.

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
 Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
 The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride :
 And lo ! a poniard at the Monarch's side,
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-described.
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?
 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
 How Providence educeth, from the spring
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate !

William Wordsworth.

From *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, Part iii. 4.

Recollection
 of the
 Portrait of
 King Henry
 the Eighth,
 Trinity Lodge,
 Cambridge

MEM. That wher certen officers in the court and others then in authoritie under the Kyng importunately sying to hym to have the Londes and possessions of both unyversities surveyed, they meanyng afterwards to enjoye the best of their Londes and possessions bi exchange of Impropeed benefyces and such other improved londes, certen frends of thunyversity perceyving the sequel like to tourne to a myschefe sayd to the kinge for avoyding the gret chargis that shuld be susteyned therein not to send eny of his costly officers to that purpose : and thereupon he sent his comyssion to Matthew Parker than Vicechancellor, to John Redman Master of Trynytie colleage, and to William Meye Master of the quenys colleage, to surveye them and to make report to his highnes what the state of the revenues, and what number were susteyned therewith. Which said commissioners with the helpe of 11 clarkes of the augmentation courte ingrossed particularly the particular possessions of the unyversitie, coleges and other spual londes ther : In the ende the said comyssioners resorted up to Hampton courte to present to the King a brief summary wryten in a fayr shete of

The Repayre
 up of
 M. Parker &
 W. Meye -
 after surveye
 to the Kinges
 Majestie

vellem, (which very boke is yet reserved in the college of corpus christi) describing the revenews, the repryses, the allowances, and nombre and stipend of every colleage, which boke the King diligently perused and in a certen admiration saide to certen of his Lords which stode by, that he thought he had not in his realme so many parsons so honestly mayntened in lyvyng bi so little lond and rent: and wher he asked of us, what it ment that the most part of Colleges shulde seame to expend yerly more than ther revenues amounted to, We answered that yt rose partly of fynes for leases and indentures of the fermours renewing ther leasys, partly of wood salys; whereupon he sayd to the lordes *that petye it wer these londes shuld be altered to make them worse*, at which wordes som wer grieved, for that they disapoynted *lupos quosdam hiantes*. In fine we sued to the Kinges Majestie to be so graciouse lorde, that he wolde favour us in the contynuaunce of our possessions such as thei were, and that no man bi his grace's letters shulde require to permute with us to give us worse, he made ansurr and smiled, that he could not but wryght for hys servantes and others doying the service for the realme in warys and other affayres, but he sayd he wold put us to our choyce whether we shulde gratify them or no, and bad us hold our owne for after his wryting he wolde force us no furer. With which wordes we were wel amynd and so departed.

Statement in the handwriting of Archbishop Parker in the Library of Corpus Christi College, printed in *A Collection of Letters, etc., from the MS. Library of Corpus Christi College*, edited by John Lamb, D.D., 1838.

To our right trustye deere and wellbelovyd the Chauncelour and Vicechauncelor of my Lorde the Kinges Majesties Unyversytie of Cambrydge and to the hole sayde unyversytie there.

Queen
Catherine
Parr to the
University

YOUR letters I have receyved presentyd on all your behalves by Mr. Doctour Smythe your discrete and lerned advocate. And as they be latenly wrytyn wyche is so signyfyed unto me by those that be lernyd in the laten tonge so (I knowe) you colde have utteryd your desyres and opinions famylyerlye in your vulgare tonge aptyste for my intelligence, albeyt you seme to have conceived rather parcially than treuly a favourable estymacion, bothe of my goynge forward and dedication to lernyng wyche tadvance or at the least conserve you by your letters move me, dyversely schewyng how agreable yt ys to me beyng in this worldye estate not only for myne nowne parte to be studyous, but also a maintener and a cheryssher of the lernyd state, by bayring me in hande that I am

induyd and perfyted with those qualytyes and respectys wyche owght to be in a person of my vocation. Truly thys your discrete and polyticke document I as thankfully accepte you dyssyre that I shuld imbrace yt. And for as muche (as I do here) all kynde of lernyng dothe floryshe amonge you in thys age as yt dyd amongst the greeks at atthens long ago I dyssyre you all not so to hunger for the exquisyte knowlege of profane lernyng that yt may be thought the greeke unyversytye was but transposed or now in England agayne revived forgeyting our christianitye, Since their excellency only dyd attayne to morall and natural thynges: but rather I gentlyly exhorte you to studye and applye those doctrynes as maynes and apte degrees to the atteyning and settinge forthe the better Christes reverent and most sacerd doctryne: that yt may not be layed agaynst you in evidence at the trybunall seatt of God how you where ashamed of Chrystys doctrine for thys lateyn lessone I am tawght to say of Saynte Paule *Non me pudet evangelii*, to the syncre settinge forthe whereof (I trust) unyversally in all your vocations and mynysteryes you wyll apply and conforme your sundery gyftes artes and studyes to shuche ende and swort that Cambrydge may be accountyd rather an unyversytie of devyne philosophie than of naturall or morall as athens was. Apon the confidence of wyche your acomplysschement to my expectation zeale and request I (accordyng to your desyres) have attemptyd my lorde the Kynges Majesty for the stablysschment of your lyvelyhod and possessions in whyche notwithstanding hys majesties proprietye and interest throghe the consent of the hyghe courte of parlament hys hyghenes beyng shuche a patrone to good lernyng dothe tender you so muche that he woll rather advance lernyng and erecte new occasion thereof then to confound those your ancyent and godly instytutions: so that lernyng may here after justly ascrybe hyr very orygynall hole conservation and sure staye to our sovereyne lorde, hyr only defence and worthy ornament the prosperous estate and princely government of whom longe to preserve I dowt not butt every of you woll with dayly invocation call upon hym who alone and only can dyspose all to every creature. Scribeled with the hand of hyr that prayeth to the lord and immortal god to send you all prosperous successe in godly lernyng and knowledge. From my lord the Kynges Majesties manoere of grenewyche the xxvi^e of February.

1547.

Kateryn the Quene K.P.

Letter from Queen Catherine Parr (1512-1548), printed in *A Collection of Letters, etc., from the MS. Library of Corpus Christi College*, edited by John Lamb, D.D.

MDLVI xxix Novemb.

Queene Mary's
Visitation.
By J. More
present

ON Sondag froste and colde wynde. It. the dirge masse at viii and my lord of Chester (Doctor Scott) preached in trinite parysshe at ix, wher a poore felow stooode with a payre of beades in his hande all the sermon tyme in the mydd pase before the quere dore. Unto whom my lorde spake in the sermon tyme and called hym heretyke, and at the beade tyme the curatt red unto hym an abjuratyon and detestacion of all his heresydes and tooke an othe to be catholick &c. and after dyner Mr. Clayton and I wente to the scholes and perused the state of trinite hutch and fownde all even. It. old mother Dodson buryed in lytle S. Maryes.

vi Februar.

ON Saturday faire. It. about vii they [the Commissioners] sent for the Vic. to know in what redines he had set all thynges for the taking uppe and brenning of Bucer and Fagius, who aunswering thet provision was made for all things accordingly they sent with him Marshall the notarye and they first took the othe of Andr. Smith, Hen. Sawyer, and Henr. Adam in St. Myhelles for the buryinge and taking upp of P. Fagius and the lyke othe they took at St. Marye's of R. Smyth and Will. Hasell alderman and J. Capper Sexton, whereuppon the said Bucer and Fagius were taken up owt of their graves and about ix of the clock brent in the market place and a cart lode of Bookes with them, for betwyxt 8 and 9 my L. of Lynkolne preched in St. Mary's and stood till almost xi setting furthe Bucer's wyckedness and heretycall doctryn. . . .

viii Februar.

ON munday *generalis processio Regentium et non hora 7. et omnium studentium in collegio trinitatis et quilibet in habitu*, the curattes lykwyse with the crosse and copes were warned to be there by the Commissarye, and the Mayre and Aldermen in their skarlettes with torches brenninge, with the baylyffes and burgesses, every of the visitors, every Doctor, and every master of a College had lykyse a torche, and D^{rs} Harvy, Mowse, Hatcher and Walker bore the canopy and my lorde of Chester in Xtes college best cope with a fyne lawne garnished with golde over the same caryed the sacramente in a lytle monstat belonginge to Gonvyll Hall, and first the strewers and crosses with the curattes in copes sett furthe, then all the scholeres, not graduates, and the scholeres servantes after them, then the bachelors, and regentes, doctores, the sacramente, the visitors, the non regentes, the mayre and aldermen, and laste baylyffes and burgesses, fyrst by S. Johns to the rowne parysshe, and so throwghe the petycury, rounde abowte the

markette hyll, then throwghe the bocherye by Benet church, and so to S. Maryes synginge *salve festa dies* all the waye. Then masse songe by the Vic. with deacon and subdeacon in piksonge and organs. And after masse my L. of Chester preached and stode till halfe houre after xi. . . . It. the Canabye [canopy?] was a fyre agayne, as it was on Corpus Xti daye agaynst the malte myll, and ther putt furthe. It. iiii tall scholeres caryed torches abowte the sacramente, whose gownes were wonderfully rayed with dyrte as many others wer, doctors and others. . . .

John Mere, died 1558.

From *Diary of Queen Mary's Visitation*, printed in *A Collection of Letters, etc., from the MS. Library of Corpus Christi College*, edited by John Lamb, D.D.

By this small mention of Cambridge I am carried into three imaginations: first, into a sweet remembrance of my time spent there; then, into some careful thoughts for the grievous alteration that followed soon after; lastly, into much joy, to hear tell of the good recovery and earnest forwardness in all good learning there again. . . .

**The Schole-
master**

Doctor Nicholas Medcalfe, that honourable father, was master of St. John's College when I came thither; a man meanly learned himself, but not meanly affectioned to set forward learning in others. . . .

This his goodness stood not still in one or two, but flowed abundantly over all that college, and brake out also to nourish good wits in every part of that University: whereby, at his departing thence, he left such a company of fellows and scholars in St. John's College, as can scarce be found in some whole University: which, either for divinity, on the one side or other, or for civil service to their prince and country, have been, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole realm. Yea, St. John's did then so flourish, as Trinity College, that princely house now, at the first erection was but *colonia deducta* out of St. John's, not only for their master, fellows and scholars, but also (which is more) for their whole both order of learning and discipline of manners. And yet to this day, it never took master but such as was bred up before in St. John's; doing the duty of a good *colonia* to her *Metropolis*, as the ancient cities in Greece, and some yet in Italy at this day, are accustomed to do.

St. John's stood in this state, until those heavy times, and that grievous change that chanced *anno* 1553; when more perfect scholars were dispersed from thence in one month, than many years can rear up again. For when Aper de Silva had passed the

Seas, and fastened his foot again in England, not only the two fair groves of learning in England were either cut up by the root or trodden down to the ground, and wholly went to wrack ; but the young spring there, and every where else, was pitifully nipt and overtrodden by very beasts ; and also the fairest standers of all were rooted up, and cast into the fire, to the great weakening even at this day of Christ's church in England both for religion and learning.

And what good could chance then to the Universities, when some of the greatest, though not of the wisest, nor best learned, nor best men neither of that side, did labour to persuade, that ignorance was better than knowledge? which they meant not for the laity only, but also for the greatest rabble of their spirituality, what other pretence openly soever they made. And therefore did some of them at Cambridge (whom I will not name openly) cause hedge priests, fetched out of the country, to be made fellows in the University ; saying in their talk privily, and declaring by their deeds openly, that he was fellow good enough for their time, if he could wear a gown and tippet comely, and have his crown shorn fair and roundly ; and could turn his portesse and pie readily. Which I speak, not to reprove any order either of apparel or other duty, that may be well and indifferently used ; but to note the misery of that time, when the benefits provided for learning were so foully misused.

And what was the fruit of this seed? Verily, judgment in doctrine was wholly altered, order in discipline very sore changed, the love of good learning began suddenly to wax cold, the knowledge of the tongues (in spite of some that therein had flourished) was manifestly contemned : and so, the way of right study purposely perverted ; the choice of good authors, of malice confounded. Old Sophistry (I say not well) not old, but that new rotten Sophistry, began to beard and shoulder logic in her own tongue : yea, I know that heads were cast together, and counsel devised, that Duns, with all the rabble of barbarous questionists, should have dispossessed of their place and room, Aristotle, Plato, Tully and Demosthenes ; whom good Mr. Redman, and those two worthy stars of that University, Mr. Cheke and Mr. Smith, with their scholars, had brought to flourish as notable in Cambridge, as ever they did in Greece and in Italy : and for the doctrine of those four, the four pillars of learning, Cambridge then giving no place to no University, neither in France, Spain, Germany, nor Italy. Also, in outward behaviour, then began simplicity in apparel to be laid aside, courtly gallantness to be taken up, frugality in diet was

EXHUMATION OF BUCER AND FAGIUS 163

privately misliked, town-going to good cheer openly used; honest pastimes, joined with labour, left off in the fields; unthrifty and idle games haunted corners and occupied the nights: contention in youth no where for learning, factions in the elders every where for trifles.

All which miseries at length, by God's providence, had their end the 16th November, 1558. Since which time the young spring hath shot up so fair, as now there be in Cambridge again many goodly plants (as did well appear at the Queen's Majesty's late being there), which are like to grow to mighty great timber, to the honour of learning and great good of their country, if they may stand their time, as the best plants there were wont to do; and if some old doterel trees, with standing over-nigh them and dropping upon them, do not either hinder or crook their growing: wherein my fear is the less, seeing so worthy a justice of an oyer hath the present oversight of that whole chase: who was himself some time in the fairest spring that ever was there of learning. one of the forwardest young plants in all that worthy college of St. John's: who now by grace is grown to such greatness, as in the temperate and quiet shade of his wisdom (next the providence of God, and goodness of One), in these our days *religio* for sincerity, *literae* for order and advancement, *res publica* for happy and quiet government, have, to the great rejoicing of all good men, specially reposed themselves.

Roger Ascham, 1515-1568.
From *The Scholemaster*, 1570.

[On the 6th February, 1556-7, the bodies being exhumed] Smith ye Maior of ye town which should be their executioner, commaunded certaine of his townesmen to wait upon him in harnesse, by whom the dead bodyes wer garded, & being bound with ropes, & layd upon mens shoulders (for they were enclosed in chestes, Bucer in the same that he was buryed and Phagius in a newe,) were borne into the middes of ye market sted with a great trayne of people following them. This place was prepared before, and a great poste was set faste in the grounde to hynde the carcases to, and a greate heape of woode was layde readye to burne them wythall. When they came thither, the chestes were set up on end, wyth ye dead bodyes in them, and fastened on both sides wyth stakes, and bound to the poste with a long yron chayne, as if they had bene alive. Fyre beinge forthwith put to, as soone as it began to flame rounde aboute, a great sorte of bookes that were condemned wyth theym, were caste into the same. There was that

**Exhumation
and Burning
of the Bodies
of Bucer and
Fagius**

day gathered into the towne, a greate multitude of countrey folk (for it was market day) who seinge men borne to execution, and learning by enquire that they were dead before, partly detested and abhorred the extreme crueltie of the Commissioners toward the rotten carcases, & partly laughed at theyr folly in making such preparature. For what nedeth anye weapon (sayd they) as though they were afrayed that the dead bodies which feel them not, would do them some harme. Or to what purpose serves that chain wherwith they are tyed; sythens they might be burnt loose wythoute perill, for it was not to be feared that they would ronne away.

From the English translation (1562) of *Historia de accusatione condemnatione exhumatione atque combustione excellentissimorum Theologorum D. Martini Bucerii de Pauli Fagii*.

Burning of
John Hullier,
sometime
Scholar of
King's
College, 1556

WHEREAT simple Hullier, as meek as a lamb, taking the matter very patiently, made no answer, but made him ready, uttering his prayer. Which done he went meekly himself to the stake, and with chains being bound was beset with reed and wood standing in a pitch barrel, and the fire being set to, not marking the wind, it blew the flame to his back. Then he feeling it began earnestly to call upon God. Nevertheless his friends perceiving the fire to be ill kindled caused the Serjeants to turn it and fire it to that place where the wind might blow it to his face. That done, there was a company of books which were cast into the fire, and by chance a communion book fell between his hands, who received it joyfully, opened it, and read so long till the force of the flame and smoak caused him that he could see no more, and then he fell again into prayer, holding his hands up to heaven and the book betwixt his arms next his heart, thanking God for sending him it, and at that time, the day being a very fair day and a hot, yet the wind was somewhat up, and it caused the fire to be the fiercer, and when all the people thought he had been dead he suddenly uttered these words, Lord Jesus receive my spirit, dying very meekly. The place where he was burned is called Jesus Green, not far from Jesus College.

John Foxe, 1516-1587.

From *Actes and Monuments*, 1563.

Civil War

ONE way or other the work of fortifying Cambridge was got done. A regular Force lies henceforth in Cambridge: Captains Fleetwood, Desborow, Whalley, new soldiers who will become veterans and known to us are on service here. Of course the Academic stillness is much fluttered by the war-drum, and many a confused brabble springs up between Gown and Garrison; college tippets, and on

occasion still more venerable objects, getting torn by the business ! The truth is, though Cambridge is not so Malignant as Oxford the surplices at Allhallowtide have still much sway there ; and various Heads of Houses are by no means what one would wish : of whom accordingly Oliver has had, and still occasionally has, to send,—by instalments as the cases ripen,—a select batch up to Parliament : Reverend Dr. This and then also Reverend Dr. That ; who are lodged in the Tower, in Ely House, in Lambeth or elsewhere, in a tragic manner, and pass very troublous years.

Thomas Carlyle, 1795-1881.

From *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, 1845.

CAMB., June 8, 1647.

SIR, the court is still at the lady Cutts house. The officers of the army returned last night, all of them highly extolling the king for his great improvement. Hee argued his own and his subjects case with each of them (one by one), to their no small astonishment. He desired a speedy remove from that place ; but back to Holmby, and those parts, he will by no meanes. He told the generall, that those which brought him hither promised that they would carry him to Newmarket ; and he hoped that they were men of honour, who would make good their words. Recreation he much desired ; and told them withall, that if they would not take order for his removall, he would remove himselfe ; for confident he was that there were those about him which would further him in it. This afternoon, therefore, he passes through Cambridge to Newmarket faire, for this is the day. . . . It were infinite to set downe the facetiousnesse that flowes from his lips upon all occasions to all : that one day may be in his chronicle. The major-generall Browne is much his attendant, and gaines credit of all for gallantry and great civility. It is conceived that after the rendezvous they may all fall back into these their quarters againe, or else incline somewhat more neere Roystone, and Roystone become the headquarters. Meethinks I foresee eminent ruine, if not a speedy peace. God of his mercy avert the former, and guide whome it concernes into the best and safest meanes of the latter. This from him, who (doubtlesse) may safely write thus, even from,

Charles I.

Sir, your friend.

Letter from an Unknown, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., by C. H. and T. Cooper.

AND as if spoyling of one Colledge were not enough, their malice has since extended itselfe to all the rest, in Quartering multitudes of Common Souldiers in those glorious and ancient Structures,

Ragged
Regiments
quartered in
the Colleges

which our devout and Royall Founders designed for Sanctuaries of Learning and Piety, but were made by them meere Spittles and Bawdy-houses for sick and debauched Soldiers, being filled with Queans, Drabs, Fiddlers, and Revels night and day. Which black deeds of darknesse being divers times complained of by us to their Officers, and the particular men shewed them, who had thus lewdly abused our Colledges, none of those new Reformers were ever punisht, nor the holy Sisters removed, nor so much as called before any that then bore rule among us.

To this we may adde, how they have torn and defaced those Reverend buildings, pull'd downe and burned the Wainscot of our Chambers, our Bed-steads, Chayrs, Stools, Tables, and Shelves for our Books, so as they may now have some plea for multiplying of Gaoles, if the liberty of the Subject shall so require. And when their ragged Regiments which had been lyen lowzing before *Crowland* nigh a fortnight, were commanded to *Cambridge*, forth-with the Colledges are appointed for their Kennels, and fourscore were turned loose into one of the least Halls in the University, and charged by their Officers to shift for themselves; who without any more ado broke open the Fellowes and Scholars Chambers, and took their Beds from under them. But when the Kings Prisoners taken at *Hilsden-house* were brought famished and naked in triumph by *Cambridge* to *London*, some of our Scholars were knockt downe in the streets, onely for offering them a cup of small beere to sustaine nature, and the drinke throwne in the kennell, rather than the famished and parched throats of the wicked, as they esteem'd them, should usurp one drop of the creature. And it is much to be feared, they would have starved them in prison there, if a valiant Chamber-maid (Mistris *Cumbers* maid) had not relieved them by force, trampling under her feet in the kennell their great persecutor, a Lubberly Scotch Major.

From *Querela Cantabrigiensis: or a Remonstrance for the banished Members of the late flourishing University of Cambridge*, 1646.

Matthew
Robinson

BUT he had not settled himself many nights in quiet, till the king's army broke into the associated counties, took Huntingdon, and in parties came near to Cambridge, on which alarum the bells rung backwards and the beacons were fired as if Hannibal had been at the gates: all the Cantabrigian students in four hours time were all fled, two and three on a horse, and the rest footed it to friends in safer places. He being an absolute stranger left with another friend of his, by his advice betook themselves to his old stratagem,

flying into marshy countries, and making to the isle of Ely, where enemies' horse could not come but by boat. But the country circumjacent being called in on pain of death to defend Cambridge, the rude rabble stopped him flying and beat his companion, bringing them back to Cambridge: after two or three escapes, other rustics treated them in like manner. He being thus brought back to Cambridge, and remembering his many flights of this nature, resolved never more to fly, though he died on the spot. Therefore to the castle in Cambridge he goeth, addressing himself to the then governor, who was a master of arts and a captain, offering his service in that juncture to live and die in the defence of that citadel. The governor armed him with sword firelock and bandoliers, taking him into his own post. In this castle he was upon his military duty every night, and in the mornings stole into the college with his gown, none knowing this his new adventure, until the king's forces were driven away: after this time he met with no interruption at all in his studies.

From *The Autobiography of Matthew Robinson* (1628-1694), edited by J. E. B. Mayor, 1856.

AND now, I regret to say it, our Cambridge annalist ceases to tell of open fields and green pastures. Men were thinking of other things. A 'less thegn' of the neighbourhood, Oliver Cromwell of Huntingdon, Esquire, was made a free man of the town, represented it in parliament, and then 'timbered' the old *burgh* once more. Parliament seems to suck the life blood of all other institutions. At length the municipal corporation became hardly better than a Tory dining-club, commended body and soul to a thegn of the shire, and as Domesday would say, *non potuit recedere ad alium dominum*. The story of the decline and fall of the corporations is curious if disgraceful. The constitutions of Oxford and Cambridge were closely similar on paper. They went to the bad in different ways. The free men of Oxford were numerous; the free men of Cambridge few. Too many of the Oxford corporators lived in the work-house; too many of the Cambridge corporators lived near Cheveley. It is of beer and mob-rule that we read in the one town; in the other of oligarchy and wine: 'excellent wine,' said an unregenerate alderman, 'and plenty of it.'

Decline of
the Corpora-
tion

F. W. Maitland.

From *Township and Borough*, 1898.

GENT.—You see by this inclosed how sadly your affairs stand. Its no longer disputing but out instantly all you can. Raise all your

Oliver
Cromwell

Bands. Send them to Huntington, get up what Volunteers you can, hasten your horses. Send these Letters to Norfolk, Suffolk, & Essex without delay. I beseech you spare not but be expeditious & industrious. Almost all our foot have quitted Stamford, there is nothing to interrupt an Enemy but our Horse that is considerable. You must act lively, do it without distraccion, neglect no meanes.—I am, Your Faithful Servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

HUNTINGDON,
Ye 6th of August, 1643.

A letter to the Cambridge Committee, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., by C. H. and T. Cooper.

A NOTE OF COLLEDGES NAMES IN CAMBRIDGE, THE
SUPERSTITIOUS IMAGES & PICTURES

MR. HORSNOT,

William
Dowsing

We went to PETER-HOUSE 1643, Decemb. 21 with Officers & Souldiers & [in] the presence [of] Mr. Wilson, of the President Mr. Francis, Mr. Maxy & other Fellowes Decemb. 20, & 23 We pulled down 2 mighty great Angells with Wings, & divers other Angells, & the 4 Evengelists & Peter with his Keies over the Chappell Dore, & about a hundred Chirubims & Angells & divers Superstitious Letters in gold: and at the upper end of the Chancell, these words were written as followeth: 'Hic locus est Domus Dei, nil aliud, et Porta Coeli.' Witnes Will. Dowsing Geo. Long.—These words were written at Keies Coll. & not at Peterhouse but about the Walls was written in Latine 'we prays the ever' & on some of the Images was written 'Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,' on other 'Gloria Dei et Gloria Patri, &c.,' & all 'non nobis Domine, &c.,' & Six Angells in the Windowes. Witnesses Will. Dowsing, George Longe.

PEMBROKE HALL, 1643, Decemb. 26.

In the presence of these Fellowes Mr. Weeden, Mr. Mapletoft & Mr. Sterne, & Mr. Quarles, & Mr. Felton, we broke 10 Cherubims. We broake & pulled down 80 Superstitious Pictures & Mr. Weeden told me he could fetch a Statute Book to shew that Pictures were not to be pulled downe & I bad him fetch & shew it, & they should stand, & he & Boldero told me, the Clargy had only to do in Ecclesiastical matters, neither Magistrate nor Parliament had any thing to do.

AT QUEENS' COLLEGE, *Decemb. 26.*

We beat downe about a 110 Superstitious Pictures besides Cherubims & Ingravings, where none of the Fellows would put on their Hatts in all the time they were in the Chapell & we digged up the Steps for 3 hours and brake down 10 or 12 Apostles & Saints within the Hall.

William Dowsing, 1596?-1679?

From *Journal*, printed in *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iii., by C. H. and T. Cooper.

IN Cambridgeshire, the countrie still appears for & against the parliament: & at Cambridge you would not imagine to what a height we are grown unto here: we, who upon little or no alarms were use to ride & run, are become the sons of Mars: the last week grew a great quarrell between the Parliamentiers & Royalists, occasioned by some disgracefull expressions in the schools against the Parliament & army, which their friends not enduring pull down the Orator & Moderator: thereupon they fall to blowes, both parties increase; the Royall Townsmen readily assisting the schollers of their party the other not appearing; each drew into a body charged with much gallantry, after a hot & long dispute. The victory now on one side then on the other, at last the Parliamentiers prevailed & the other left the field, about which time Capt. Pickering came in for parliament, who, no doubt had he come sooner, had been General; he made proclamation, If any durst appear for the King, he would fight him, but none coming forth, he went into the countrey where he understood some were, & finding them charged & routed them; killed some; there were some small skirmishes the next day: in the fight divers were wounded, the number slain was not (when the messenger came away) brought in; in this action the schollers of Trinitie did gallantly.

Gallant Con-
duct of the
Scholars of
Trinity

From *The Moderate Intelligencer*, No. 169,
June 12, 1648.

THEY have ruined our famous *Universities*, yet pretend the advancement of *Learnings*. And therefore it is, that they have ordered *two thousand pounds* out of *Deanes* and *Chapters* Lands, for the Augmentation of the *Library* in *Cambridge*. . . . Alas poore *Cambridge*! the *jeere* of *Ignoramus* returnes home upon thy selfe now, since thou art damned to *Presbtery* and *six penny Pamphlets*.

Lament for
the Uni-
versity
Library

Sure it wil be a *Library* farr before that heathenish one once of *Alexandria*, or that *Antichristian* one now in *Rome*, or the

more *prophane* one in *Oxford*, when all the bounty of the *Members* shall be laid out upon the *Paper-worms* of this Reformation, truly *two thousand pounds* sound [*sic*] high, among the *single-sheeted Authors*, the *Romance's* and *Gazetta's* of the famous Victories and Exploits of the godly *Quixots*; it must needs bee a rare *Library*, when it shall be said, that *Will Pryn* was brought out of *Captivity* to be chained among the *learned*, and that the Commentaries of *Austin*, and the Homilies of *Chrisostome*, were justled out of the *Range*, to make roome for the more *glorious Revelations* of three-penny *Non-sense* in *Fast-Sermons*, and most empty *Treatises*. . . .

Is it not sad then such *mushromes* as these should spring up in a *University*, when the more noble *Plants* are rooted up, by the speciall care of my good Lord of *Manchester*? For, there are such *Animals* in Authority in *Cambridge*, as no *Naturalist* ever owned in *Story*, and therefore at the best are *Monsters*; Creatures that are but half *Codled* in *Scholarship*.

Marchamont Needham, 1620-1678.
From *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, 1648.

XVIII

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

SHE was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinked: a call upon her head, set with pearls and precious stones; a hat that was spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers.

Visit of Queen Elizabeth, 1564

The Major of the Town, riding before her Majestie bareheaded, stayed himself at the Kings College south-gate; as acknowledging that he had no authority or jurisdiction in that place. Of this he was advertised the day before by Mr. Secretary.

Then her Highness was advertised, that the University by their orator would speak unto her Majestie. Whereupon she enquired for the orator, and willed him to begin.

Then Mr. William Master of the Kings College, orator, making his three curtesies, kneeled downe upon the first greese or step of the west door (which was on the walls outward covered with verses) and made his oration, of length almost half an hour, containing in effect these things:

First, he praised and commended many and singular virtues, set and planted in her Majesty. Which her Highness not acknowledging of, she shook her head, bit her lips and her fingers; and sometimes broke forth into passion and these words, 'Non est veritas et utinam——'

Praising virginity, she said to the orator, 'Gods blessing of thyne heart: there continue.'

After he shewed, What joy the University received of her presence. Of the antiquity of the University, which is much older than Oxford or Paris; and out of the which, as out of a most clear fountain, they sprang. Of the foundation of most part of the colleges: where he at large followed the whole state, foundation, and fortune of the Kings College.

From a narrative, apparently by Matthew Stokys, one of the Esquire Bells and Registrar of the University, printed in *Prophecy and Poetic Prediction upon Elizabeth's* July 14, 1775, by John Nichols.

Quakers

THAT Evening I passed to Cambridge: And when I came into the Town, the Scholars hearing of me, were up, and were exceeding Rude. I kept on my Horse's Back, and rid through them in the Lord's Power: but they Unhorst Amor Stoddart, before he could get to the Inn. When we were in the Inn, they were so rude there in the Courts, and in the Street, that the Miners, the Colliers and Carters could never be Ruder. The People of the House asked us, What we would have for Supper? as is the usual way of Inn-keepers: 'Supper!' said I, 'were it not, that the Lord's Power is over them, these Rude Scholars look, as if they would pluck us in pieces, and make a Supper of us.' They knew, I was so against their Trade, the Trade of Preaching, which they were there as Apprentices to learn: that they raged as bad, as ever Diana's Craftsmen did against Paul. At this place John Crook met us. When it was within Night, the Mayor of the Town, being friendly, came and fetched me to his House: and as we walked through the Streets, there was a Bustle in the Town; but they did not know me, it being darkish. But they were in a Rage not only against me, but against the Mayor also; so that he was almost afraid to walk the Streets with me, for the Tumult. We sent for the Friendly People, and had a fine Meeting there in the Power of God, and I stay'd there all Night. Next Morning, having ordered our Horses to be ready by the sixth Hour, we passed peaceable out of Town; and the Destroyers were disappointed: for they thought, I would have stay'd longer in the Town, and intended to have done us Mischief; but our passing away early in the Morning, frustrated their Evil Purposes against us.

George Fox, 1624-1691.

From *Journal*, 1694.

1655.

Monsieur
Jorevin de
Rocheford

I was introduced to the Principal of this college [St. John's], who had resided a long time in Italy, and spoke Italian well. He would not quit me till I had seen all the colleges, and every thing worth notice in the town. During the five days I remained at Cambridge, he conducted me over his college, and made me observe curiously the library, and the garden, which extends along the bank of the great canal of the river, where there is a long walk of several rows of trees. King's college, and that of the university, called Clerhal are also remarkable, particularly the church of the former, which is the handsomest in the town. Its outside is ornamented with many little miniatures, and pyramids, which make it appear as if crowned with flowers. The windows seem to be of chrystal, of every colour, representing the history of

the Old Testament ; and under them, in bas-relief, are the blasons of the greatest lords of the country, which serve round about that fine church like tapestry. Its lobby, or interval between the nave and choir, is in the fashion of a lattice, covered with leafwork, accompanied by all sorts of fruit and birds, represented according to nature, and so well, that the Principal, who had, as well as I, made the voyage of Italy, obliged me to acknowledge that nothing more beautiful, or of better workmanship, was to be seen there. The whole of divine service is sang there every day to music. I think I there counted more than fifty musicians, as many clerks, and the like number of ministers. We ascended to the top of the church, which has a platform surrounded with balustrades, with four small turrets at the four corners, which gives much grace to this great edifice. The fourth college to be noted is Christ Church, situated almost at one end of the town. Its fountain is tolerably handsome. What are the most wonderful to see in Cambridge are the many fountains, although the town is situated on a low spot ; and that there are so many people, and so many rich shop-keepers, that the scholars are scarcely perceived in the town, although they are in great numbers. Besides the two great streets, there is the large market-place, where a market is held several days in the week : it has a fountain in the middle, and round about it some good public houses, in one of which was my inn, where I treated the before-mentioned head of the college with some good French wine.

From The Travels of Monsieur Jorevin de Rocheford, 1672.

AFTER the Ceremony of Creating several Noblemen Doctors, the Royal pair went to King's College Chapel, where after two Speeches and Presents made by Dr. Coppleston, the Provost of that College, they were pleased to go up to the Top, and view all that magnificent Structure. From whence they went to Trinity-College ; and after hearing two Speeches, to St. John's College, where Dr. Gower, the Master and Vice-Chancellor, after Speeches, Presents, and shewing them the Library, entertain'd their Majesties in the long Gallery, with so much Grandeur and Satisfaction at Dinner, that the King pleas'd to tell him, while he waited at the Table, That he could find but one Fault, and that was the over-great Plenty. And parting with him at the College Gate, he declared at large, how highly he was satisfy'd with his Reception, and the Regard he would always have for the University of Cambridge ; and the Queen was pleas'd to give him her particular Thanks for this Entertainment. In Sum, the whole was so great

Visit of
Charles II.,
1681

and magnificent, and withal so zealous and hearty, to the Nobility as well as their Majesties, that the Court was never better satisfy'd with any Entertainment, of which the News soon resounded through the whole Kingdom.

Laurence Echard, 1670?-1730.

From *History of England*, vol. ii., 1718.

**Visit of the
Duchess of
York**

1680, 28 *Sept.*.—Tewsday about 10 in the morning according to notice overnight from Mr. Mayor. This morning betweene 8 and 9 the Maior, Mr. Fox New Elect, Sir Robert Wright Deputy Recorder and all the Aldermen in their Scarlet with the Common Councell and other Gownemen in their Habitts went in our Orders to New England where about 10 of the Clock wee mett and saluted with our respects the Dutchesse of Yorke in her Coach with 6 Brownish horses and postilion, in her Coach (which was the third Coach) was the Dutchesse of Yorke herselfe, at the head end on the right hand, next to her at the same end sat the Lady Anne daughter of the Duke of Yorke at the other end sat the Lady Bellus and the Lady Rosse Common her title from her husband being Irish, but shee an English woman, wee being before New England House on the same side of the way with the House and all in our single ranke, Sir Robert Wright our Deputy Recorder went with the Maior and Aldermen to her Highnes Coach side and made a short speech to her, in which among other things he said that neither for buildings nor language we did compare with the University from whence we doubted not shee would in that respect receive ample satisfaccion, but in our respects to her and loyalty to his Majestie we hoped wee were not behinde any &c. or to that purpose, the Dutchesse hansomely presented her selfe to us by a little as it were inclining her gesture towards us. Mr. Recorders speech was short which being ended she thanked us for our kindness in courteous manner and spoke to the Coachman and bid him GOE ON and soe passed on the Coaches which were in number I think foure or five 2 before and 1 or 2 behinde. Then wee went all Mayor New Elect Recorder Aldermen Common Councell and Gownemen to the Towne Hall where we tarryed an houre or more and had a glasse of wine for all the whole company with rolls cheese and beere and then after wee all had dranke, the Gownemen except the Maior Recorder and Aldermen all went home and after we had notice Mr. Maior Mr. New Elect in Scarlet Mr. Deputy Recorder in his Gowne and the Aldermen in their Scarlet without any others went to Sir Thomas Pages house then Provost of Kings Colledge where wee were received by Mr. Goring one of

the Seniors and I think then Vice-Provost there, and the Maior's mace (that noe offence might be taken) being by the Maior ordered not to be carryed before him, after we came to the Provost's Lodgeings we goeing in at the Back dore against St. Edward's Church Lane wee came at last into the further low Roome next the Garden where the Dutches of Yorke and severall more Ladyes and others being there where shee standing on the side next the Garden (not sitting) wee all kist her Highnessesse hand, and then taking our leave of her, in the next roome to it wee all or most of us alsoe kist the hand of the Lady Anne the Duke of Yorkes daughter who alsoe stood neere a table there about the middle of the roome, and after we had thus saluted her shee immediately in our presence went into the other roome where the Dutchesse was and soe wee came away, and in the yard Sir Thomas Page the Provost was there to salute us and soe wee went out at the said Back dore as (I understand) the rest of the Doctors if not come in went out that way and then every one of us went to his owne house. The Dutchesse is a very hansome gracious lookt person pretty tall, not very bigg, black eyed, something pale faced and a little outlandish like swarthy couller. The Lady Anne pretty round-faced about 14 yeares of age. The mayor or the Towne Clerk gave the Dutchesse her 6 or 8 Lackeyes 2 guynyes, and to her Coachman 10s. to drinke.

Alderman Samuel Newton.
From *Diary*.

MONDAY, July 28 [1710].—It rained hard in the morning until about midday, when we walked about a little to view the town, which however, apart from the Colleges, is no better than a village, or—that I may compare it with a town—is much like Höchst [near Frankfurt]. The inns, of which there are a couple, are very ill-appointed and dear. We had a recommendation from Baron Nimtsch to a widowed lady, Mrs. Lemons, who entertained us kindly indeed, but as regards board and lodging was a bad landlady.

Zacharias
Conrad von
Uffenbach

In the afternoon this our hostess had an Italian called Ferrari brought to us to speak with us (because he knew some French) and to act as our guide. He was very polite, and offered to shew us everything. . . . He took us from one College to another, and explained to us the condition of the University here, which is certainly bad. We were amazed to find that no classes are held, and that the Professors only lecture in the winter, and then only three or four times: they lecture to bare walls, for no one comes

to hear them. On the other hand the 'Scholars' or students have some of them a Professor, or old Fellow of a College, whom they call their Tutor, who supervises their studies; those of higher rank, Lords' sons or others of means, are called 'Fellow-Commoners,' and admit the poor students to themselves, who wait upon them as *famuli*, to attend with them. But in the summer next to nothing happens, both Students and Professors being either in the country or in London.

Z. C. von Uffenbach, 1683-1734.

From *Merkwürdige Reisen durch Niedersachsen, Holland und Engelland*,
1753-1754.

Visit of
George I.,
1717

THE procession then left the chapel for Trinity College, where his Majesty was to lodge, and where a banquet was prepared for the whole company. A distressing mistake now occurred. The Vice-Chancellor wishing that his own beautiful college should have its share of the Royal admiration, chose to conduct the procession the back way to Trinity, in order that it might pass by Clare Hall. Thus his Majesty, after a passing glance at that House, was led to the Queen's-gate of Trinity; but no intimation having been given of Grigg's design, and his arrival being of course expected at the King's-gate, the Master and the whole college were drawn up there for his reception, while all the inhabitants of the town were assembled on the outside: meantime the other entrance had been closed to prevent the irruption of the populace into the quadrangle. Thus did the King find the entrance of his Royal college barred against him, and was compelled to stand five minutes in the lane, which is described to have been at that time 'a most dirty, filthy place,' before the tidings of his arrival could reach the Great Gate and the postern be thrown open for his reception. At length his Majesty obtained admission, and Dr. Bentley at the head of the society, meeting him about the middle of the court, bade him 'welcome to a college which he might call his own,' and conducted him to his lodge.

James Henry Monk, 1784-1856.

From *Life of Bentley*, 1831.

Omai, the
Native of
Otaheite

Cambridge, Nov. 2.—The native of Otaheite [Omai] has lately visited this University, where he appeared in our military uniform, with his hair dressed and tied behind. Some one offered him a pinch of snuff, which he politely refused, saying, that his nose was not hungry. The doctors and professors in their robes struck him wonderfully. He discovered many marks of natural religion, by his superstitious dread of everything which he looked upon as

sacred. In his own country he is himself in the priesthood, which may be an additional reason for his attention to these things.

From the *Annual Register* for the year 1774.

ON the 30th [Nov. 1791] I was three days in the country a hundred miles from London, with Sir Patrick Blake. In going I passed the town of Cambridge, inspected all the Universities, which are built conveniently in a row but separately. Each University has behind it a very spacious and beautiful garden, besides a fine stone bridge, in order to afford passage over the stream which winds past. The King's Chapel is famous for the carved work of the roof, which is all of stone, but so delicate that nothing more beautiful could have been made of wood. It has endured already four hundred years, and everybody judges its age at about ten years, because of the firmness and peculiar whiteness of the stone. The students are dressed like those at Oxford; but it is said they have better instructors. There are eight hundred students in all.

Franz Josef
Haydn, 1732-
1809

From Haydn's Note-Book, translated in *Music and Manners from Pergolese to Beethoven*, by H. E. Krehbiel, 1898.

May 1, 1813.

Now for the beauty of Cambridge—the beauty of beauties—King's College Chapel! On the first entrance I felt silenced by admiration. I never saw anything at once so beautiful and so sublime. The prints give a good idea of the beauty of the spandrilled ceiling, with its rich and light ornaments; but no engraved representation can give an idea of the effect of size, height and *continuity* of grandeur in the whole building. Besides, the idea of DURATION, the sublime idea of having lasted for ages, is more fully suggested by the sight of the real building than it can be by any representation or description: for which reason I only tell you the effect it had upon my mind.

Maria
Edgeworth to
C. Sneyd
Edgeworth

The organ began to play an anthem of Handel's while we were in the chapel: I wished for you, my dear Sneyd, particularly at that moment! Your friend took us up the hundred stairs to the roof, where he was delighted with the sound of the organ and the chanting voices rising from the choir below. My father was absorbed in the mechanical wonders of the roof: that stone roof of which Sir Christopher Wren said, 'Show me how the first stone was laid, and I will show you how the second is laid.'

Mr. Smedley exclaimed, 'Is not the sound of the organ fine?' To which my father, at cross purposes, answered, 'Yes, the iron was certainly added afterwards.' . . .

At last, to Mr. Smedley's great joy, he got my father alive off thi

roof, and on his way to Downing, the new college of which Leslie Foster talked so much, and said was to be like the Parthenon. Shockingly windy walk: thought my brains would have been blown out. Passed Peterhouse, and saw the rooms in which Gray lived, and the irons of his fire-escape at the window. . . . I nearly disgraced myself, as the company were admiring the front of Emmanuel College, by looking at a tall man stooping to kiss a little child. Got at last, in spite of the wind . . . , within view of Downing College, and was sadly disappointed. It will never bear comparison with King's College Chapel.

Maria Edgeworth, 1767-1849.

From *Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth*, edited by A. J. C. Hare, 1894.

General
Blücher's
Visit, 1814

BLÜCHER came that morning to Trinity Lodge, to which place he was drawn by the multitude, who met him at Trumpington, and took the horses from his carriage. It was intended that he should enter by the Queen's Gateway, but the mob decided otherwise, and brought him in at the front gate. When he arrived at the Lodge, where the Vice-Chancellor and a great number of persons of consequence were assembled to receive him, and was about to alight from his carriage, the populace resolved that he should make the entire circuit of the court before they suffered him to descend.

A few minutes at the Lodge sufficed for toilet and refreshment, and he then accompanied the Chancellor to the Senate-house, where the first business was to make him LL.D. He had scarcely taken his place among the Doctors, when, by the opposition of Chafy, he unexpectedly found himself amongst the voters. If he voted at all, it was with the majority, as, by the return of the Proctors, there were only two dissentients.

When the business was finished, he visited King's Chapel and some of the Colleges, and afterwards dined in the Hall of Trinity College. He was in high glee during the entertainment; and when the large silver goblet, filled with Audit ale, was handed round between the first and second courses, he did it ample justice. On his health being drunk, after dinner, he returned thanks in a most energetic speech, which Douglas Kinnaird translated for the benefit of those who did not understand the German language.

The desire to get a glimpse of the illustrious hero was so great, that many respectable tradesmen in the town obtained permission to bring a dish to the upper table, or to remove a plate. The dinner lasted a considerable time, and a great number of toasts were given: it was nearly dark when the Bishop of Bristol retired with a small party to take coffee at his Lodge. As they were leaving

the Hall, a very pretty woman offered her hand to Blücher, when he caught her up in his arms, and inflicted several kisses that were distinctly heard at the upper end of the Hall. After coffee he started for Newmarket—rose at day-break—galloped his namesake over the Beacon course—and, breakfast ended, set off for town, where he was to dine with the Pitt Club.

Henry Gunning.
From *Reminiscences*.

August 20, 1815.

IN my life I never spent so many pleasant hours together as I did at Cambridge. We were walking the whole time—out of one College into another. If you ask me which I like best I must make the children's traditionary unoffending reply to all curious enquirers—'Both.' I liked them all best. The little gloomy ones, because they were little gloomy ones. I felt as if I could live and die in them and never wish to speak again. And the fine grand Trinity College, oh how fine it was! And King's College Chapel, what a place! I heard the Cathedral service there, and having been no great church goer of late years, *that* and the painted windows and the general effect of the whole thing affected me wonderfully.

From Mary
Lamb to
Sarah
Hutchinson

I certainly like St. John's College best. I had seen least of it, having only been over it once, so, on the morning we returned, I got up at six o'clock and wandered into it by myself—by myself indeed, for there was nothing alive to be seen but one cat, who followed me about like a dog. Then I went over Trinity, but nothing hailed me there, not even a cat.

Returning home down old Fetter Lane I could hardly keep from crying to think it was all over. With what pleasure [Charles] shewed me Jesus College where Coleridge was—the barbe[r's] shop] where Manning was—the house where Lloyd lived—Franklin's rooms, a young schoolfellow with whom Charles was the first time he went to Cambridge: I peeped in at his window, the room looked quite deserted—old chairs standing about in disorder that seemed to have stood there ever since they had sate in them. I write sad nonsense about these things, but I wish you had heard Charles talk his nonsense over and over again about his visit to Franklin, and how he then first felt himself commencing gentleman and had eggs for his breakfast. Charles Lamb commencing gentleman!

Mary Lamb, 1764-1847.
From vol. vi. of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*,
edited by E. V. Lucas, 1903

Sonnet
written at
Cambridge

I WAS not trained in Academic bowers,
And to those learned streams I nothing owe
Which copious from those twin fair founts do flow ;
Mine have been anything but studious hours.
Yet can I fancy, wandering 'mid thy Towers,
Myself a nursling, Granta, of thy lap ;
My brow seems tightening with the Doctor's cap,
And I walk *gowned* ; feel unusual powers.
Strange forms of logic clothe my admiring speech,
Old Ramus' ghost is busy at my brain ;
And my skull teems with notions infinite.
Be still, ye reeds of Camus, while I teach
'Truths, which transcend the searching School-men's vein,
And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite !

August 15, 1819.

Charles Lamb, 1775-1834.

Queen
Victoria's
Visit, 1843

By one o'clock the members of the University were marshalled in our Great Court, to the number of more than 2000, in silent and solemn order. My windows commanded an excellent view, and were filled with ladies. At length, about two o'clock, the sound of distant voices, and the clattering of bells, produced a slight undulating sympathetic movement in our ranks, and before long the Royal Standard was seen to rise slowly and majestically over the great gateway. A few seconds more and the gates flew open ; and down rushed the Guard followed by the Royal carriages. For a moment all was as silent as death ; each man was drawing in his breath that he might with more energy send forth a shout of gratulation. I never heard such a shout before, reverberated as it was from every corner of our noble court. The most striking order was still preserved, and the Royal carriage advanced to the centre of the court, where the Master and Seniors were met to do homage, and present to their sovereign the College keys. You never saw such an ample bunch of keys—large, ponderous, and rusty—and strapped together by an old greasy bit of leather—thick enough to have bound the limbs of unshaven Samson, and looking as if it had been cut from the flank of a rhinoceros. Her Majesty contemplated this phenomenon with eyes of wonder, and then gently waving her Royal hand signified thereby her will that the ponderous bunch should be restored to the keeping of the Bursar. On the carriage moved towards our Lodge door—order was at an end—the whole University moved like a great wave, and threatened some dire confusion ; but the front rank halted at a

respectful distance, so firmly that no act of disorder was committed. The very tumult, and sudden condensation of the Academic mass, only added to the heartiness and joyousness of the greeting.

Adam Sedgwick, 1785-1873.

From a letter printed in *The Life and Letters of the Reverend Adam Sedgwick*, by J. W. Clark and T. M^rK. Hughes, 1890.

AFTER our numerous state dinners in London, our comparatively quiet repast in the society of men of learning and a few highly educated ladies was a true refreshment. The master had invited several fellows, Dr. Paget, a physician, and Dr. Clark, professor of anatomy. The conversation was lively, and the order of the entertainment itself had in it something original. The system of carving at the table, usual in all English houses, I first saw here regularly practised; a number of dishes are put upon the table at the same time, and every person carves the dish immediately placed before him and helps the other guests. At the conclusion of the various courses of which the dinner was composed, a large silver bowl, filled with rose water, in which was placed a silver spoon, was set upon the table, and sent round, in order that each might take a portion upon a small plate, to dip his napkin in for the purpose of refreshing the face and hands; this custom had something to me quite Oriental in its observance. After this, the cloth was removed; a silver tree-shaped service was placed in the centre of the polished table, laden with small dishes filled with confectionary and preserves. In addition to this, there were dishes of fruits both dry and fresh, and a great variety of cakes and ornamental sugar work. Among the cakes, a portion of bride-cake was particularly pointed out. This cake was a part of that which had been made after the wedding of the master with his very polite and agreeable lady, and was, as such cakes in general are, rich, dry, and highly baked. They are often partly preserved for years, brought forward on great festive occasions, and eaten in small portions. The ladies having now retired, and the master having taken the seat of the lady of the house next his majesty the king, a small silver waggon, with cut decanters filled with port and sherry, was put in circulation on the smooth table, always from right to left, so as to allow every one to help himself according to his pleasure. Finally, the gentlemen too, rose from the table, followed the ladies into the drawing room, found a sideboard with tea and coffee in an adjoining room, and thus a genuine English dinner was completed.

I was present at a characteristic scene in the house of the

**The King of
Saxony's
Visit, 1844**

Master of Trinity, at the customary early morning service before breakfast. It is the custom for the whole household to assemble; the servants come in and seat themselves upon a row of seats near the window. The master of the household takes his seat at a small table, with the Bible and Prayer-book before him, reads a prayer, and then some chapters from the Bible; next, whilst all kneel, he reads a long, long, litany, which in almost the whole of its parts corresponds with that of the Catholic Church. The service finished, all rise, the servants depart, and then comes the breakfast, which in England, as is well known, is a very rich and multifarious affair. As for myself, the custom was interesting for once; as a question of daily use, it must become tedious and ineffective, and presumes much time to spare.

Dr. C. G. Carus.

From *The King of Saxony's Journey through England and Scotland*.

Translated by S. C. Davidson, 1846.

Mr. Henry
James

WHAT institution is more majestic than Trinity College? what can be more touching to an American than the hospitality of such an institution? The first quadrangle is of immense extent, and the buildings that surround it, with their long, rich fronts of time-deepened gray, are the stateliest in the world. In the centre of the court are two or three acres of close-shaven lawn, in the midst of which rises a splendid Gothic fountain, where the serving-men fill up their buckets. There are towers and battlements and statues, and besides these things there are cloisters and gardens and bridges. There are charming rooms in a kind of stately gate-tower, and the rooms, occupying the thickness of the building, have windows looking out on one side over the magnificent quadrangle, with half a mile or so of decorated architecture, and on the other into deep-bosomed trees. And in the rooms is the best company conceivable—distinguished men who are remarkably good fellows. I spent a beautiful Sunday morning walking about Cambridge, with one of these gentlemen, and attempting, as the French say, to *débrouiller* its charms. These are a very complicated affair, and I do not pretend, in memory, to keep the Colleges apart. There are, however, half a dozen points that make ineffaceable pictures. Six or eight of the Colleges stand in a row, turning their backs to the river; and hereupon ensues the loveliest confusion of Gothic windows and ancient trees, of grassy banks and mossy balustrades, of sun-chequered avenues and groves, of lawns and gardens and terraces, of single-arched bridges spanning the little stream, which is small and shallow,

and looks as if it had been 'turned on' for ornamental purposes. The scantily-flowing Cam appears to exist simply as an occasion for these enchanting little bridges—the beautiful covered gallery of John's or the slightly-collapsing arch of Clare. In the way of college-courts and quiet scholastic porticoes, of gray-walled gardens and ivied nooks of study, in all the pictorial accidents of a great English University, Cambridge is delightfully and inexhaustibly rich.

Henry James.

From Portraits of Places, 1883.

ABLER pens than mine having described the English Universities for Continental readers, I shall not make the attempt; I will merely speak of the pleasure which it gave me to visit the charming town of Cambridge. It is a nest of ogival effects embosomed in verdure, of extraordinary originality with all its 'colleges,' which are huge Gothic or Renaissance structures, some ancient, some modern in the same style, with immense courts, magnificent lawns, and secular trees; they often abut on one another, and communicating in this way form complications of palaces and vast spaces in which it is easy for the stranger to lose himself. . . . Each college is furnished with a chapel, if one may so call what might elsewhere pass for a cathedral; and there every day the students take part in the service and sing, clad in surplices. Not the least curious side of these Universities is their religious character, to which French students would with difficulty adapt themselves. But the yoke of this English religion is so light! The services, which are very short, consist chiefly of listening to good music very well sung, for the English make admirable choristers.

Camille Saint-Saens.

From Portraits of Sur vivre.

XIX

YOUTH AND FRIENDSHIP

I know, Cambridge, howsoever now old, thou hast some young,
bid them be chaste, yet suffer them to be witty ; let them be
soundly learned, yet suffer them to be gentlemanlike qualified.

William Clerke, *Polimanteia*, 1595.

On the Death
of Mr.
William
Hervey

HE was my *Friend*, the truest *Friend* on earth ;
A strong and mighty *Influence* joyn'd our *Birth*.
Nor did we envy the most sounding *Name*
By *Friendship* giv'n of old to *Fame*.
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Sisters* knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to Me ;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal *Lights*,
How oft unweari'd have we spent the *Nights* ?
Till the *Ledaean Stars* so fam'd for *Love*,
Wondred at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;
But search of deep *Philosophy*,
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us two ?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade ;
Or your sad branches thicker joyn,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you sing,
Til all the tuneful *Birds* to your boughs they bring ;

No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted chear,
 And call the learned *Youths* to hear,
 No whistling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,
 But all with sad solemnitie,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly.

About 1639.

Abraham Cowley, 1618-1667.

From *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*.

ALL ye learned of Cambridge and Oxford and all
 Ye Bigwigs and Numskulls of College and Hall,
 Who would fain be Philosophers thirsting for knowledge,
 Come hasten to breakfast at Trinity College.

Philosophical
 Breakfast
 Song

Chorus.

For there's Herschel and Forster and Babbage and all
 Are bringing their porridge,
 Their wit and their knowledge,
 From each learned College and each learned Hall.

To-morrow shall Peacock analyses shout,
 And Whewell talk learnedly learning about,
 And Forster as wild as a fox in the shrouds
 Strike the stars, if he don't get his head in the clouds.

Chorus.

There's Herschel in chemistry richly learn'd
 Will shew how the world to a coke may be turn'd :
 So while life shall remain and the blood gaily flows
 Let's eat and drink well and be jolly as Rose.

Chorus.

Old Parr they say is a learned pig,
 And Porson with Greek is grown wondrous big,
 But I'm bound to say Whewell would bang them all
 Should they come to the scratch in Philosophy Hall.

Chorus.

Though Shelley has cudgel'd the Oxford school
 And Byron has made the whole world a fool,
 They would barter their cunning their verses and wit
 For a slice of our breakfast, could they get a bit.

Chorus.

1813.

Thomas Forster (?).

From *New Anti-Christendom*, 1813.

WE walked and walked
 As chance directed—by the river side
 To Grantchester—along the lanes which led
 To Cherry Hinton—out by Trumpington—
 And Madingley, sole village from the plague
 Of ugliness, in that drear land, exempt :
 The Gogmagogs were conscious of our talk ;
 And I may say that seldom I came home
 No wiser than I went.—But in the days
 Of early spring, when even those treeless fields
 Look'd pleasant in the sunshine, and the lanes
 With constellations of bright primrose tufts
 Were here and there bestudded,—when the scent
 Of the cinque-spotted cowslip was exhaled
 From the low meadow-grass,—and in the woods
 The nightingale (more fitly heard by night)
 Sang lustily all day—with what a bound
 Of vernal exultation forth we sprang
 Into the clear, fresh air !—with what dispatch
 Of keen and craving hunger, we assail'd
 Our mid-day luncheon in the village inn,
 Served haply by the fair domestic hands
 Of her, the maid of Quay—that saint whose shrine
 By many a Cantabrigian pilgrimage,
 (By none more zealous or more pure than ours)
 Was, in those days, frequented !—then at eve,
 As, homeward bound, through the suburban streets
 We wended in grotesque and careless guise—
 The very tassels of our trencher caps
 With cowslips interlaced,—how cheap we held
 The laughter of the mob !—how little fear'd
 The frown of Dean or Proctor !—then our meal
 Together shared,—the savoury steak sent hot
 From the cook's shop—the amber-flowing ale
 Of Trinity,—the spare desert,—the wine,
 With olives relish'd—and our days discourse
 Prolong'd till midnight !—College life alone
 Can boast such joys as these.

John Moultrie, 1799-1874.
 From *The Dream of Life*, 1843.

I PAST beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random through the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same ; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
I linger'd ; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land :

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string ;
And one would pierce an outer ring
And one an inner, here and there ;

At last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face.

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

1850.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
In Memoriam, lxxxvii.

Euphranor
 and
 Lexilogus

AT last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear Cap and Gown, (which I decided he should *not*, for this time only,) Lexilogus was ready: and calling out on the staircase to his Bed-maker not to meddle with his books, we ran down-stairs, crossed the great Court—through the Screens thronged with Gyps and Bed-makers, and redolent of perpetual dinner; thence, after stopping a moment to read some notices, through the cloisters of Neville's Court, and so out upon the open space before the Library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while Holiday-seeming folks sauntered along the River-side, and under the trees, now flourishing in fullest green—the Chesnuts especially in full fan, and bending down their white cones over the sluggish current, which seemed indeed more fitted for the slow merchandise of Coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walked along the Fields by the Church, . . . crossed the Ferry, and mingled with the Crowd upon the opposite Shore. Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tasseld Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there—Reading men and Sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the Slang in Bell's Life to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the Shore of the River, at whose farthest visible bend was a little Knot of Ladies gathered up on a green Knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting Sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until 'They are off—they are coming,' suspended other Conversation among ourselves: and suddenly the head of the first Boat turned the corner; and then another close upon it; and then a third; the Crews pulling with all their Might compacted in perfect Rhythm: and the Crowd upon the shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, 'Bravo, St. John's,' 'Go it, Trinity,'—the high Crest and blowing Forelock of Phidippus's Mare, and he himself shouting Encourage-

ment to his Crew, conspicuous over all—until, the Boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of Spectators, and hurried back toward the Goal; where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the Winner had won, and the Loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus one under each arm, (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere,) and walked home with them across the Meadow leading to the Town, whither the dusky troops of Gownsmen with all their confused voices were evaporating, while Twilight gradually gathered over all, and the Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chesnuts of Jesus.

Edward Fitzgerald, 1809-1883.

From *Euphranor, A Dialogue on Youth*, 1851.

SOME people say that their school days were the happiest of their lives. They may be right, but I always look with suspicion upon those whom I hear saying this. It is hard enough to know whether one is happy or unhappy now, and still harder to compare the relative happiness or unhappiness of different times of one's life; the utmost that can be said is that we are fairly happy so long as we are not distinctly aware of being miserable. As I was talking with Ernest one day not so long since about this, he said he was so happy now that he was sure he had never been happier, and did not wish to be so, but that Cambridge was the first place where he had ever been consciously and continuously happy. Emancipation

How can any boy fail to feel an ecstasy of pleasure on first finding himself in rooms which he knows for the next few years are to be his castle? Here he will not be compelled to turn out of the most comfortable place as soon as he has ensconced himself in it because papa and mamma happen to come into the room, and he should give it up to them. The most cosy chair here is for himself, there is no one even to share the room with him, or to interfere with his doing as he likes in it—smoking included. Why, if such a room looked out both back and front on to a blank dead wall it would still be a paradise, how much more then when the view is of some quiet grassy court or cloister or garden, as from the windows of the greater number of rooms at Oxford and Cambridge.

Samuel Butler, 1835-1902

From *The Way of Zenobia*, 1903.

KING'S COLLEGE, *April 18, 1844.*William
Johnson
(Cory)

It is very true that if a body wants to see the amenity of spring and of outward college life he should stand on Clare Bridge on such a day as yesterday, and look at the chestnut tree. Italian bridge and building most graceful, garden most serene, trees out a good bit further than in London, . . . sweet smells rife, and birds besides, with the sun and weeping willow, and clean water below, and no gownsmen within sight (at least when I was there). It is the best part of Cambridge.

William Johnson (Cory).
From Letters and Journals.

HALSDON, *Nov. 2, 1873.*

THE real use of Oxford and Cambridge is to inspirit, and tie up (as my plants are tied to stakes against winds) the good generous hearts which sweeten the nation: you all get together in companies and battalia, and you believe for three or five years in the supremacy of good intentions—and we poor peasants and grimy townspeople are the better for the going forth of your sharpshooters. The Universities are highland reservoirs of spring waters gathered, the springs of youth.

William Johnson (Cory).
From Letters and Journals.

HALSDON, *Nov. 9, 1875.*

EVEN he, a mere shadow, can be quite happy at Cambridge; it is his innings, as it is for every one. He can score impressions, conceptions, attachments, fine hopes. It is a blessed season even for the bloodless and meagre. No more bullying, no fussing of mother or aunt. Let him warm his hands at your fireplace; no doubt he will learn to laugh cheerfully there. He will discover that mankind is good-natured and makes room for him; he will be avenged on the horrible schools and the mortifications of boyhood.

William Johnson (Cory).
From Letters and Journals.

Dorothea
Vanborough

DOROTHEA VANBOROUGH was standing on the terrace at the end of the old college garden, where everything was so still, so sweet, and so intense that it seemed as if time was not, as if the clocks had stopped on their travels, as if no change could ever be, nor hours nor seasons sweep through the tranquil old place.

They were all laughing and talking; but Dolly, who was too

lazy, and too happy to talk, wandered away from them a little bit, to the garden's end, where she stood stooping over the low wall and watching the water flow by; there was a man fishing on the opposite bank, and casting his line again and again. In the distance a boat was drifting along the stream, some insects passed out towards the meadow humming their summer drone, a wasp sailed by. Dolly was half standing, half sitting, against the low terrace wall; with one hand she was holding up her white muslin skirt, with the other she was grasping the ledge of the old bricks upon which the lichen had been at work spreading their gold and grey. So the girl waited, sunning herself; herself a part of the summer's day, and gently blooming and rejoicing in its sweetness like any rose upon the wall.

There are blissful moments when one's heart seems to beat in harmony with the great harmony; when one is oneself light and warmth, and the delight of light, and a voice in the comfortable chorus of contentment and praise all round about. Such a minute had come to Dolly in her white muslin dress, with the Cam flowing at her feet and the lights dazzling her grey eyes.

Anne Isabella Thackeray (Lady Ritchie).

From *Old Kensington*, 1873.

IN the great court of Trinity I waited,
And watched the fountain play,
And mused upon that Land the Spaniard sighted
On Easter Day.

The Fountain
of Youth

Deep in that Land of Flowers there springs a fountain—
De Leòn sought it long—
Whose living waters keep the tribes beside it
For ever young.

'Twas Ponce de Leòn, the Spanish leader,
Sought that enchanted ground;
Far inland with his savage guides he wandered,—
But never found.

Beside the English fountain as I waited,
And watched the passing throng,
The generations past rose up before me,
And all were young.

From *The Cambridge Review*, March 9, 1893.

HAVE you come back to me, my love, at last,
To gaze delicious ardours in my eyes,
Till all those weary months are more than past,
—Annihilated in one swift surprise?
Give me your hand that I may surely feel
And know the promise of your amorous art,
Whose recollection now can hardly steal
Through the cold chambers of my year-worn heart.
Queen of extremes!—the tablets and the pen,
Sad gown of learning, and Sibylline scroll;
Yet these flung off, what Iris-radiance then,
Whilst in a flash you whirl from pole to pole!
Essence of Life—how fickle from how firm!
O chilly, warm, laborious, mad May Term!

1906.

W. R. M. Lamb.

From *The Cambridge Review*, April 26, 1906.

XX

THE ROMANTIC VIEW

It was in walking in the cool leafy shade of the wide-spreading chestnuts in the Fellows' garden that the Senior Tutor got the first clue to the secret of the girl's life. The Senior Tutor

She was leaning on his arm, with her clinging draperies rounding off the tender matronly outline of her perfect figure, and her cheek, with the delicate peach-like bloom of returning health upon it, pressed innocently against his shoulder.

By her side the huge college cat, 'Hecuba,' pattered softly; and, in friendly rivalry, the old Fellows' dog—'Agamemnon,' a mild-eyed fox-terrier, lame and toothless and nearly blind,—shouldered her aside, and put his cold black muzzle in the girl's hand, and followed her all the way.

'How all the dumb things love you, Maimie!' the Senior Tutor remarked, looking down into the sweet serious eyes.

Alan St. Aubyn (Mrs. Frances Marshall).
From *Trollope's Dilemma: a Story of a Cambridge Quad*, 1889.

HERBERT attended chapel twice that first day, and took the lowest seat among the ingenuous freshmen, and being a saint's day, he wore his bran-new surplice with becoming modesty. At Hall, as the youngest of the newly-elected scholars, he read the long Latin grace. His voice may have trembled as he stood up at the end of the scholars' table, with all the other men looking on, and the dons at the high tables looking down, lying in wait, as it were, for false quantities; but he had got from the *Benedic, Domine*, to the last echoing syllable of the long Trinity grace without a quantity misplaced. It never trembled after that, and the men never listened again, with supercilious tolerance, for false quantities at the lips of Herbert Flowers. The Trinity Grace

Alan St. Aubyn (Mrs. Frances Marshall).
From *A Fellow of Trinity*, 1890.

The great
Storm

AGAIN a deafening roar drowned his words and the oath on his trembling lips.

Before it had subsided the door of Herbert's room opened and Mr. Routh came in.

The force of habit was so strong upon the two undergraduates, that, though the earth beneath them seemed to reel like a drunken man, and the elements around were consuming in the fervent heat of the lightning, they both stood up when the tutor entered the room—but Spurway did not relax his hold.

'Sit down; pray sit down!' said the tutor, and he came over and sat on the couch beside them.

'I came over,' he explained, when he could be heard at all, 'because I thought as you were not very strong just now, you might be nervous, Mr. Flowers. It is an awful night. I never remember anything like it.'

'No?' Herbert said absently.

He was thinking more of that promised revelation on the morrow, and what Lilian Howell would say when she learnt the truth, than of the storm.

'You do not see the extent of it here like we do from my side,' the tutor went on. 'I have left the Dean on his knees praying for the rain. Unless it ceases or the rain comes, something terrible will happen, Professor Smith tells me. He has been up in his observatory all through it, until he could stand it no longer; the lightning played about his instruments so that he was obliged to desist. I believe he has taken some photographs of it.'

'What would be likely to happen, sir?' Spurway asked.

'Something very solemn—something for which we are quite unprepared. Professor Smith tells me that he never knew the air so charged with electricity before. If this should continue to increase and the rain does not come, the town will be on fire. All the lower part seemed from my window to be in flames already. I think we should pray at such a moment for all who are in danger and extremity.'

The tutor knelt down, and the men beside him, Spurway still clinging to Herbert's hand.

Alan St. Aubyn (Mrs. Frances Marshall).
From *A Fellow of Trinity*.

The good
Dean

THE Dean promised to talk it over with his tutor, and he sent Herbert back to his rooms with his own great woollen comforter round his throat.

He came in later on, when Herbert had gone shivering to bed in his cold sheets, with an india-rubber hot-water bottle in his hands, which he made the boy put to his cold feet. And he produced from his pocket-book a mysterious bit of paper, 'a little mustard-leaf,' as he explained, which he applied to Herbert's chest; and before he left the room he knelt on the little worn bit of carpet beside his bed and asked the Great Healer to bless the simple means.

Herbert was better in the morning; but that nasty troublesome cough kept him a prisoner in his rooms for several days. The Dean came over to see him while he was at breakfast, and recommended that his college commons should be supplemented by a dish of oatmeal porridge.

'I take it every morning myself,' he said. 'I have taken it for years. I do not think I could get through the day without it.'

Alan St. Aubyn (Mrs. Frances Marshall).

From *A Fellow of Trinity*.

'I DON'T know how it is,' said Ted, 'but whenever people write books about Cambridge they make the bad undergraduates go to gambling-hells on the Chesterton Road and the good ones be filled with ennobling thoughts when they contemplate their stately chapel. Did you ever go to a gambling-hell on the Chesterton Road, Tom?'

Gambling
hells on the
Chesterton
Road

'No. Do you ever have ennobling thoughts when you look at the stately chapel? Of course you don't. You think it's deuced pretty, and so do I, and we both play whist with threepenny points. And as a matter of fact we don't fall in love with each other's cousins at the May races, nor do we sport deans into their rooms, nor do deans marry bedmakers. Oh, we are very ordinary!'

'I feel a temptation to walk across the grass,' said Ted.

'Yes, you're the wicked B.A. who leads the fresh, bright undergraduate, that's me, into all sorts of snares. What fools people are.'

E. F. Benson.

From *Limitations*, 1896.

XXI

REMINISCENT

Stat quoque iuncosas *Camii* remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire scholae.

John Milton, *Eleg.* i. 89, 90.

Ad Amicos

WHILE you, where Camus rolls his sedgy tide,
Feel every joy, that friendship can divide ;
Now, as each art and science you explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious to learn alone whate'er may tend
To raise the Genius—or the heart to mend :
Now pleased along the cloister'd walk to rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the Grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone you use
To catch the Zephyr, or to court the Muse.
At me meantime (while e'en devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the power, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim the dart of fate.

1737.

Richard West, 1716-1742.

Christopher
Anstey

ABROAD if we wander, at home if we stay,
In town and in country, by night and by day,
'Tis thine, sacred SCIENCE ! new charms to display.
How much I rejoice thou hast chosen thy seat
In GRANTA'S delightful and quiet retreat !
Where men of such piety, learning, and sense,
Distribute thy gifts at so small an expence,
And season the minds of well-disciplin'd youth,
With patriot maxims of freedom and truth ;
Regardless of changes in church or in state,
'They ne'er court the favours and smiles of the great,
But with eyes unretorted preferment can view,
Thro' the calm walk of virtue life's journey pursue ;

For candour, for softness, for manners, renown'd,
 Shed the blessings of peace and contentment around ;
 And, far from malignity, faction, and noise,
 With dignity seek philosophical joys ;
 Yes—there with example and precept supply'd,
 To Wisdom's bright altar my steps will I guide ;
 O genius of *Athens* ! with thee will I rove
 In the shade of your charming *Pierian* grove :
 Where the learned old *Cam*, on his echoing shore,
 Remurmurs sweet sounds of Socratical lore.

Christopher Anstey, 1724-1805.
 From Appendix to *The Patriot*, 1767.

THEY go, and I remain. Their steps are free
 To tread the halls and groves, in thought alone
 To me accessible, my home erewhile
 Heart-loved, and in their summer quiet still
 As beautiful, as when of old, return'd
 From London's never-ebbing multitude
 And everlasting cataract of sound,
 'Midst the broad, silent courts of Trinity
 I stood, and paus'd ; so strange, and strangely sweet,
 The night-like stillness of that noontide scene
 Sank on my startled ear. Those days are past ;
 And like a homeless schoolboy, left behind
 When all his mates are free to sport their fill
 Through the long midsummer, I sit, and strive
 To cheat my hope-sick heart with memory.

W. S. Walker

William Sidney Walker, 1795-1846.

ONE drop I seek not from the sparkling spring
 Of Helicon, since, from the cloister'd hoard
 Of Trinity, full in my cup is poured
 The mantling Audit—Friendship's offering.
 Fancy ! I woo thee not, thou magic Queen ;
 Since, waken'd by this draught to ecstasy,
 Rapt mem'ry shews to the unclouded eye
 Life's early drama, with each by-gone scene.
 A world not of the world :—the gay-throng'd hall
 Light with bright faces ; —and the shady grove,
 Where they of College-heart, deep musing, rove ;
 The social converse, 'till the Vesper bell ;—

Sonnet on
 receiving a
 Present of
 Trinity Audit
 Ale

The Student's nook, chamber of anxious fears;—
Enough, enough,—my cup is dew'd with tears.

1847.

Charles Valentine Le Grice, 1773-1858.

The Old
Rooms

ALAS!—save that its four walls bounded the identical space of floor and ceiling of which I had formerly called myself the proprietor, the room was the same no longer. As if in mockery of my temporary ownership, it had burst forth into fresh hues and colours, and taken to itself a new material form. The old paper, with its quaint bunches of flowers, whereon my eye had so often rested in chase of a vagrant dactyl, or an impossible solution, had given place to a staring abomination of French manufacture. The carpet, with designs trodden into indistinctness by the hob-nailed shoes of successive wranglers, had been supplanted by a trim drugget, stretched to very bursting over the uneven floor. The oak table, well-remembered resting-place for my elbows, had disappeared before a long surface of shining mahogany, ornamented here and there with the impression of pewter pots and the stains of tobacco. . . . The old portraits that were wont to look down upon me from their frames, encouraging or rebuking me with their solemn unchanging expression, had doubtless found their way to the auction room and the curiosity shop. Provost Goodall in his wig, Dr. Keate in his three-cornered hat, Porson, Niebuhr, Bentley were no longer there! 'The View-hallo,' 'The Meet,' 'The Find,' Nymphs in deshabelle, and rude imitations of Etty, served to reveal the tastes and pursuits of their owner.

From Our College: Leaves from an Undergraduate's Scribbling Book,
1857.

Horace at
Athens

We were fresh together.
I never can forget
How in October weather
On Parker's Piece we met;
Nor how in hall we paid so dear
For shapeless lumps of flesh,
And sized for cheese and college beer,
When you and I were fresh.

We were Junior Sophs together,
And used one Paley card.
They plucked my every feather,
A usual fate, but hard.

You got the Craven and the Bell,
 While I in folly's mesh
 Without a single struggle fell,
 When you and I were fresh.

We're Questionists together ;
 We both have reached the verge
 And limit of our tether,
 The hood of fur and serge.
 Though this should be a Federal firm,
 And that a hot Secesh,
 We'd fondly still recall the term
 When you and I were fresh.

Sir G. O. Trevelyan.

Song from *Horace at the University of Athens*, 1860.

IF I put pipe to mouth *there*, should I not see gray Elohim ascending out of the earth, him whom we capped among the walks in golden youth, and hear a voice, 'Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?' I happened to say to Clark that, from old far-away undergraduate recollections of the unapproachable and august seclusion of Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, I should feel more blown out with glory by spending a night under your roof, than by having lived Sultanlike for a week in Buckingham Palace. Now, you see, I was not proposing a visit to you, but speaking as after wine and over a pipe, and falling into a trance with my eyes open.

The august
 Seclusion of
 Trinity
 Lodge

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

From a letter to the Master of Trinity, answering an invitation, 1867.

OFTEN, when o'er tree and turret,
 Eve a dying radiance flings,
 By that ancient pile I linger
 Known familiarly as 'King's.'
 And the ghosts of days departed
 Rise, and in my burning breast
 All the undergraduate wakens,
 And my spirit is at rest.

'Hic vir,
 hic est'

What, but a revolting fiction,
 Seems the actual result
 Of the Census's enquiries
 Made upon the 15th ult.?

Still my soul is in its boyhood ;
Nor of year or changes recks,
Though my scalp is almost hairless,
And my figure grows convex.

Backward moves the kindly dial ;
And I'm numbered once again
With those noblest of their species
Called emphatically ' Men ' :
Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,
Through the streets with tranquil mind,
And a long-backed fancy-mongrel
Trailing casually behind :

Past the Senate-house I saunter,
Whistling with an easy grace ;
Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet
Still the beefy market-place ;
Poising evermore the eye-glass
In the light sarcastic eye,
Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid
Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming Freshman,
Thro' these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a College,
Under every cap a Don :
Each perambulating infant
Had a magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior Wranglers in them all.

By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others ;
Learned to blunt my moral feelings
By the aid of Bacon Brothers ;
Bought me tiny boots of Mortlock,
And colossal prints of Roe ;
And ignored the proposition
That both time and money go.

Learned to work the wary dogcart
 Artfully thro' King's Parade ;
 Dress, and steer a boat, and sport with
 Amaryllis in the shade :
 Struck, at Brown's, the dashing hazard ;
 Or (more curious sport than that)
 Dropped, at Callaby's, the terrier
 Down upon the prisoned rat.

I have stood serene on Fenner's
 Ground, indifferent to blisters,
 While the Buttress of the period
 Bowled me his peculiar twisters :
 Sung 'We won't go home till morning' ;
 Striven to part my backhair straight ;
 Drunk (not lavishly) of Miller's
 Old dry wines at 78/ :—

When within my veins the blood ran,
 And the curls were on my brow,
 I did, oh ye undergraduates,
 Much as you are doing now.
 Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones :—
 Now unto mine inn must I,
 Your 'poor moralist,'¹ betake me,
 In my 'solitary fly.'

1861.

Charles Stuart Calverley, 1831-1884.

I HAVE a debt of my heart's own to thee,
 School of my soul ! old lime and cloister shade !
 Which I, strange suitor, should lament to see
 Fully acquitted and exactly paid.
 The first ripe taste of manhood's best delights,
 Knowledge imbibed, while mind and heart agree,
 In sweet belated talk on winter nights,
 With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me ;—

On revisiting
 Trinity
 College,
 Cambridge

¹ 'Poor moralist, and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly.'—Gray.

Such things I owe thee, and not only these :
I owe thee the far-beaconing memories
Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide
Of life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,
Now cast their brightness from the farther side
On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.

1876.

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, 1809-1885.

XXII

VALE

O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum
 Digna Domus ! Trini nomine digna Dei.
 Ah mihi si vestrae reddat bona gaudia sedis,
 Detque Deus docta posse quiete frui.

Abraham Cowley, *Elegia Dedicatoria*, 1643.

THEREFORE, dear mother, receive some admonition of one of thy poor children now going to be burned for the testimony of Jesus. Come again to God's truth ; 'come out of Babylon' ; 'confess Christ' and his true doctrine ; repent that which is past ; make amends by declaring thy repentance by the fruits. Remember the readings and preachings of God's prophet and true preacher, Martin Bucer. Call to mind the threatenings of God now something seen by thy children, Lever and others. Let the exile of Lever, Pilkington, Grindal, Haddon, Horne, Scory, Ponet, &c., something awake thee. Let the imprisonment of thy dear sons, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, move thee. Consider the martyrdom of thy chickens, Rogers, Saunders, Taylor : and now cast not away the poor admonition of me going to be burned also, and to receive the like crown of glory with my fellows. Take to heart God's calling by us. Be not as Pharaoh was ; for then will it happen unto thee as it did unto him. What is that ? 'Hardness of heart.' And what then ? Destruction eternally both of body and soul.

John
 Bradford's
 Farewell

Ah, therefore, good mother, awake, repent, repent ; buskel thyself, and make thee bowne to turn to the Lord ; for else 'it shall be more easy for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for thee.'

O Perne, repent ; O Thomson, repent ; O ye doctors, bachelors, and masters, repent ; O mayor, alderman, and town-dwellers,

repent, repent, repent, that ye may escape the near vengeance of the Lord.

John Bradford, 1510?-1555.
From *The Farewell to Cambridge*, 1555.

Bishop
Ridley's
Farewell

Now that I have taken my leave of my COUNTRYMEN and kinsfolk, and the Lord doth lend me life and giveth me leisure, I will bid my other good friends in God of other places also farewell. And whom first or before other than the University of Cambridge, where I have dwelt longer, found more faithful and hearty friends, received more benefits (the benefits of my natural parents only excepted) than ever I did in mine own native country wherein I was born.

Farewell therefore Cambridge, my loving mother and tender Nurse. If I should not acknowledge thy manifold benefits, yea, if I should not for thy benefits at the least love thee again, truly I were to be accounted too ungrate and unkind. What benefits hadst thou ever, that thou usest to give and bestow upon thy best beloved children, that thou thoughtedst too good for me. Thou didst bestow on me all thy school degrees, the common offices, the chaplainship of the University, the office of the Proctorship and of a common Reader, and of thy private commodities and emoluments in Colledges what was it thou madest me not partner of? First to be scholar then to be Fellow, and after my departure from thee thou calledst me again to the mastership of a right worshipful Colledge. I thank thee my loving mother for all this kindness, and I pray God that his laws and the sincere gospel of Christ may ever be truly taught and faithfully learned in thee.

Farewel Pembroke Hall, of late mine own colledge my care and my charge; what case thou art in now, God knoweth, I know not well. Thou wast ever named since I knew thee, (which is now a thirty years ago,) to be studious, well learned, and a good setter forth of Christ's gospel, and of God's true word, so I found thee, and blessed be God so I left thee indeed. Wo is me for thee mine own dear Colledge, if ever thou suffer thyself by any means to be brought from that trade. In thy orchard (the walls butts and trees, if they could speak would bear me witness) I learned without book almost all Paul's Epistles, yes, and I ween all the Canonical Epistles, save only the Apocalyps of which study although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof I trust I shall carry with me into heaven, for the profit thereof I think I have felt in all my life time ever after, and I ween of late, (whether they abide now or no I cannot tell,) there was that did the like.

The Lord grant that this zeal and love towards that part of God's word, which is a key and a true commentary to all the holy scripture, may ever abide in that colledge so long as the world shall endure.

Nicholas Ridley, 1500-1555.
From a letter written before his execution,
October 16, 1555.

PHILOMUSUS. What ! I leave Parnassus and these sisters Nine, Learning's
Outcast
These murmuring springs, this pleasant grove, this ayre ?
What greater ills hath fortune then in store
Then to expose my state to miserye ?
The partiall heavens doe favoure eche rude boore,
Mackes droviers riche, and makes each scholler poore.
Well may my face weare sorowe's liverie
Whiles angry I do chide this luckless ayre,
Where I am learninge's outcast, fortun's scorner.
Nowe, wandering, I muste seeke my destinie,
And spende the remnante of my wretched life
'Mongst russet coates and mossy idiots,
Nere shall I heare the Muses sing againe,
Whose musicke was like nectar to my soule.

From *The Return from Parnassus* (1), Act 1. Sc. 1.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfied ? is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfilled with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence ?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volume of our common law.

To Mr. B. B

John Donne, 1573-1631.

Now approaches that gloomy, or rather that fatal day, in which I Sir Symonds
D'Ewes
am to leave my dearest Mother, of whose pure milk I have drunk
so many months, and fed upon her daintiest bits. Though not
about to forsake the sciences themselves, I am to depart from the
patroness and faultrice of them. Oh, shall I ever forget the hour,
when my books and my other things being stripped away, and my
chamber mourning, as it were, for the want of its accustomed
ornaments, my friends are now visiting me to say farewell ! Of all
these, which I have loved so well, I am even now about to suffer

the privation. It was the 25th day of May, in the year 1618, that embraced my admittance; and it is this present 22nd day of September, 1620, which now shadows my departure. I have just begun to gain strength, by the continuance of strong food, when thus am I suddenly snatched away from it. I have tasted of the several sciences, though I have not yet ascended to metaphysics or any mathematics. These would follow, if I could have remained longer. But although many things on my now departing do thus distract me, yet it is not altogether without mine own consent; for when the vices of the University which I am leaving come into my thoughts, a sort of content is prepared thereby. So then, farewell, dear Mother!—farewell, dear Schools!—farewell, happy lectures!—farewell, faithful friends!—Ye lose a son in person, though not in affection; an auditor in sense, though not in desire; a frequenter in substance, though not in circumstance; and a true well-wisher in his absent thoughts, as hitherto in his present words.

1620.

Sir Symonds D'Ewes.

From *Diary*, printed in *College Life in the Time of James I.*, 1851.

WHEREAS, before my going to the University I thought I should have found it the only happiness upon earth, I afterwards felt so many wants and discontents there, as it gave me just occasion to change and alter my opinion. Nay, whereas at my first coming thither, I was much delighted with variety of acquaintance, and settling in my new chamber with Mr. Henry Lawson, a fellow-commoner of the same college, and my fellow-pupil who had been my schoolfellow also formerly in London; with viewing the colleges abroad, and our own walks, bowling-ground, and Tennis Court in St. John's, and with other like toys, which began to breed in me a serious delight and marvellous content: I was suddenly called from these umbrageous joys, within a few days after my settling in the University, by the heaviest and sorest affliction that ever yet had befallen me since my birth [the death of his mother].

From *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, Bart.*, edited by J. O. Halliwell, 1845.

'Lines on an
Autumnal
Evening'
on leaving
Cambridge

Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,

O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

1793.

ADIEU, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin plac'd,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effac'd.

The Adieu :
Written
under the
impression
that the
author would
soon die

1807.

George Gordon, Lord Byron.

FAREWELL to the towers, farewell to the bowers,
Where the sage wizard Art all his charm hath displayed!
And sweet Science cowers, amongst blooming flowers,
In gay robes of glory majestic arrayed.

Farewell

Farewell, banks of Camus! thou fair scene of blisses,
The Muse, Love's, and Grace's invincible seat!
Your silver soft stream, like the tide of Ilyssus,
Aye fresher than airs of Hygieia's retreat.

Ye cloisters low bending, and proudly extending,
To cherish young genius and taste in your gloom;
The spirit befriending, as, softly descending,
It mounts in pure incense to heaven's vaulted dome:

From you I must sever; then farewell for ever,
Each heart-honoured object that swells my last theme:
The world is a field I must enter, but never
Can aught charm my soul like your shade, Academe!

From *The Cambridge Tart*, 1823.

THE sad rain falls from Heaven,
A sad bird pipes and sings;
I am sitting here at my window,
And watching the spires of 'King's.'

A Farewell
(after Heine)

O fairest of all fair places,
Sweetest of all sweet towns !
With the birds, and the greyness and greenness,
And the men in caps and gowns.

All they that dwell within thee,
To leave are ever loth,
For one man gets friends, and another
Gets honour, and one gets both.

The sad rain falls from Heaven ;
My heart is great with woe—
I have neither friend nor honour,
Yet I am sorry to go.

Amy Levy, Newnham College.
From *A London Plane-Tree*, 1881.

NOTES

Page 2. *The Return from Parnassus* (see also pp. 27, 59, 111, 205). There is some uncertainty as to the dates of *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* and its companion pieces, the two parts of *The Return from Parnassus*. I have adopted the dates which, in his *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii. p. 633, Dr. A. W. Ward conjectures to be the most probable.

Much ingenuity has been spent in speculations as to the authorship of these plays; in particular John Day has been suggested, but on no conclusive grounds. All that is certain is what appears from the plays themselves: that they are all three 'Christmas toys,' composed and acted as Yule-tide entertainments at St. John's College. Their literary interest is great, owing to their personal allusions to Shakespeare and other contemporary writers. Swinburne has a wrong-headed but characteristic outburst, quoted by Dr. Ward: 'Such reptile rancour as hisses and spits and pants, with all the recreant malignity of a fangless viper, through the stagnant and fetid fenlands of the *Return from Parnassus*.'—Essay on 'John Day,' *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1897.

Page 2, l. 2. *Lay in a trundle-bed under my tutor*. Mr. J. B. Mullinger in his *History of the University of Cambridge*, quotes the Statutes of Magdalen College, Oxford, which direct that the scholars shall sleep in '*lecti rotales* [*i.e.* trundlebeds on castors] *vulgariter* trookyl beddys,' each under the bed of one of the fellows.

Page 2. *Letter* from Horace Walpole to Richard West. Walpole, West, Thomas Gray, and Thomas Ashton were all Etonians and formed a 'quadruple alliance' of friendship. West (called Favonius by the other three) went to Christ-Church, Oxford, and died young after showing much promise as a poet. Walpole disliked Cambridge, did not stay long, and got little profit from the University. It is worth noting that when at King's he took shorthand lessons from John Byron, a passage from whose *Diary* is given on p. 50. Gray's feeling towards Cambridge is illustrated in several following passages. Ashton became a clergyman and was ultimately estranged from Walpole.

Page 4. *The Candidate*. John, Earl of Sandwich, a nobleman of notorious profligacy, gained the nickname of Jenny Twitcher (the 'peach' of Gray's *Beggar* *Ora*) from his betrayal of Wilkes, his friend and boon-companion. He moved in Parliament that Wilkes should be prosecuted for his *Letter on Women*. The contest for the High Stewardship between him and Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, turned (among other things) on a vote of doubtful validity, and was made the

subject of litigation. The Court of King's Bench finally decided in favour of Lord Hardwicke. See Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. iv. p. 334.

- Page 6, l. 34. *My Mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time.* 'A variety of Malaga wine, made from grapes grown on the mountains.' Murray's *New English Dictionary*.
- Page 12. Sir Symonds D'Ewes' *Speech*. For other mythical accounts of the origin of the University see pp. 21 *sqq.*
- Page 13. Dr. Taylor's *Musick Speech*. This John Taylor is 'Demosthenes' Taylor, the most silent man Dr. Johnson had ever seen. 'I once dined in company with him, and all he said during the whole time was no more than *Richard*.'—Boswell's *Johnson*, sub anno 1778.
- Page 14. *Two Epigrams*. According to Mrs. Piozzi the second of these was composed impromptu on Dr. Johnson's quoting the first. 'Mr. Johnson did Browne the justice to say it was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with; though he once comically confessed that he hated to repeat the wit of a whig in support of whiggism.'
- Page 21. Lydgate's *Verses*. The text is that printed, from the Baker MS. in the Cambridge University Library, in the Appendix to vol. i. of Mr. J. B. Mullinger's *History of the University of Cambridge*. The last line—'Of heresie Cambridge bare never blame'—is interesting; Lydgate has Lollardry in mind; but after the mediaeval period the contrary is true of Cambridge. The University played a chief part in the Reformation, and has ever since had a larger leaven of unorthodox and advanced opinion than Oxford.
- Page 27. Thomas Tusser. The 'English Varro.' He was educated at St. Paul's, Eton (in l. 7 he alludes to the headmaster Udal, author of *Ralph Roister Doister*), King's and Trinity Hall.
- Page 29. Giles Fletcher's *Epistle* to Dr. Nevile. Thomas Nevile (d. 1615) was the 'second founder' of Trinity College. We owe to him the Great Court in its present shape and part of Nevile's Court.
- Page 33. *Ode for Music*. This Ode of Gray's, written for the installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor, in gratitude for the presentation to him by the Duke of the Professorship of Modern History, brought obloquy upon him for his change of principles.
- Page 34, l. 11. *Great Edward with the lilies on his brow.* Edward III. But Edward II., not Edward III., is the real founder of the nucleus of Trinity College. The provision of a Hall of Residence for the King's Scholars, though carried out by Edward III., was planned by Edward II. See Mullinger's *History*, vol. i. p. 252.
- Page 34, l. 13. *Sad Chatillon*. It is generally believed that Marie de St. Paul (Marie de Valence), foundress of Pembroke College, was 'on the same day a virgin, wife, and widow,' her husband having been killed in a joust on his marriage day. But the story is a fable.
- Page 34, l. 14. *Princely Clare*. Elizabeth de Clare (1291?-1361), foundress of Clare Hall, 'princely' because her mother was Alice, niece of Henry III. Her father was Gilbert de Clare, ninth Earl of Clare.

- Page 34, l. 15. *Anjou's Heroine and the paler Rose*. Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI., foundress of Queens' College (1448), and Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., who augmented the foundation and is honoured as co-foundress of Queens'.
- Page 34, l. 26. *Fitzroy*. Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, 1735-1811.
- Page 35, l. 2. *Venerable Margaret*. Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby (1443-1509), mother of Henry VII., foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges and of the Lady Margaret Professorships.
- Page 35, ll. 4-6. *Kindred train . . . A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace*. Henry, first Duke of Grafton, was (by Barbara Villiers) son of Charles II., and his grandson could thus be complimented on his royal ancestry.
- Page 35, l. 20. *The laureate wreath that Cecil wore*. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Chancellor of the University, 1559.
- Page 42. Trial of Frend. William Frend, reformer and scientific writer, was expelled from the University in 1793 for the expression of Jacobin opinions in his pamphlet 'Peace and Union Recommended.' The decision of the Vice-Chancellor's Court was finally set aside after long litigation.
- Page 43, l. 7. Gunning seems to be mistaken in asserting that Coleridge's conduct was 'severely censured by the undergraduates,' since the affair was preconcerted between Coleridge and Charnock.
- Page 47. *The Poets at Cambridge*. Mr. Birrell might have added to his list George Gascoigne, Gabriel Harvey, Thomas Randolph, Richard Monckton-Milnes, Alfred Tennyson.
- Page 51. Bentley's *Verses*. When Dr. Johnson recited these lines, Adam Smith observed 'in his decisive professorial manner,' that they were 'very well, very well.' Johnson: 'Yes, they *are* very well, Sir; but you may observe in what manner they are well. They are the forcible verses of a man of a strong mind, but not accustomed to write verses; for there is some uncouthness in the expression.'—Boswell's *Johnson*, *ab anno* 1780.
- Page 51, l. 21. *Delving Woodward*. John Woodward (1665-1728), the geologist, founder of the Woodwardian collection and of the Chair of Geology at Cambridge.
- Page 51, l. 24. *Selden*. John Selden (1584-1654), jurist, antiquary, historian, orientalist.
- Page 51, l. 28. *Whiston*. William Whiston (1667-1752), mathematician and divine, succeeded Newton as Lucasian professor in 1703. He was a crank who wrote voluminously in favour of many fantastic opinions, among others that the Tartars were the lost tribes. He was expelled from the University for Arianism. 'This time Mr. W. was expelled as an obstinate Heretick by the Heads, after he had thrice convented before them.'—Rud's *Diary*, October 30, 1710.
- Page 52. Richard Cumberland. Bentley's grandson. A successful dramatist in his day, now better known as the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

- Page 55. *Letter* to William Upcott. Upcott was Porson's successor as Librarian of the London Institution.
- Page 57, l. 31. *The Cobbler of Messina*. Mr. R. E. Prothero suggests (*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*, vol. iv. p. 201) that the reference is to Vatinius of Beneventum, originally a shoemaker's apprentice and afterwards a buffoon at the court of Nero. See Juvenal, *Sat.* v. 46, 47, and Martial, *Epigr.* xiv. 96.
- Page 62, l. 1. *Nothing at all left of the old preciseness in their discourse*. In the next century something of what Pepys missed seems to have returned. Gunning, referring to the undergraduates of Magdalene, says, 'their temperate habits and devotion to tea were quite proverbial.' He goes on, 'I have heard Dr. Gretton (who was sixteen years Master of the College) declare, he thought there must be something in the air of Magdalene that made men Methodists; "for," said he, "we have elected Fellows from Clare Hall, from Trinity, and other Colleges, whom we have considered to be most Anti-Methodistical, but in a short time they all become Methodists."'—Gunning, *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 263.
- Page 64. *The posts newly painted*. It was usual to place ornamented posts on either side of the gates of chief magistrates.
- Page 66, l. 21. *Gall*. In the second edition (1586) of the *Description of England* the following parenthesis is inserted after the word 'gall': 'a bastard kind of *Mirtus*, as I take it.'
- Page 71. George Dyer. This is Charles Lamb's eccentric literary friend, whose mishaps are familiar to readers of Lamb's letters. A portrait of Dyer and his dog is in the Fitzwilliam Museum.
- Page 84, l. 7. *Nettes bete*, mend nets; l. 8, *turne coppes*, turn wooden cups in a lathe; *shete*, shoot; l. 9, *panade*, two-edged cutlass; l. 11, *popper*, dagger; l. 13, *Sheffeld thwitel*, a large Sheffield knife; l. 15, *piled as an ape*, bald (peeled) as an ape; l. 16, *market-beter atte fulle*, swaggerer in crowded markets; l. 23, *The person of the town hir fuder was*: therefore (her father being the parson) she was born out of wedlock; l. 34, *a gylt of reed*, probably a red head-dress; l. 43, *somdel smoterlich*, something smutched (because of her illegitimate birth).
- Page 85, l. 1. *digne as water in a dich*, full of dignity, and therefore keeping people at a distance as stagnant water does by its smell. l. 2, *hoker*, scorn; *bisemare*, taunting.
- The mill at Trumpington*. It seems that the old mill stood about a quarter of a mile above the present Grantchester mill and bridge. 'Byron's pool' is the old mill-pool. The question whether Chaucer ever saw the scene of the 'Reves Tale' himself seems not susceptible of decision; it is discussed in Professor Skeat's edition of *The Canterbury Tales*.
- Page 89. *The Miller's Daughter*. Tennyson is recorded to have said that he did not intend in this poem to describe any particular place, but that if he had any one mill in mind it was the mill at Trumpington.
- Page 92. Gabriel Harvey. Gabriel Harvey's *Letter-Book*, from which these extracts come, is a miscellaneous collection, in his own hand, of drafts of verses and letters on literary and academic topics. He seems to have been unpopular and quarrelsome. A cabal in the college tried to

keep him from proceeding to the M.A. degree, and he was actually prevented (as indicated in the beginning of our first extract) from delivering a course of Greek lectures in the college hall to which he had been appointed by the Master. Over Spenser, whose contemporary and intimate he was at Pembroke, he exercised a pernicious influence, diverting his genius for a time to imitations of the classics.

Page 94, l. 4. *Dr. Dee*. John Dee (1527-1608), 'the wizard,' Fellow of Trinity, mathematician and astrologer.

Page 94, l. 6. *Him that built Caius College and made Londinensis Booke de Antiquitate*. John Caius (1510-1573), scholar and physician, refounded Gonville Hall, 1557. *Londinensis* was the name under which he published his book to prove that Cambridge is older than Oxford.

Page 102, l. 25. *Tireman and Randal*. Organists of Trinity and King's Colleges.

Page 116. *On the Fall of the Mitre Tavern*. The Mitre stood just north of the present Bull Inn on ground now occupied by the south end of the screen of King's College.

Page 117, l. 16. *Pembroke's Cardinal cap*. The Cardinal's Cap was the sign of a tavern opposite Pembroke. The Crown and the Dolphin were other taverns to which allusion is made in these verses.

Page 118, l. 9. *Sam*. The landlord.

Page 120, ll. 16, 17. *Each Johnian . . . fed with the tickling dust his snout*. The allusion is to the custom of calling John's men swine. Cf. Abraham de la Pryme's joke, p. 99 above: 'us Johnians are called abusively hoggs.'

Page 120, l. 21. *Culinary Kay's*. Allusion to the traditional excellence of the kitchens at Caius College.

Page 122. Thomas Mace. The famous deaf lutenist who devised a lute of fifty strings.

Page 124, l. 11. *Gilded tossils*. Fellow-commoners.

Page 125, l. 3. *To Tom's or to Clapham's*. Coffee-houses.

Page 143, l. 11. *But since there is such necessity*. Milton is here refuting the argument that, since he shows a certain familiarity with theatrical properties, he must be a loose liver, which had been used against him by Joseph Hall and his son Robert in *A Modest Confutation of a Slandereous and Scurrilous Libel*.

Page 144. *Letter of William Soone*. William Soone was Regius Professor of Civil Law in 1661. He afterwards vacated his chair on account of his being a papist and went abroad.—Cooper's *Annals*, vol. ii. p. 329.

Page 147, l. 20. *Staller Gutter*. poor boys (Norwegian).

Page 158, l. 10. *Partly of fynes for leaves and indentures of the fermours renewing ther lea ys, partly of wood sa'ys*. 'This sentence is partially explained by Mr. Froude's statement that, in anticipation of dissolution, the lands belonging to some foundations "had been granted away in leases upon lives, the incumbents securing their personal interests by fines."—*Hist.* iv. 193.'—Mullinger's *History*, vol. ii. p. 79 n.

- Page 160. *Bucer and Fagius*. Martin Bucer was imported from Strassburg to be Professor of Theology at Cambridge in 1549. He died February, 1551. His friend Paulus Fagius was at the same time appointed Reader in Hebrew, but died ten days after his arrival. 'The damp air of the fens appears to have proved peculiarly unsuited to the German constitution.'—Mullinger, *History*, vol. ii. p. 123. Cf. Erasmus' complaints.
- Page 162, l. 17. *Portesse and Pie*. *Portesse*, a corruption from Old French *porte-hors*, that which one carries out of doors, a name for a book or breviary. *Pie*, French form of Latin *pica*, the old name for the Ordinal. (Both French and Latin forms are still used of type.) See Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.
- Page 162, l. 34. *Mr. Cheke and Mr. Smith*. Sir John Cheke (1514-1557) and Sir Thomas Smith (1514-1577) are the principal figures in the revival of Greek studies at Cambridge. Their attempt to introduce the reformed pronunciation of Greek is well known.
- Page 163, l. 12. *So worthy a justice of an oyer*. Sir William Cecil, Principal Secretary of State and Chancellor of the University.
- Page 179. Charles and Mary Lamb. The detail of Charles Lamb's associations with Cambridge has been carefully worked out by Mr. E. V. Lucas in *The Cambridge Review*, February 17, 1910.
- Page 187, ll. 15, 16. *Up that long walk of limes I past to see the rooms in which he dwelt*. On the strength of these lines it is popularly supposed that Arthur Hallam (d. 1833) dwelt in rooms over the west gateway of New Court. His rooms were in fact on the south side of New Court.
- Page 196. Christopher Anstey (author of *The New Bath Guide*) did not proceed to the M.A. degree, and bore a grudge against his college (King's) and the University. These lines are ironical.
- Page 203, ll. 19, 20. *Buskel thyself and make thee bowne*. *Buskel*, a form of 'busk' = to get ready. *Bowne* = ready, prepared. Both 'busk' and 'bowne' are northern dialect words.

APPENDIX

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INDEX

- Albumazar*, 143.
Animadversions on Two Late Books, 1.
Annual Register, The, 177.
 Anstey, Christopher—*The Patriot*, 196.
 Ascham, Roger—*The Scholemaster*, 161.
 Ashton, Thomas—*Letter to R. West*, 33.
 'As some *Peter-house fellows*,' 125.
 Atkinson, Solomon—*Struggles of a Poor Student*, 72.
 Austin, Charles: burlesqued by W. M. Praed, 111.
- BACKS, the—
 George Dyer on, 71.
 Charles Kingsley on, 73.
 James Payn on, 80.
 M. de Coubertin on, 82.
 W. Johnson (Cory) on, 190.
 Baker, Thomas, his opinion of Oxford Education, 12.
- Ball, Thomas—*The Life of Dr. Preston*, 116.
- Barclay, Alexander—*Eglogue* 1., 1.
 Bede—*Ecclesiastical History*, 148.
 Benson, E. F.—*Limitations*, 195.
 Bentham, Jeremy—*Sugar not at All*, 14.
 Bentley, Dr. Richard—
 Conversation of, 50.
 Satirized in *Dunciad*, 50.
 Dr. Walker and his hat, 52.
 Macaulay on Phalaris controversy, 52.
 Receives George 1., 176.
 Dr. Johnson on his verses, 211.
Ang'ram amice pauperiem pati, 51.
- Birrell, Augustine—*Obiter Dicta*, 46.
 Blücher, General, visit of, 178.
Boat-race, The Oxford and Cambridge, 19.
 Bonwicke, Ambrose—*Letter to his father*, 134.
- Bourne, Vincent—*Sparrows self-domesticated in Trinity College*, 69.
- Brackyn, Francis—*Speech to James* 1., 25.
- Bradford, John—*Farewell to Cambridge*, 203.
- Bristed, C. A.—*Five years in an English University*, 15, 146.
- Brown, Dr. William—*Epigram*, 14.
 Bacon, Martin, burning of bones of, 160, 163.
- Batler, Samuel—*The Way of all Flesh*, 189.
- Byron, John—*Diary*, 20.
- Byron, Lord—
 Quotes Gibbon on introduction of Vandals into Cambridgeshire, 11.
Thoughts Suggested by a College Examination, 8.
Letter to Miss Pigot, 9.
Letter to Mr. Murray on Prof. Porson, 57.
The Adieu, 207.
- CAIUS COLLEGE, strange experiment in portico of, 99.
- Calverley, C. S.—*'Hic Vir, hic est,'* 199.
- Cam, the—
 Wordsworth sails on, 40.
 Sturgeon caught in, 77.
 Henry Fawcett skates on, 90.
- Cambridge, legends as to origin of, 12, 13, 21 *seq.*
- Cambridge Tart, The*, 207.
- Cantabrigia Depicta*, 69.
- Cantalupe, Nicholas—*Historiola*, 24.
- Carlyle, Thomas—
Life of Sterling, 10.
Oliver Cromwell, 165.
- Carus, Dr. C. G.—*The King of Saxony's Journey*, 181.
- Chamberlain, John—*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton*, 142.
- Chapman, Dr., Thomas Gray on death of, 4.
- Charles 1., infinite facetiousness of, 165.
- Charles II., visit of, 173.
- Chaucer, Geoffrey—
 Perhaps a Cambridge man, 46.
Reves Tale, 84.
- Christ-Church, Oxford, a Cambridge colony, 155.
- Clerke, William—*Polimanteia*, 184.
Club Law, 149.
- Coffee-houses, Roger North on, 67.
- Coleridge, S. T.—
 At Trial of William Frend, 42.
 Revisits Cambridge, 43.
Lines written in Jesus Wood, 43.
Lines on an Autumnal Evening, 206.
- Collier, Jeremy—*Ecclesiastical History*, 21.
- Cornford, Frances—*Autumn Morning at Cambridge*, 79.
- Corporation, decay of the, 167.
- Cory, William Johnson. See Johnson (Cory), William.

Coubertin, Pierre de—*L'Education en Angleterre*, 82.
 Coventry, Francis—*History of Pompey the Little*, 5.
 Cowley, Abraham—
 His melancholy, 45.
 On the death of Mr. W. Hervey, 184.
 Elegia Dedicatoria, 203.
 —, Mrs.—*Who's the Dupe?* 55.
 Crabbe, George—*The Borough*, 136.
 Cromwell, Oliver—
 Made a freeman of Cambridge, 166.
 Letter to Cambridge Committee, 167.
 Cumber, Mrs., valiant maid of, 166.
 Cumberland, Richard—*Memoirs*, 52, 135.

DARWIN, CHARLES, life at Cambridge of, 58.
 —, Francis—*Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, 58.
 Defoe, Daniel—*A Tour through Great Britain*, 138.
 De la Pryme, Abraham—*Diary*, 99, 132.
 D'Ewes, Sir Symonds—
 Speech in Parliament, 12.
 Diary, 205.
 Autobiography, 206.
 Domesday Book, 13.
 Donne, John—*To Mr. B. B.*, 205.
 Downing College, said to be like the Parthenon, 177.
 Dowsing, William—*Journal of destruction of images*, 168.
 Drayton, Michael—*Polyolbion*, 60, 85, 86.
 Dress, extravagance in, 144, 146.
 Dryden, John, preference of, for Oxford, 46, 47.
 Duchess of York, visit of, 174.
 Dunlop, Miss O. J.—*Leaves from a Cambridge Note-Book*, 147.
 Dyer, George—*History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, 71.

EACHARD, JOHN—*Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, 98.
 Echard, Laurence—*History of England*, 173.
 Edgeworth, Maria—*Letter to C. Sneyd Edgeworth*, 177.
 Elizabeth, Queen, visit of, 171.
 Ely, Isle of, described in *Liber Eliensis*, 83.
 Emmanuel Coffee-House, 103.
 Epigrams, *Two*, 14.
 Erasmus at Queens' College, 155.
 Evelyn, John—*Diary*, 67.

FAGIUS, PAULUS, burning of bones of, 160, 163.
 Fens, the, described by Charles Kingsley, 88.
 —, draining of, 153.
 Fitzgerald, Edward—*Euphranor*, 189.

Fletcher, Giles—*Letter to Dr. Nevile*, 29.
 Fletcher, Phineas—*Epistle to Master W. C.*, 30.
 Forster, E. M.—*The Longest Journey*, 75.
 —, Thomas—*Philosophical Breakfast Song*, 185.
 Fountain of Youth, *The*, 191.
 Fox, George—*Journal*, 172.
 Foxe, John—*Actes and Monuments*, 164.
 Frazer, Dr. J. G.—Preface to *Pausanias's Travels in Greece*, 137.
 Friend, William, Coleridge at trial of, 42.
 Fuller, Thomas—*History of the University of Cambridge*, 116, 140, 149-157.

GEORGE I.—
 Presentation of books by, 14.
 Visit of, 176.
 Gibbon, Edward—
 On introduction of Vandals into Cambridgeshire, 11.
 Would have praised Cambridge, 91.
 Gladstone, W. E.—*An Academic Sketch*, 17.
 Gosse, Edmund—*Christ's College Garden*, 47.
 Grafton, Duke of, Thomas Gray's Ode on installation of, as Chancellor, 33.
 Gray, Thomas—
 Hymn to Ignorance, 3.
 Letter to R. West, 3.
 Letter to Dr. Clarke, 4.
 The Candidate, 4.
 Ode for Music, 33.
 Letters to T. Warton and Rev. N. Nicholls, 36.
 Removal of, from Peterhouse to Pembroke, 35, 36.
 Grisette, the Cambridge, 129.
 Gunning, Henry, *Reminiscences*, 42, 86, 127, 178.

HALLAM, ARTHUR, 113, 187.
Happiness of a Good Assurance, The, 123.
 Harington, Sir John, *A Treatise on Playe*, 140.
 Harrison, William—*Description of England*, 67.
 Harvey, Gabriel, *Letter-Book*, 92.
 Haydn, F. J., *Note-Book*, 177.
 Henry VIII.—
 Confirms Colleges in their lands, 157.
 Wordsworth on portrait of, 157.
 Herbert, George—*Affliction*, 31.
 Hilton, A. C.—*New Year's Eve*, 130.
 Hinckesman, J.—*Letters to S. Jebb*, 101.
 Hobson, Thomas—
 Milton on death of, 59.
 Steele on, 60.
 His fountain, 68.
Hone's Year-Book, 139.

- Houghton, Lord—
Speech at Union in 1866, 113.
On Revisiting Trinity College, 201.
- Hughes, Rev. T. S.—*Letter to W. Upcott*, 55.
- Hullier, John, martyrdom of, 164.
- Ignoramus*, 142.
- JAMES, HENRY—*Portraits of Places*, 182.
- James I.—
 Speech of Brackyn to, 25.
 A spectator of College plays, 142.
 Entertained at Hinchinbrook, 156.
 'Johnian hoggs,' A. de la Pryme on, 99.
- Johnson, Dr. Samuel—
 On Dr. Browne's Epigram, 210.
 On Dr. Bentley's verses, 211.
 On Dr. Taylor's silence, 210.
- Johnson (Cory), William—*Letters and Journals*, 74, 190.
- KING'S COLLEGE—
 New Buildings defended, 72.
From Fellows' Building, 75.
 Election of a Provost at, 100.
 Founded by Henry VI., 154.
 Queen Elizabeth visits, 171.
- King's College Chapel—
 Visited by Samuel Pepys, 63.
 Praised by John Evelyn, 67.
 Wordsworth's sonnets on, 70, 71.
 Horace Walpole on, 70.
 M. de Rocheford on, 172.
 Haydn on, 177.
 Miss Edgeworth on, 177.
 Mary Lamb on, 179.
- Kingsley, Charles—
Alton Locke, 73, 79, 88.
Hereward the Wake, 88.
- LAMB, CHARLES—
 His nonsense at Cambridge, 179.
Sonnet written at Cambridge, 180.
- , Mary—*Letter to Miss Hutchinson*, 179.
- , W. R. M.—*Spring Thoughts in Cambridge*, 192.
- Le Grice, C. V.—*Sonnet on a Present of Trinity Audit Ale*, 197.
- Lever, Thomas—*Sermon at Paul's Cross*, 91.
- Levy, Amv.—*A Farewell*, 207.
- Lewis, J. D.—*Boating Song*, 77.
- Liber Libensis*, 83.
- Library, the University, 155, 169.
- Loungers, 121.
- Lounger, The*, 124.
- Lubbock, Percy—*From Fellows' Building*, 75.
- Lydgate, John, 21.
- Lytton, Lord—
 Burlesqued by W. M. Praed, 105.
Potham, 123.
- MACAULAY, LORD—
Essay on Bacon, 16.
Essay on Sir William Temple, 52.
History of England, 87.
 Burlesqued by W. M. Praed, 107.
- Mace, Thomas—*Musicks Monument*, 122.
- Magdalene College, Samuel Pepys revisits, 62.
- Maitland, F. W.—*Township and Borough*, 13, 21, 148, 167.
- Marshall, Archibald — *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*, 74.
- Marshall, Mrs. Frances—
A Fellow of Trinity, 193-5.
Trollope's Dilemma, 193.
- Mason, Dr. Charles, anecdote of, 135.
- Mayor, J. E. B.—*Letter from*, 48.
- Mead, Mr.—*Letter from*, 95.
- Mere, John—*Diary*, 159-61.
- Milnes, Richard Monckton. *See* Houghton, Lord.
- Milton, John—
 Wordsworth on, 40.
 Said to have been flogged, 40.
Apology for Smectymnus, 31, 143.
Samson Agonistes, 49.
On the Death of the University Carrier, 59.
Lycidas, 77.
Il Penseroso, 133.
Elegia I., 196.
- Mitre Tavern—
 Fall of, 117.
 Pretty Bar Keeper of, 119.
- Moderate Intelligencer, The*, 169.
- Monk, Bishop J. H.—*Life of Bentley*, 176.
- Moultrie, John—*The Dream of Life*, 186.
- Music at Cambridge, 101, 102, 122, 183.
- NASH, THOMAS — *To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities*, 49.
- Needham, Marchamont, *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, 169.
- Neville, Dr., adorns Trinity College, 29.
- Newcastle, Duke of, installation of, as Chancellor, 4.
- Newmarket described by Lord Macaulay, 87.
- Newton, Alderman Samuel—*Diary*, 77, 174.
- Newton, Sir Isaac—
 Wordsworth on statue of, 38.
 Manner of life of, 53.
 Master of the Mint, 53, 55.
 Sagacious inference by, 53.
- Nichols, John —
History and Antiquities of Hinckley, 55.
Illustrations of Literature, 100.
Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, 171.
- North, Roger—*Life of Dr. John North*, 97.
- OATHS, Jeremy Bentham on, 14.
- Old on a College Feast Day*, 126.
- Omai, native of Otaheite, visit of, 176.

Our College: Leaves from an Under-graduate's Scribbling Book, 198.

Oxford—

Cambridge alleged older than, 12.

Bishops educated at Cambridge burnt at, 16.

Oxford men, incurious nature of, 15.

Oxford type, the, 16.

PALEY, WILLIAM, on dangers of over-stimulation, 103.

Parker, Archbishop, account of interview with Henry VIII., 157.

'Parnassus' Plays, the, 2, 27, 28, 59, 115, 205.

Parr, Queen Catherine—*Letter to the University*, 158.

Pattern for Young Students, A, 134.

Pattison, William—*Epistle to a Friend*, 32.

Payn, James—*The Backs*, 80, 81.

Peacham, Henry—

The Worth of a Penny, 95.

The Compleat Gentleman, 132.

Pembroke Hall—

Praised by Henry VI., 152.

Addressed by Bishop Ridley, 204.

Pendennis, Major, visits Cambridge, 73.

Peyps, Samuel—*Diary*, 61-5.

Peter de Blois—*Continuatio ad Historiam Ingulphi*, 148.

Peterhouse, the oldest endowed College in England, 151.

Pilgrimage to Parnassus, *The*, 27, 29, 59, 115.

Pipe, the, how to use it, 129.

Plague, the, 1630, 95.

Pope, Alexander—*The Dunciad*, 50.

Porson, Richard—

Rev. T. S. Hughes on, 55.

Lord Byron on, 57.

Praed, W. M.—*The Union Club*, 104.

Printing at Cambridge, beginnings of, 152.

Proctors, unseemly going of, 145.

Querela Cantabrigiensis, 165.

RANDOLPH, THOMAS—

Ad Amicum Litigantem, 27.

Aristippus, 115, 118.

The Fall of the Mitre Tavern, 116.

Rarities of Cambridge, A poem attempting something on the, 68.

Reneu, W.—*Letter to Rev. John Strype*, 100.

Retrospective Review, *The*, 141.

Return from Parnassus, *The*—

(1), 28, 59, 205.

(2), 1.

Ridley, Bishop—*Letter before his execution*, 204.

Ritchie, Lady—*Old Kensington*, 190.

Robertson, James—*Arachnia*, 136.

Robinson, Matthew—*Autobiography*, 166.

Robinson, Robert—*A Lecture on a Becoming Behaviour in Religious Assemblies*, 125.

Rocheford, M. Jorevin de—*Travels*, 172.
Roof-Climber's Guide to Trinity, *The*, 114.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE—

Wordsworth at, 38.

Wordsworth on Gardens of, 44.

Thomas Nash on the glory of, 49.

Trinity College a colony from, 49, 161.

Library praised by John Evelyn, 67.

Hardships of Students at, 1550, 91.

Roger Ascham on the glory of, 161.

Mary Lamb likes it best, 179.

Plays at. See 'Parnassus' Plays, the.

Saint-Saens, Camille—*Portraits et Souvenirs*, 183.

Sandwich, Lord, lampooned by Thomas Gray, 4.

Saxony, King of, visit of, 181.

Sedgwick, Adam, account of Queen Victoria's visit, 180.

Sharp, Rev. John—*Letter from*, 35.

Smart, Christopher—

The Pretty Bar Keeper of the Mitre, 119.

On taking a Bachelor's Degree, 133.

Smedley, F. E.—*Frank Fairleigh*, 115.

Socks, 147.

Soone, William—*Letter to George Bruin*, 144.

Spenser, Edmund—

Wordsworth on, 40.

The Faerie Queene, 77.

Spirit of the Public Journals, *The*, 126.

Steele, Richard—*Spectator*, No. 509, 60.

Stephen, Sir Leslie—

Sketches from Cambridge, 16.

Life of Henry Fawcett, 90.

Essay on Coleridge, 95.

Stokys, Matthew, Account of visit of Queen Elizabeth, 171.

Strype, John—*Letter to his mother*, 96.

Student, *The*, or *the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*, 121, 123, 124.

Sturbridge Fair, 138.

Swift, Jonathan—*Polite Conversation*, 53.

TAYLOR, JOHN—*Musick Speech*, 13.

Tennyson, Lord—

Sonnet on Cambridge, 9.

The Miller's Daughter, 89.

The Princess, 114.

In Memoriam, 187.

Letter to the Master of Trinity, 199.

Thackeray, Anne Isabella. See Ritchie, Lady.

—, W. H.—*Pendennis*, 73.

Toast, *The Cambridge*, 123.

Tobacco, virtues of, 100, 116.

Tournaments, 116.

- Trevelyan, Sir G. O.—*Horace at Athens*, 199.
- Trinity College—
 A colony from St. John's, 49, 161.
 Great Court of, 68.
 Sparrows self-domesticated in, 69.
 Metaphysics in Hall of, 102.
 Roof-climbing in, 114.
 Plays in, 142.
 Gallant conduct of Scholars of, 169.
 Reception of George I. in, 176.
 General Blücher dines in, 178.
 Reception of Queen Victoria in, 180.
 Fountain in Great Court of, 191.
- Trumpington Mill—
 Wordsworth on, 40.
 Tennyson on, 89.
- Tusser, Thomas, 27.
- UFFENBACH, Z. C. VON—*Reisen*, 175.
- Union, The—
 W. M. Praed on, 104.
 Speech of Lord Houghton at, 113.
- VAUGHAN, HERBERT—*The Cambridge Gravelle*, 129.
- Vergil, Polydore—*English History*, 25.
- Victoria, Queen, visit of, 180.
- WAKEFIELD, GILBERT—*Memoirs*, 37.
- Walker, W. S.—' *They go and I remain*, ' 197.
- Walpole, Horace—
Letter to R. West, 2.
Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 4.
Letter to Rev. William Cole, 70.
- Warton, Thomas—*A Day in a Fellow's Life*, 6.
- Watson, Bishop Richard—*Anecdotes*, 91, 102, 120.
- Wells, H. G.—*The New Machiavelli*, 11.
- West, Richard—
Letter to Thomas Gray, 14.
Ad Amicos, 196.
- Whewell, Dr. William—*Commemoration Sermon*, 75.
- Whiston, William—*Meditations*, 133.
- Wordsworth, Rev. Christopher—*Scholæ Academicæ*, 17, 97, 100, 101.
- , William—
The Prelude, 37, 44.
Sonnets on King's College Chapel, 70, 71.
Sonnet on Portrait of Henry VIII., 157.
- Wray, Daniel—*Letter* on election of a Provost of King's, 100.

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112

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